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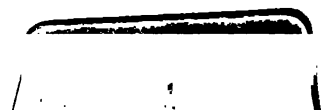
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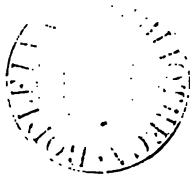


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THE  
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

MAY, 1854.

ART. I.—*Of the Plurality of Worlds. An Essay.* London :  
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IF there is one thought of the contemplative mind more profoundly innate than another, and one sentiment of the heart more affectionately cherished, it is the thought that penetrates into the future, and the sentiment that scans its glories. The Past, and its hoary recollections,—the Present in all its pregnancy of weal or of wo, sink into insignificance beside the throbbing anticipations of the Future. But, universal as is the thought, and glowing as is the sentiment, Reason has not succeeded in giving a form and locality to its conceptions, nor has the Fancy ventured to delineate the Paradise of its desires. In the infancy of Astronomy, indeed, when we knew nothing beyond the ocean and the mountain range that terminated our view, the poet could but place his Elysium in the sky, and the Christian sage the mansion of his future, in the New Heavens and the New Earth of his creed. Thus limited in its range, the human mind, whether under the dominion of its imagination or its judgment, had no resting-place for its conceptions; and, though faith never lost its grasp of the great truth, nor hope ceased to gild it with its auroral hue, yet what that future was to be in its physical relations,—in what region of space it was to be spent,—what duties were to characterize it,—and what intellectual and spiritual gifts were to be its privileges, neither the philosopher nor the Christian had ventured to suggest.

When Science, however, taught us the form, and size, and motions of our Earth, the magnitude and distance of the Moon, and the functions which it exercises in enlightening the Earth, and agitating its ocean,\* it became a subject of eager inquiry, if

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\* The sun would have given us tides without the moon.

so large a globe as the Moon, upwards of *two thousand miles* in diameter, could answer no other purpose than that of a flickering lamp, which ceased to burn during the greater number of our darkest nights, and which, when it did burn, was so often eclipsed by the clouds and vapours of our atmosphere. Philosophers of high caste did not hesitate to conclude that the Moon must be a world like the Earth, with its mountains, and rocks, and plains, and valleys, fitted for the reception of, or already occupied by, animal and intellectual races like our own. In the Divine economy, creative power has never been found to have been exerted in vain, and when we see huge inorganic masses of matter like the Moon, shaped like our own sphere, and chiselled into the various forms of a world fit to be inhabited, we instinctively infer the existence of organic and intellectual life as the principal object of their creation.

In the progress of astronomical discovery new arguments for worlds beyond our own were rapidly accumulated. When the truth of the Copernican system was demonstrated, and six primary and many secondary planets or moons took their ordained places in the heavens, the evidence for a plurality of worlds became irresistible, and minds of all degrees of capacity, and of every shade of feeling, received and confided in so cheering a truth, as one next in certainty to that of the astronomical facts on which it rested. Occupying a place in the planetary system, and possessing no peculiar advantages, our Earth lost its position of dignity as the only world in creation, and, contrasted with Jupiter, enlightened with four moons, and Saturn with six, the one planet being *ten*, and the other *nine* times larger than our own, it dwindled into a world of the third degree,—great indeed in its littleness, but yet shorn of its grandeur. In examining more carefully these rival worlds, we find in them so many common functions, that we cannot escape from the conclusion that they were created for a common purpose. Lighted by the same beams, and heated by the same radiations,—shaped in the same oblate mould,—surrounded with atmospheres—enjoying day and night and difference of seasons, can we doubt that they were intended for the residence of beings intellectual and immortal like ourselves? When we see the moons of Jupiter and Saturn eclipsing the sun, and themselves suffering an eclipse in the shadow of the planet, we identify these worlds more strikingly with our own; but when we regard these moons in their higher function of affording a more continued light to their planets than we receive from our own, we cannot conceive any adequate object for their creation but that of guiding the wayfarer in the night, and throwing upon the distant planet a more abundant reflection of the solar rays. In such palaces as these, so lofty

and magnificent,—so nobly furnished,—so warmed and so lighted up,—is there no living soul to kneel in gratitude to the Architect who made them? Is there no sovereign to hold his court in their halls, and to sway the sceptre over their boundless empires? Is there no animal life to browse upon their green savannas,—no shaggy autocrat in their forests,—no bulky leviathan in their oceans,—no condor in their atmospheres,—to illustrate the variety of creative power? Is there no sage there to unfold the mysterious phenomena which their earth and their heavens must display,—no sympathetic hearts to rehearse in their bowers and their glades those impulses of friendship and of love which are to revive and become permanent in their future being? To these interrogations the philosopher and the Christian must make the same reply. Reason and faith must on this occasion, if they unfortunately diverge in others, join in the same anthem of gratitude and of praise.

When we survey the other planets, nearer in locality to our own, though not furnished with moons to give them light in the sun's absence, we meet with the same instructive analogies, and are led to the same conclusion, that they are habitable worlds. Venus, of nearly the same size with our Earth, and Mars and Mercury of about half its magnitude, have their days of almost exactly the same length as our own.\* In Mars its atmosphere is most conspicuous, and astronomers have observed what they regard as snow in its polar regions, and green savannas in its equatorial plains; but owing to its never being gibbous like the moon and the two inferior planets, the mountains which it undoubtedly possesses cannot be discovered by the telescope. In Venus and Mercury astronomers have observed that diversity of surface which appears in our own Earth and Mars, and in all the other planets an atmosphere which is very distinct in Venus, and in Venus and Mercury lofty mountains, which they have measured. Owing to their proximity to the Sun, however, and the consequent brilliancy of their discs, it is very difficult to study their physical structure, and from the same cause it is even possible that they may be attended with small moons which have hitherto escaped the cognizance of our telescopes. But, independently of this point of analogy with our Earth, their resemblances in physical character, and in their daily and annual movements,

\* It is a curious fact which has not been noticed, that the mean of the days in Mars, Venus, and Mercury, are within less than a minute of 24 hours, the length of our own day; and the mean of the days of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, are nearly coincident with 9 h. 56 m., the length of Jupiter's day. The days of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, are respectively 24 h. 5 m.; 23 h. 21 m.; 24 h.; 24 h. 37 m., the mean of which is 24 h. 0 m. 45 s. The days of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, are respectively 9 h. 56 m., 10 h. 29 m., 9 h. 30 m., the mean of which is 9 h. 38 m.

authorize us to conclude, that such globes of matter, warmed and lighted more effectually than our own, are still better adapted for the residence of vegetable, animal, and intellectual life.

It is hardly necessary to conduct our readers to the remoter planets of the solar system, and to advert to the ring of Saturn, and the satellites of Uranus, and of Neptune, as strengthening our position, that all the planets around us have been created to be the seats of life, and the abodes of intelligence. The opinion that the Earth only was inhabited, became more and more presumptuous in proportion as our system was enlarged, and every discovery of a new planet became a fresh argument for a plurality of worlds.

Before quitting the general argument derived from the similarity between the different bodies of our system, we must notice the remarkable opinion maintained by Sir William Herschel, that the Sun itself is inhabited. When we consider the immense magnitude of the Sun, which is equal to all the planets put together, it was not an unreasonable supposition, that such an enormous mass of matter might afford a habitation for intellectual beings, while it performed its more obvious functions of lighting, heating, and guiding the other planets of the system. Sir William conceived that the light and heat of the great central body emanated from an outer stratum of phosphoric clouds, composing its luminous atmosphere, and that the dark and solid nucleus, which we often see through openings in this atmosphere, is protected from the fiery blaze by another stratum of opaque and non-conducting clouds. That a temperate, or even a tropical climate, could be obtained by any screen of clouds, it would be difficult to conceive, but as beings may be created capable of enduring any degree of heat, we have no right to consider the probable temperature of the Sun as a proof that it cannot be inhabited. For the same reason Sir William Herschel might have repelled the objection of Dr. Young, that upon the Sun the weight of a man of moderate size would be above *two tons*. There are certainly no grounds of analogy upon which we can support this theory, and we have adduced it only to shew how strong must have been his faith in the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, who maintained that the Sun is the seat of life and intelligence.

In order to corroborate the preceding views, it is necessary to remove some difficulties that have been felt by those who confide in them, and reply to some objections that have been urged by the few that oppose them. All these difficulties and objections are founded on the assumption, that the inhabitants of the planets must be of the same size, and the same physical conformation as man ; and, were this admitted, it would justify the

conclusion, that such creatures could not rightly perform their functions in the remote planets, where the light and heat of the sun are so greatly reduced by their distance, as to be incapable of sustaining the animal and vegetable life which exists on the earth. In like manner, the inhabitants of Venus and Mercury, if they have eyes and nerves like ours, could not possibly endure that brilliancy of light and intensity of heat which these planets receive from the sun. Now, there are two answers which may be given to these objections. The cold which we presume exists in the remote planets, and the heat which is supposed to exist in the inferior ones, may be tempered by certain atmospherical conditions of which we have examples in our own earth, or by some other arrangement which we cannot divine. But independent of this supposition, the human eye could easily endure the light upon Mercury and Venus, by means of a small pupil, and a less sensitive retina, while in the remote planets an enlarged pupil, and a sensitive retina, would enable an eye like our own to see objects as brightly as they do at present. In like manner, the nervous system which receives the impressions of heat and cold, could be easily adjusted to bear the highest heat and the severest cold.

The shortness of the day in the remote planets—that period which measures our intervals of rest and labour, has been urged as an objection to the plurality of worlds. It is an objection, however, without any force. Even man, without any change in his physical conformation, could live and thrive with five hours of activity, and other five of repose. In our own arctic regions, where the diurnal motion of the earth marks no such intervals, the inhabitants of the temperate zone can perform their functions as well as in southern climates.

As the strength of the human frame must be accommodated to its weight, and as its weight, as well as that of all other bodies, depends upon the force of gravity at the surface of the planet, it has been alleged that human beings could not exist on such planets as Jupiter and Saturn, whose mass or quantity of matter is so much greater than that of our earth. This objection, as we have already seen, is a very formidable one, in reference to the Sun, where a man would weigh *two tons*; but it loses all its force when we make an accurate calculation of the force of gravity, and of the weight of a human body, on the largest of the planets. In the case of Jupiter, for example, its size or volume is 1330 times that of the earth, and if both planets consisted of the same kind of matter, a man weighing 150 lbs. on the surface of the earth would weigh  $150 \times 1330$  or 199,500 lbs. at a distance from Jupiter's centre equal to the earth's radius; but if the man stood on Jupiter's surface, whose radius is eleven times greater than that of the earth, his weight would be diminished in the ratio of

the square of their radii, that is, in the ratio of  $11 \times 11$  or 121 to 1. Hence, if we divide 199,500 lbs. by 121, we shall have 1649 lbs. as the weight of the man on the surface of Jupiter, or eleven times heavier than he is here. But the materials which compose Jupiter are much lighter than those of which our earth consists, and consequently, the quantity of attracting matter is much less than we have supposed. The density of Jupiter is to the density of the earth in the ratio of 24 to 100, or less than four to one, so that by dividing 1649 lbs. by 4, we have 412 lbs. as the weight of a man on Jupiter, who weighs here only 150 lbs., that is, only  $2\frac{2}{3}$ ths greater,—a difference which actually exists between many individuals in our own planet. If we make the same calculation for Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, we shall find that in Saturn the weight of a man is very little greater than on our earth, and that in Uranus and Neptune, it is a very little less;\* so that beings of the same physical constitution as ourselves could exist without inconvenience on all the remote planets; and plants, and trees, and buildings, such as those which occur on our earth, could grow and stand secure, in so far as the force of gravity is concerned.

In replying to objections such as those we have been considering, we have perhaps conceded too much to the limited views of the persons who made them. To assume that the beings who occupy a plurality of worlds, are, necessarily, to be either men or anything resembling them, is to have a low opinion of that infinite skill which has produced such a variety in the form and structure and functions of vegetable and animal life. In the various races of man which occupy our globe, there is not the same variety which is exhibited in the brutes that perish. Although the noble Anglo-Saxon stands in striking contrast with the Negro or the Islander of the Pacific, and the lofty Patagonian with the diminutive Esquimaux, yet in their general form and functions and composition they are essentially the same. But when we look into the world of instinct, and survey the infinitely varied forms which people the earth, the ocean, and the air;—when we range with the naturalist's eye from the elephant to the worm—from the leviathan to the infusoria—and from the eagle to the ephemeron, what beauty of form—what diversity of function—what variety of purpose is exhibited to our view! In all these forms of being, reason might have been given in place of instinct, and animals the most hostile to man, and the most alien to his habits, might have been his friend and his auxiliary, in place of

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\* We have taken the preceding numbers from a very interesting article in Dr. Lardner's *Museum of Science and Art*, one of the few works of the kind which can be recommended as at once popular and accurate.

his enemy and his prey. If we carry our scrutiny deeper into nature, and survey the infinity of regions of life which the microscope discloses, and if we consider what other breathing worlds lie far beyond even its reach, we may then comprehend the variety of intellectual life with which our own planets and those of other systems may be peopled. Is it necessary that an immortal soul should be hung upon a skeleton of bone, or imprisoned in a cage of cartilage and of skin? Must it see with two eyes, and hear with two ears, and touch with ten fingers, and rest on a duality of limbs? May it not reside in a Polyphemus with one eyeball, or in an Argus with a hundred? May it not reign in the giant forms of the Titans, and direct the hundred hands of Briareus? But setting aside the ungainly creations of mythology, how many *probable* forms are there of beauty, and activity, and strength, which even the painter, the sculptor, and the poet could assign to the physical casket in which the diamond spirit may be enclosed; how many *possible* forms are there, beyond their invention, which eye hath not seen, nor the heart of man conceived?

But no less varied may be the functions which the citizens of the spheres have to discharge,—and no less diversified their modes of life,—and no less singular the localities in which they dwell. If this little world demands such duties from its occupants, and yields such varied pleasures in their discharge;—If the obligations of power, of wealth, of talent, and of charity to humanize our race, to unite them in one brotherhood of sympathy and love, and unfold to them the wonderful provisions for their benefit which have been made in the structure and preparation of their planetary home;—If these duties, so varied and numerous here, have required thousands of years to ripen their fruit of gold, what inconceivable and countless functions may be assigned to that plurality of intellectual communities, which have been settled, or are about to settle, in the celestial spheres? What deeds of heroism, moral, and perchance physical! What enterprises of philanthropy,—what achievements of genius must be required in empires so extensive, and in worlds so grand!

Under what skies, and in what climates, these planetary races are to live and move, may be conjectured from the place which they occupy in the system. It may not be in cities exposed to the extremes of heat and cold,—nor in houses made with hands,—nor in the busy market-place,—nor in the noisy Forum,—nor in the solemn temple,—nor in the ark which rests upon the ocean,—that these feats of power and reason are to be performed. The being of another mould may have his home in subterraneous cities warmed by central fires,—or in crystal caves cooled by ocean tides,—or he may float with the Nereids upon the deep,—mount

upon wings as eagles, or have the pinions of the dove that he may flee away and be at rest. In our bald and meagre conceptions of the conditions of planetary life, we may gather some ideas from the existences around us. In the cities and dwellings and occupations of instinct in our own planet, rude though they be, we may trace the lineaments of the cities and dwellings and occupations of reason in another.

The motion of our sun in absolute space, attended by all the primary and secondary planets and comets of the system, is one of the most extraordinary facts which astronomy presents to us. That this group of celestial bodies are moving round some distant centre—some enormous globe which controls their motion, cannot be doubted. So distant is that centre, that though the motion of our system is at the rate of *fifty-seven miles in a second*, it may require thousands of centuries before it completes a single round of its orbit. We do not mention this great cosmical truth as a positive argument for a plurality of worlds; but it displays in the most striking manner the absurdity of the opinion, that machinery so vast is to remain in action during cycles so long, and that an ephemeral race like our own, seated in so small a chariot, may be the only passengers which are thus wafted through universal space—enclosed within the orbits of magnificent globes, and the network paths of a thousand comets. The mind recoils from a sentiment so absurd and so incompatible with every idea which we can form of the economy of wisdom and of power which is exhibited around us. It is a sentiment, indeed, which if the astronomical mind could give it a moment's consideration, it would place in the same category as that of a fleet of merchantmen chartered to carry a single mustard seed to the Great Mogul; or that of the largest possible railway train making the round of Europe with no other passenger than Tom Thumb!

When we quit the limits of the Solar system, and span that enormous void which lies between it and the nearest fixed star, we encounter the binary and multiple system of stars, to which the law of gravity has been traced, and where we have worlds revolving in elliptical orbits round worlds, as in the system which we have left behind us. As we advance in space to the clusters of stars and nebulæ, where all seems fixed and immovable—where the orbits described dwindle into luminous points, and where at last these points are themselves inseparable and unseen, we lose almost all the data on which we have maintained the doctrine of a plurality of worlds within the planetary system. No moons, no days and nights, no change of seasons, no atmospheres, no valleys and mountains, greet the astronomer's eye in his survey of sidereal space. But in their

stead we have suns innumerable—bodies of enormous magnitude that might fill perhaps the annual orbit of our earth, shining certainly with light of their own, and possessing all the colours, and endowed with the optical properties, of the light of our own sun.

We have therefore few analogies to guide us in our inquiry if these distant globes are the abodes of life, and the residence of rational beings; but we have one great principle which supplies their place, and which cannot fail to lead us to a sound conclusion. There are many individuals who readily believe that planets like their own are the abodes of instinct and reason, and who would stand aghast with incredulity were they told that every star in the heavens, and every luminous speck is a stellar group,—that every point of a nebula which the telescope has not yet separated from its neighbours, is a sun or a world like their own,—and that immortal beings are swarming throughout universal space, infinitely more numerous than the drops of water in the ocean, or the atoms of sand upon its shores. But it is just as difficult to believe, because it is just as difficult to comprehend, what these persons must and do admit, that innumerable worlds of matter fill the immensity of space, and are kept in their place by the laws of gravity, which all matter must obey. To people such worlds with life, in place of increasing the difficulty, is the only way to remove it. *It assigns the cause of their existence*, and, however mortifying to human pride, and humbling to human reason, is the doctrine of an infinity of worlds, yet that pride is but rightly mortified, and that reason but truly humbled, when we realize the grand combination of *infinity of life with infinity of matter*. Were it otherwise, we might, without presumption, assert in the language in which the wise Alphonzo spoke of the Cycles and Epicycles of Ptolemy, that had we been present at the creation of the universe, we could have given its Creator good advice. To suppose that the Almighty filled universal space with light, or its medium, streaming from worlds innumerable to worlds that cannot be numbered, with no eye to receive it but that of the tiny occupants of the little star on which we dwell, and which intercepts only an infinitesimal of its rays, and that he launched these innumerable worlds on their eternal path in order that the descendants of Adam might study their motions, and write books upon Astronomy, is an opinion which could only find credence in minds of the most limited capacity, and in hearts devoid of all sympathy and feeling.

There is another aspect of this question which we would press on the attention of those who consider the earth as the only seat of life and intelligence. Those persons who can bring themselves to believe that all the other planets of the system are unin-

habited, can have no difficulty in conceiving that the earth also might have been in the same category ; and consequently, the sun with all his gorgeous vassals, and the planets with all their faithful satellites, would have performed their daily and annual rounds, without an eye to see their glory, and without a voice to lift itself in praise. To our minds, such a condition of a planet,—of the Solar system,—and consequently of the sidereal universe, would be the same as that of our own globe, if all its vessels of war and of commerce were traversing its seas, with empty cabins and freightless holds,—as if all the railways on its surface were in full activity without passengers and goods,—and all our machinery beating the air and gnashing their iron teeth without work performed. A house without tenants, a city without citizens, present to our minds the same idea as a planet without life, and a universe without inhabitants. Why the house was built, why the city was founded, why the planet was made, and why the universe was created, it would be difficult even to conjecture. Equally great would be the difficulty were the planets shapeless lumps of matter poised in ether, and still and motionless as the grave ; but when we consider them as chiselled spheres teeming with inorganic beauty, and in full mechanical activity, performing their appointed motions with such miraculous precision, that their days and their years never err a second of time in hundreds of centuries, the difficulty of believing them to be without life is, if possible, immeasurably increased. To conceive any one material globe, whether a gigantic clod slumbering in space, or a noble planet equipped like our own, and duly performing its appointed task, to have no living occupants, or not in a state of preparation to be occupied, seems to us one of those notions which could be harboured only in an ill-educated and ill-regulated mind,—a mind without faith and without hope ; but to conceive a whole universe of moving and revolving worlds in such a category, indicates, in our apprehension, a mind dead to feeling and shorn of reason.

We have thought it necessary thus to prepare the minds of our readers for the examination of the work placed at the head of this article. It is entitled, *Of the Plurality of Worlds*, and the object of it is to prove on scientific grounds *that our earth is the largest, the only inhabited world in the universe !* That such a work could have been written in the present day by a man of high mental attainments, and professing the Christian faith, is to us one of the most marvellous events in these marvellous times ; and did we believe in the proximity of the millennial age, we should rank it among the lying wonders which are to characterize the latter times. This Essay, as its author calls it, is divided into *thirteen* chapters, entitled :—

Astronomical discoveries—astronomical objections to religion—the answer from the microscope—further statement of the difficulty—geology—the argument from geology—the nebulæ—the fixed stars—the planets—theory of the Solar System—the argument from design—the unity of the world—the future.

The first chapter begins with the remarkable text,\* in which the inspired Psalmist expresses his surprise that the Being who fashioned the heavens, and ordained the moon and stars, should be mindful of so insignificant a being as man. In order to understand the grounds of this surprise, we must endeavour to ascertain the estimate in which the Psalmist held the two things which he places in such strong contrast—namely, man in his comparative insignificance, and the heavens in their absolute grandeur. The being whom God made a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and with honour—the race for whose redemption God sent his well-beloved Son to suffer and to die, could not, in the Psalmist's eye, be an object of insignificance; and measured, therefore, by his estimate of man, his idea of the grandeur of the heavens and the stars must have been of the most exalted kind. What was the precise idea of the sidereal universe which filled the mind of the inspired writer, may be within certain limits ascertained. He must either have been ignorant of astronomy, or inspired with a knowledge of it. If ignorant like the vulgar around him, he must have regarded the stars as mere specks of light studding the celestial vault, and the moon as a lamp of small diameter. In this case he could never have been surprised that God was so mindful of man. If, on the contrary, he knew, or wrote as if he knew, the true system of the universe, it must have been presented to him in *one* of *two* aspects—either as an infinitely numerous collection of worlds without life, or as the same collection of worlds inhabited by rational and immortal beings. If in the former aspect, we cannot see any ground for surprise that God should be mindful of man because innumerable masses of matter existed in the universe, obeying fixed laws, and performing appointed tasks. But if the Hebrew poet viewed these same worlds as teeming with life physical and intellectual, and with all the glorious provisions which such a condition demanded,—with new forms of being—new powers of mind—new conditions in the past, and new glories in the future, we can then understand how he marvelled at the care of God for man so comparatively insignificant. Hence we deduce from this language of Scripture a positive argument for a plurality of worlds.

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\* "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him! and the son of man, that thou visitest him!"—Psalm viii. 3, 4.

We cannot enter at any length upon those foolish questions, encouraged doubtless by the elaborate attempts to answer them, which involve, on the one hand, an astronomical objection to religion, and on the other, a religious objection to astronomy. Like two equal quantities with opposite signs they destroy one another. How inconceivable is it, says the sceptic, that the Son of God should have been sent into the world as a propitiation for the sins of the race of Adam alone, when there are so many other worlds in which the divine law may have been broken, and a sacrifice for sin required! How can we believe, says the timid Christian, that there can be other inhabited worlds than our own, when God had but one Son whom he could send to save them? Dr. Chalmers has rather cut than untied the knot, when he expresses the opinion, that the inhabitants of these worlds may not have required a Saviour. It would be a difficult position to take were we to maintain that there may be intellectual creatures occupying a world of matter, and subject to material laws, and yet exempt from sin and suffering and death. We neither affirm nor dispute the proposition; but if it is true, the difficulty of the sceptic and the Christian is at once removed, as there can be no need of a Saviour. If the inhabitants of the planet, on the contrary, have to their Maker the same moral relations with ourselves, the difficulty requires another solution.

When, at the commencement of our era, the great sacrifice was made at Jerusalem, it was by the crucifixion of a man, or an angel, or a God. If our faith is that of the Arian or the Socinian, the sceptical and the religious difficulty at once disappears. A man or an angel may be again provided as a ransom for the sinners of the spheres. But if we believe, as the Christian Church generally does, and as it ought to do, that the Son of God was required for the expiation of the sins of the world, the difficulty presents itself in its most formidable shape. But formidable as it is, it may be grappled with and overcome.

When our Saviour died, the influence of his death extended backwards in the past to millions who never heard his name, and forwards in the future to millions who will never hear it. Though it radiated but from the Holy City, it yet extended to all lands, and affected every living race in the old and the new world. Distance in time and distance in place did not diminish its healing virtue. It was a force which did not vary with any function of the distance. All-powerful over the thief on the cross, in contact with its divine source, it was equally powerful over the red Indian of the west, and the wild Arab of the east. Their heavenly Father, by some process of mercy which we understand not, communicated to them its saving virtue. Emanating from the middle planet of the system, why may it not have ex-

tended to the planetary races in the past, when the day "of their redemption had drawn nigh;" and why may it not extend to the planetary races in the future, when "their fulness of time shall come?" What should limit a beneficence that is divine? Who can stay the Almighty's hand from working, and say unto him, what doest thou?

But, to bring our argument more within the reach of a limited understanding, let us suppose that our globe at the beginning of the Christian era had been broken in two, as the comet of Biela is supposed to have been in 1846, and that its two halves—the old world and the new, travelled together like a double star, or diverged into widely separated orbits. Would not both its fragments have shared in the beneficence of the cross,—the old world as liberally as the new,—the penitent on the shores of the Mississippi, as richly as the pilgrim on the banks of the Jordan. If the rays then "of the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings," would have shot across the void between our European and American worlds thus physically divorced, may not all the planets, formed out of the same material element, and basking under the same beneficent sun, be equal participators in the heavenly gift?

Should this view of the subject prove unsatisfactory to the anxious inquirer, we may suggest for his consideration another sentiment, even though we ourselves cannot admit it into our creed. If one man can expiate the crime of another by a punishment short of death, he may perform the same generous deed for a thousand. Should such a noble martyr consent even to give his life for his friend, by suffering a death from which science could revive him, he might expiate the crimes of thousands of his race. May not the Divine nature, which can neither suffer nor die, and which in our planet, *once* only, clothed itself in humanity, resume elsewhere a physical form, and expiate the guilt of unnumbered worlds?

Before we leave our subject in its religious phase, we must notice another form of the "Difficulty" bearing upon natural religion, to which both Dr. Chalmers and our Non-Pluralist Philosopher have given very undue importance. For reasons which our readers will readily understand, we shall give it in the words of the latter:—

"Among the thoughts which it was stated naturally arose in men's minds when the telescope revealed to them an innumerable multitude of worlds besides the one we inhabit, was this,—that the Governor of the Universe, who has so many worlds under his management, cannot be conceived as bestowing upon this earth, and its various tribes of inhabitants, that care which till then natural religion had taught men that he does employ to secure to man the possession and use of his faculties of mind and body; and to all animals the requisites of animal existence and animal

*enjoyment.* And upon this Chalmers remarks, that just about the time when science gave rise to the suggestion of this difficulty, she also gave occasion to a remarkable reply to it. Just about the same time that the invention of the *telescope* showed that there were innumerable worlds which might have inhabitants *requiring the Creator's care* as much as the tribes of this earth do, the invention of the *microscope* shewed that there were in this world innumerable tribes of animals which had been all along enjoying the benefit of the Creator's care as much as those kinds with which man had been familiar from the beginning. The telescope suggested that there might be dwellers in Jupiter or in Saturn, of giant size and unknown structure, who must share with us the preserving care of God. The microscope shewed that there had been close to us, inhabiting minute crevices and cran- nies, peopling the leaves of plants, and the bodies of other animals, animalcules of a minuteness hitherto unguessed, and of a structure hitherto unknown, who had been always sharers with us in God's pre- serving care. The telescope brought into view worlds as numerous as the drops of water which make up the ocean; the microscope brought into view a world in every drop of water. Infinity in one direction was balanced by infinity in the other. The doubts which man might feel as to what God could do, were balanced by certainties which they discovered as to what he had always been doing. His care and goodness could not be supposed to be exhausted by the hitherto known population of the earth, for it was proved that they had hitherto been confined to that population. The discovery of new worlds at vast distances from us was accompanied by the discovery of new worlds close to us, even in the very substances with which we were best acquainted, and was thus rendered ineffective to disturb the belief of those who had regarded the world as having God for its Governor."—Pp. 24, 25.

The "Reflection as thus put by Dr. Chalmers," the author of the work before us considers as very striking, and as "*well fitted* to remove the scruples to which it is especially addressed." We dissent entirely and unreservedly from this sentiment, and from every inference in the preceding extract, whether it is expressed in the language of our late beloved and venerated friend, or in the less precise words of his commentator. We doubly deny that "the truths of natural religion" were ever exposed to danger by the discoveries of the telescope, or that astronomical truths ever excited "the doubts or difficulties" started by our author, either in the minds of Theists or Christians of the most ordinary capacity. The *Omnipotence* of the Creator is the earliest of our acquired lessons, and the very first that is confirmed by our individual observation and experience. When reason has become the companion of our perceptions, omnipotence is the grand truth which they inculcate. We see it upon whatever object our eye-balls converge,—we feel it at the tips of our

fingers. Every action of our body, every function which it performs, every structure in its fabric, impresses on the mind, and fixes in the heart the conviction that its Maker is all-powerful, as well as all-wise. Omnipotence, in short, is the only attribute of God which is universally appreciated, which scepticism never unsettles, and which we believe as firmly when under the influence of our corrupt passions, as when we are looking devoutly to heaven. All the other attributes of God are inferences. His omnipresence, his omniscience, his justice, mercy, and truth, are the deductions of reason, and, however true and demonstrable, they exercise little influence over the mind; but the attribute of omnipotence predominates over them all, and no mind responsive to its power will ever be disturbed by the ideas which it suggests of infinity of time,—infinity of space,—and infinity of life.

If these views be sound, is it conceivable that a Theist or a Christian of the smallest mental capacity could suppose that there are *degrees of omnipotence*, and imagine that the Almighty might be prevented by the *many worlds under his management* from taking care of the Earth and its inhabitants? If that Being who has made the living world which we see, can make millions of worlds, the same power which takes such care of its inhabitants that not a hair of their head can fall to the ground without his knowledge, can equally embrace in his capacious affections, and clasp in “the everlasting arms,” all the families of the universe.

But even if we admit, for the sake of argument, that such imperfect notions of omnipotence have been entertained, we deny that the discoveries of the microscope have the slightest tendency to correct them. Without alleging, as we might well do, that minds cherishing such notions of the Deity are incapable of appreciating the great truths that there are “new worlds close to us,”—that there is “a world in every drop of water,”—and that “these worlds are as numerous as the drops in the ocean,” we maintain that minds of the highest caste view the microscopic worlds as creations of an entirely different order from those disclosed by the telescope, and that such minds can never reason from animalcular to intellectual life. We must doubtless admit that the very same care which is required to preserve even an atom of invisible life, is necessary to maintain the gigantic forms of the elephant or the mammoth; but ordinary minds, and still less those who think that their Maker may have *too much to do*, cannot comprehend, and therefore cannot receive, the doctrine that God takes care of mites and mosquitoes, and the other denizens of the microcosm at our feet,—of animalcules which they swallow in myriads at every act of deglutition,—which they suffocate in millions by every breath they draw, and which at every

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step they trample relentlessly under their feet. Such a reasoner, surely, cannot think that the life which he himself despises and destroys is under God's special charge; and if he did feel any respect for the world of atomic life, and any sympathy for its protection, it would entrench him only more firmly in his imperfect notions of omnipotence, and he would adduce the existence of such microscopic worlds as adding so extensively to the cares of the Almighty, that he could not look after the millions of the intellectual races in the heavens. His mind, however, is too shallow to admit the principle on which such reasoning depends, and if the persons for whose benefit the argument from the microscope is used, should see with their own eyes the whole of our globe moving with life in all its particles, they would just exclaim,—how can this satisfy us that God can take sufficient care of the myriads of the glorious races which are supposed to occupy the sidereal universe?

Although our author admits that the train of thought which leads men to dwell on such difficulties as those we have been considering does not seem to be common, yet he devotes a whole chapter of more than twenty pages to what he calls "a further statement of the difficulty." After a careful perusal of this chapter, we must acknowledge our inability either fully to understand its meaning, or to see its bearing on the real question of a plurality of worlds. It is a mere display of ingenuity, obliterating metaphysically the brightness of our perceptions, and coming over our minds like an Eastern fog on a spring morning, or like the tail of a comet over a cluster of stars. The solution of the difficulty by the microscope is, as we have shewn, a very imperfect one, and can lead us only to believe that God may be able to take care of animalcular life in the sidereal universe as well as in the earth; and, as our author confesses, it does not authorize us to believe in the existence in other worlds of the system of intellectual, moral, or religious life which is enjoyed in this. He thinks that "there may be in Jupiter, creatures endowed with an intellect which enables them to discover and demonstrate the relations of space: . . . of that space in which God performs his works;" and that the knowledge that this is the case, as might be inferred from the display on the surface of the planet of the diagram of the 47th proposition of the first book of Euclid, "would not unsettle our belief in the supreme and divine intelligence." But viewing, he says, "the mode of existence of human species upon the earth as being a *progressive existence*, even in the development of the intellectual powers and their results, necessarily fastens down our thoughts and our speculations to the earth, and makes us feel *how visionary and gratuitous it is to assume any similar kind of existence in any region occupied*

by other beings than men ;" and in another place he asserts " that if we will people other planets with creatures, intelligent as man is intelligent, *we must not only give to them the intelligence, but the intellectual history of the human species.*" And why not give them an intellectual history,—not precisely that of our species, but one conformable to their peculiar intellectual condition, whatever that may be ? On a planet more magnificent than ours, may there not be a type of reason of which the intellect of Newton is the lowest degree ? May there not be a telescope more penetrating, and a microscope more powerful than ours ?—processes of induction more subtle,—and of analysis more searching,—and of combination more profound ? May not the problem of three bodies be solved there,—the enigma of the luminiferous ether unriddled,—and the transcendentalisms of mind embalmed in the definitions and axioms and theorems of geometry ? Chemistry may there have new elements,—new gases,—new acids,—new alkalies,—new earths and new metals ;—geology new rocks—new classes of cataclysms—and new periods of change ;—and zoology, mineralogy, and botany, new orders of species—new forms of life—and new types of organization,—all demanding higher powers of reason, and leading to a warmer appreciation, and a higher knowledge of the ways and works of God. But whatever be the intellectual occupation of the inhabitants of the planets, who can doubt that their object is to study and develop the material laws which are in operation around them, above them, beneath them, and beyond them in the skies ?

In the discussions which lead our author to the difficulties we have been considering, he assumes and repeats the assumption in the same words, " that the earth and its inhabitants are under the care of God *in a special manner*, and that we are utterly destitute of any reason for believing that other planets and other systems are under the care of God in the same manner." And in another passage he modifies the sentiment and assigns the reason of it when he remarks, " that the earth and its *human* inhabitants are, *as far as we yet know*, in an especial manner the subjects of God's care and government, for the race is *progressive*." The sentiment is groundless and the reason futile. Neither reason nor Scripture justify it. The lily that neither toils nor spins,—the ravens that neither sow nor reap,—the sparrows though of less value than man,—the crushed insect,—the broken planet,—the twinkling star,—are all as special objects of God's care, as the wise elephant,—the illiterate biped,—the presumptuous philosopher, and the great globe itself and all that it inherits.

The same system of assumption, and, we venture to add, truism, which is the essence of our author's syllogisms, is renewed in reference to a *second* form of the difficulty, arising from man being under the moral government of God ;—and to a *third* form of the difficulty in reference to his religious position ;—and upon such a foundation of quicksands he ventures to place the incomprehensible dogma, "*that man's nature and place is unique and incapable of repetition in the scheme of the universe !*"

Into these speculations our limits will not permit us to follow our author. His assertions and conclusions, indeed, may be all admitted without affecting the real question of a plurality of worlds. Man, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, may or may not be an inhabitant of Jupiter. But the question does not relate to man at all. We merely contend that Jupiter, with the shape of our earth, its days and nights, its seasons and climates, its tides and its moons, and its atmosphere, is fitted for the reception of inhabitants, and that we are entitled to believe that it has been, or is, or will be occupied with intellectual races ; but of what physical form, and under what mental, moral, and spiritual condition, we do not venture to conjecture. Against this rational opinion—the deeply cherished opinion of the world—in the simple and unpretending form in which we state it, no difficulty can be justly raised, and no argument rightly maintained. Were we to maintain, which we do not, that men in all respects like ourselves were the inhabitants of Jupiter, the only competent argument against the supposition would be to prove that the light and heat which the sun dispenses to that planet would be insufficient for man, and that the weight of bodies on its surface would be incompatible, which we have shewn it is not, with his physical organization.

From the casuistry in this chapter, where we can neither discover the stronghold, nor see distinctly the weak point of our opponent, and consequently are unable fairly to break a lance with him, we gladly turn to his dissertation on geology, and the argument he draws from it, where the ground is less slippery, and our antagonist less shadowy than before. The chapter occupies twenty-three pages, and the succeeding one, entitled, "*The Argument from Geology,*" thirty-six pages. In so far as the statement of geological facts and theories is concerned, they are full of interest, and are written by a master thoroughly acquainted with his subject. The doctrines adopted by our author are those which have received the sanction of our most eminent geologists, and are, we believe, generally admitted even by those who, at their first promulgation, viewed them as incompatible

with Scripture History. We have in several articles\* called the attention of our readers to this subject, and described the series of formations or groups of strata of which the crust of the earth is composed. We have seen that each formation is distinguished by the animals and plants which existed on the earth at the time of its deposition, and that the animals and plants which distinguished one formation are different from those in another, and from those which we now find in the earth. In the lower members of the geological series, such as the Cambrian formation of Professor Sedgwick, no plants and animals have been discovered, and from this cause they have received the name of *Azoic*, or, without life. In the Silurian formations of Sir R. Murchison, immediately above it, we find the simpler forms of life, chiefly sea-weeds and invertebrate animals, and hence it has been named *Protozoic*, or, the first life; and all the formations above these, in which the vertebrate and more perfect animals occur, have received the name of *Palæozoic*, or, ancient life.

Upon these facts, as certain as any of the truths in astronomy, various theories have been founded. The immense magnitude of each of these formations, some of the members of which are thousands of feet in thickness, lead us to believe, (provided they have been deposited gradually from the sea), that their deposition must have required long periods of time, and that during the period required for each formation, the animals which distinguish it have occupied the earth and ocean, continued their species, and perished by death or by some great catastrophe. As no traces of man or of any of his works are found in the formations we have mentioned, geologists have concluded that all the groups of strata were deposited long before the creation of man, and that our earth had been occupied, during their deposition, only by the plants and animals which they contain. During what has been called the *human period*, or that in which the earth has been occupied by man, no great changes in the structure of the earth have taken place. Our seas and continents occupy, so far as we can judge, the same place and the same areas as they did at the creation of Adam; and hence it follows that the continents, in whose strata we find shells, and sea-weeds, and fossil-fishes, must have been raised from the bottom of the sea by some powerful subterranean forces, covering the continents with the waters of the ocean, and destroying the various races of animals by which they were inhabited.

These theoretical opinions, though maintained by geologists

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. iii. p. 485; vol. iv. p. 243; vol. v. p. 185; vol. vi. p. 240; and vol. ix. p. 145.

us adopt our author's premises, and look at his conclusions, which are contained, not very clearly, in the following passages :—

“ We find that man (the human race, from its present origin till now) *has occupied but an atom of time, as he has occupied but an atom of space.*”

That is, we need not wonder that the *Earth*, the *atom of space*, is *the only inhabited world* among the innumerable planetary and starry worlds, because it was so long without inhabitants, and has been occupied only *an atom of time* ! Again,—

“ The scale of man's insignificance is of the same order in reference to time as to space. . . . If the Earth as the habitation of man is a *speck* in the midst of an infinity of space, the Earth as the habitation of man is also a *speck* at the end of an infinity of time. If we are as *nothing* in the surrounding universe, we are as *nothing* in the elapsed eternity ; or rather in the elapsed organic antiquity during which the Earth has existed, and been the abode of life. . . . Or, is the objection this ? That if we suppose the Earth only to be occupied with inhabitants, all the other objects of the universe are *waste*, turned to no purpose ? Is *work* of this kind unsuited to the character of the Creator ? But here, again, *we have the like waste* in the occupation of the Earth. *All its previous ages have been wasted upon mere brute life ; after, so far as we can see, for myriads of years upon the lowest, the least conscious forms of life, upon shell-fish, corals, sponges.* Why, then, should not the seas and continents of other planets *be occupied at present with a life no higher than this, OR WITH NO LIFE AT ALL.* . . . The intelligent part of creation is *thrust* into the *compass of a few years* in the course of myriads of ages ; why then not into the *compass of a few miles* in the expanse of systems ?”—P. 103.

The argument meant to be conveyed in these tautological assertions we hold to be utterly inept and illogical. Even if the ratios were correct, as they are not, what right have we to reason from one set of quantities to others that are incommensurable, and have no relation to them whatever, except that the one is *time upon a planet*, and the other *space upon a planet* ? What relation is there between an *atom of time* and an *atom of space*,—a *second* and a *mile*,—between a *speck in the midst of infinite space*, and a *speck at the end of an infinity of time*,—between *waste of time* and *waste of space* ; or between the *compass of a few years*, and the *compass of a few miles* ? If a sovereign has taken a *long term of years* to build and prepare a magnificent residence for a visitor who is to occupy it only for a *month*, is that any reason why all the other houses *but the one* which that sovereign has built should be *without inhabitants* ? If the Almighty has occupied millions of years in preparing the Earth for the residence of man, not by a summary process, but by the slow operation of secondary causes, and laid down, in each mem-

ber of its formations, fossil remains, to enable man to read its history, and thus to shew forth His glory to an intelligent race, is that any reason why the Earth, the habitation of man, should, among unnumbered, and to the eye, more glorious worlds, be the only *one* that is inhabited? The very opposite conclusion is that to which reason and common sense must lead us. If nearly *infinity of time* has been used to provide for intellectual life so glorious an abode, is it not likely that *infinity of space* would be devoted to the same noble purpose?

In order to appreciate better this view of the subject, let us consider what change has been produced upon the common argument for a plurality of worlds by geological discoveries. In the time of Fontenelle, when the earth was believed to have been made summarily in *six days*, the argument from analogy was admitted as having a certain degree of force. Has the force of that analogy been diminished by the discovery that God has occupied millions of years to prepare the Earth for man's residence? Certainly not. It has, on the contrary, afforded us a new ground of analogy. If the Almighty has been at such pains to prepare an atom of a planet for man, will he not have made a similar preparation for more gigantic planets, to excite the admiration and promote the happiness of other intellectual races? That preparation may be going on now in some, or, what is much more likely, it may be finished in all the other planets of the system. All of them were doubtless launched into space at the same time; or if they were formed by secondary causes from a solar atmosphere, the Earth was certainly not the first-born of the series. The new form, therefore, of the argument from analogy is certainly this, that all the planets have been formed by a process similar to that of the Earth, that all of them are intended for inhabitants, and that some of them may now be only in a state of preparation.

To the reasoning of our author we have to state another objection. The doctrine of a plurality of worlds is a *theory* founded on analogies; but the argument with which it is assailed is also a *theory* which may or may not be true; and we cannot but consider it as an extraordinary method of reasoning, and one which science disclaims, to examine one theory by the light, or rather by the darkness of another—to pronounce one theory wrong because another theory may be right. When we find a theory used so improperly, and, as we think, for so unworthy a purpose, we become disposed to consider its value, even though we ourselves believe it. There are some grounds, not very shallow, why the periods occupied by the earth's preparation may not be of such incalculable length as geologists believe; and it is possible also that Pre-adamite races may have existed in cer-

tain parts of the earth. The present dry land on our globe is only one-fourth of the whole surface; all the rest is ocean. How much of this *fourth* part has been examined by geologists? How small is the area of stratification which has been explored? We venture to say not *one-fiftieth* part of the whole;—and upon the results of so partial a survey is founded an astounding generalization. We admit the probability of the generalization, but we condemn the presumption to which it has led, when we find it employed in supporting views derogatory from the dignity of science, and destructive of grand truths, which the contemplative and religious mind has long and ardently cherished. In opposition, therefore, to speculations so unwise, may we not ask if it is not within the limits of probability that the solid materials of our globe have been precipitated from their suspension or their solution in their watery matrix, by some rapid process like that which brings down our showers of rain, hail, and snow? And may there not exist beneath the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans,—beneath the *forty-nine fiftieths* of the unexplored earth, distinct traces of man which can only be displayed to reason, when the oceans have quitted their beds, or some great convulsion upheaved the strata in which they have been buried?

We come now to our author's seventh chapter, entitled *The Nebulæ*, and we venture to say that it does not contain even the trace of an argument against the doctrine of a plurality of worlds. It is a bold attempt to concuss the reader into his views by repeated applications of the *argumentum baculinum*,—by exclamations against the absurdity of one theory, and ovations over the certainty of another. We are here fortunately no longer perplexed with the heterogeneous compound of time and space, and in the azure element of pure physics we are in no danger of a Scylla or a Charybdis.

Two artificial lights, distinctly round and distinctly separated, appear as one light when placed at a sufficient distance from the eye. In like manner, a hundred lights of the same kind, and placed at the same distance from each other, have the appearance of a *nebula* or white cloud when carried to a sufficient distance from the observer. These are facts, the cause of which we need not now discuss. For the same reason, two stars, very near each other, like the double star *Castor*, appear as one to the naked eye, and clusters of stars, distinctly separable or *resolvable*, as astronomers say, by the telescope, appear as *nebulae* to unassisted vision. Let us now suppose *seven clusters* of stars placed at seven different distances in space, and all of which were reckoned *nebulae* by astronomers before the invention of the telescope. When observed by Galileo with his telescope, No. 1, or the nearest, becomes a distinct cluster of stars, while

all the rest remain *nebulæ*. Galileo tries in vain to resolve No. 2, but does not doubt that it also, and all the other five are clusters of stars. Newton with his little reflector resolves No. 2 into a cluster of stars, and on better evidence than Galileo regards the other five as clusters of stars. Hadley with his superior Gregorian telescope resolves No. 3; Short, No. 4; Herschel, No. 5; and Lord Rosse, No. 6. All these astronomers firmly believed that all the *nebulæ* were clusters of stars, and Lord Rosse on better evidence than the rest. Lord Rosse fails in resolving No. 7, even with his gigantic telescope, but does not hesitate to express his conviction, that with a telescope twice the size of his own, which may be the work of another century, the seventh nebula will also be resolved. He firmly believes—he cannot help believing, that No. 7 also is a cluster of stars. The same reasoning which applies to *seven* *nebulæ*, applies to *seventy*, to *seven hundred*, or to *seven thousand*, and the conclusion is inevitable, though the evidence of demonstration is wanting, *that all nebulae are clusters of stars.*

There is a phase of this question to which we would call the attention of astronomers, as one that has not been the subject of discussion. There may be—nay, we venture to say, there must be in the remote expanse of the universe, *nebulæ* that never can be resolved. The nebula No. 7, for example, may never be resolved. It may resist the telescope of the next century; nay, it may be unresolvable by telescopes of *infinite perfection and infinite power*, and yet be a cluster of stars. Unless a star is accurately in the zenith, the rays by which it is visible are bent and dispersed by the refraction of the atmosphere, and as the atmosphere never is, and never can be a perfectly homogeneous medium, a star may be so distant that even if its light does make its way undisturbed in its journey of thousands of years through space, it will be so treated in its passage through our atmosphere, that an image of it cannot be formed in the focus of the most perfect telescope. On the emission theory the particles of its light may be so distant by divergence, or so inflected or refracted, that not one of them may enter the tube; and on the undulatory theory, the enfeebled waves may be broken up into patches incapable of giving a distinct image upon the retina, if they do fall upon it, or so widely separated that they do not enter the telescope at all. In the case of a single star thus acted upon, it would be invisible. In the case of clusters, the cluster would continue to appear a nebula.

With these views we are prepared to meet our author, unimpaired by the grape shot of assertion, banter, and ridicule with which he advances into the field.

"An astronomer," says he, "armed with a powerful telescope, *resolves* a nebula, discerns that a luminous cloud is composed of shining dots,—but what are these dots? Into what does he resolve the nebula? Into *stars* it is commonly said. Let us not wrangle about words. By all means let these dots be stars if we know about what we are speaking: if a *star* merely means a luminous dot in the sky. But that these stars shall resemble in their nature stars of the first magnitude, and that such stars shall resemble our sun, are surely very bold structures of assumption to build on such a basis. Some nebulae are resolvable; are resolvable into distinct points; certainly a very curious, probably a very important discovery. We may hereafter learn that *all* nebulae are resolvable into distinct points: that would be a still more curious discovery. But what would it amount to? What would be the simple way of expressing it without hypothesis, and without assumption? Plainly this: that the substance of all nebulae is not continuous but discrete;—separable and separate into distinct luminous elements; nebulae are, it would thus seem, as it were, of a *curdled* or *granulated* texture: they have run into *lumps of light*, or have been formed originally of such lumps. Highly curious. But what are these lumps? How large are they? At what distances? Of what structure? Of what use? It would seem that he must be a bold man who undertakes to answer these questions. Certainly he must appear to *ordinary thinkers* to be very bold, who in reply says gravely and confidently, as if he had authority for his teaching, These lumps, O man, are suns; they are distant from each other as far as the dog-star is from us; each has its system of planets, which revolve around it; and each of these planets is the seat of an animal and vegetable creation. Among these planets some, we do not yet know how many, are occupied by rational and responsible creatures like man; and the only matter which perplexes us, holding this belief on astronomical grounds, is, that we do not quite see how to put our theology into its due place and form in our system."—Pp. 120-122.

That any educated man, who has studied astronomy, should speak of a *nebula* as a luminous *cloud*,—of its component stars or parts, as *shining dots*,—as pieces of bright *curd*,—as *grains*,—as *lumps* of light, is to us a proof that there is nothing too absurd that we may not expect from men who, in search of notoriety rather than reputation, can thus tamper with great scientific truths. Although we do not take up the gauntlet as the *very bold man* who is challenged to answer his questions, we can tell the reader that the same questions may be asked, with as little expectation of an answer, concerning the nearest fixed stars, —and concerning many of the planets of our own system, as well as concerning lumps of curd and of nebulae. The same questions, indeed, may be asked, without receiving an answer, respecting a hundred other objects in creation. Who can tell us of what structure was our primitive earth before the deposi-

tion of the sedimentary rocks—how large it was first made—at what distances of time the strata were laid down—what depth of space belonged to each geological period—and of what use was the whole arrangement? These, may we not retort, are the fragments of strata, O man, which, though seen only in patches, surround the whole globe—these formations were each the work of a million of years—these fossil remains are the animals that were living millions of years ago, and destroyed by great convulsions on our globe—these new species were in successive formations created by the immediate interposition of the Almighty—these Alpine heights, the Andes and the Himalayas—were once at the bottom of the sea—these wide spread oceans, the Pacific and the Atlantic, were once, O man, dry land, on which the *dinotherium* stalked, and the mastodon browsed. To *ordinary thinkers*, do not these truths as far surpass belief, as that a *lump of nebula*—a bright star, is the seat of animal and vegetable life? Our own *earth* is to the moon and other planets of our system but a *lump of light*—and yet it is the seat of vegetable and intellectual life.

In order to support the opinion, borrowed from the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, that unresolved nebulæ are not clusters of stars, our author tells us, what we all know, that the tails of comets and the zodiacal light resemble nebulæ;—so does smoke—so does steam—and so would a million of real suns and systems like our own, if placed at the same distance.

But even if we suppose our author to be right in his notion that unresolved nebulæ are luminous clouds and lumps of light either concrete or discrete, how does this opinion affect the doctrine of a plurality of worlds? We believe that the solar system is composed of habitable or inhabited worlds;—that other systems are so likewise,—and that the stars of the cluster which distance converts into a nebula have the same character. We have nothing to do with comets' tails, whether they exist in our own region of space or exist in nebulæ; and when our author boasts that he "has made it certain that the celestial objects (nebula) are not inhabited," he only gives utterance to a truism, because he comes to this conclusion on the ground only of "nebula being vast masses of incoherent or gaseous matter, of immense tenuity, and destitute of solid moving bodies," a proposition of which he has not given a trace of evidence. As our author has now arrived at *certainty* in his speculations that nebula are not inhabited, may we not ask him for what other purpose they were created? Why has the Almighty called into existence millions or billions or trillions of cubic miles of incoherent gas?—certainly to be of some better use than the basis of incoherent speculations.

As a corollary from the hypothesis of worlds and systems of suns, our author indulges us with a theory of *spiral nebula*,

which we would willingly hand over to the tender mercies of the physical astronomer, or to the intellectual scythe of Adams or Leverrier. The Comet of Encke, he says, (we say it does not,) revolves in a spiral, continually approaching to the Sun, owing to the resistance which it experiences from the luminiferous ether, another medium assumed by our author, "and if we suppose the comet (that of Encke) to consist of a luminous mass, or a string of masses, which would occupy a considerable arch of such an orbit, the orbit would be marked by a track of light as an oval spiral, or if such a comet were to separate into two portions, as we have, with our own eyes, recently seen Biela's Comet do, or into a greater number; then these portions would be distributed along such a spiral. And if we suppose a large mass of cometic matter thus to move in a highly resisting medium, and to consist of patches of different densities, then some would move faster, and some more slowly, but all in spirals, such as have been spoken of, and the general aspect produced would be that of the spiral nebulae, which I have endeavoured to describe." *Risum teneatis Astronomi?* Was there ever, in the wildest speculation of tutored reason, such a series of extravagant assumptions? Abjuring planets, stars, and suns, as the constituents of nebulae, our author lets lodgings in them to comets which deposit their *minced tails* in spirals, leaving each separate *string*, and each separate *patch* in exactly the same spot at each revolution! Among the hundreds of comets that have been observed, there has not been one that has left its tail behind it, and still less any portion of its tail; and if it had, it is not likely that these *dissecta membra cometæ* would have remained where they were left, and occupied a fixed place in the gaseous compound. Encke's Comet has never thus *sown* any of the clippings of its tail within our system; and there is not the slightest evidence that the Comet of Biela was *really divided in two*, and still less into that "greater number of its portions to be distributed along spirals." The division of this comet, indeed, was only an *apparent* division, and we have no more reason for asserting that it consisted of two comets harmoniously travelling together, than we should have, for asserting that a mass of transparent fluid, gas, or vapour, was divided because *two* different parts of it became opaque or nebulous. The transparent portion of the comet which separated its two nebulous parts was as much comet as the parts which reflected light; and, at all events, the burden of proving that it was not, belongs to those who make the opposite assertion. The return of the comet to a single state, by degrees, is a fair proof that there was no actual separation of its parts.

Lord Rosse, the actual discoverer of these spiral nebulae, has never ventured to risk an explanation of their origin. It is the idle

and presumptuous speculator only who must find a secondary cause for every wonder in creation; and we have no doubt that, in imitation of our author, we shall have *mop* and *firework theories* of spiral nebulæ in abundance. We have nebulæ in the form of *spheres, rings, weavers' shuttles, dumb-bells, owls' heads*, and various other shapes more or less fantastic and irregular. Why should we import comets into the sidereal heavens where one was never seen, in order to supply these nebulæ with matter, and give them motions which no comet ever had, in order to account for their peculiar forms? The Almighty has made them so, and science does not furnish us with a single datum to guide us in our speculations.

Having thus, as our author congratulates himself he has done, "cleared away the supposed inhabitants of the outskirts of creation," he proceeds to clear away the inhabitants from the fixed stars by the same inductive process of assertion and conjecture. Beginning with the Binary Systems of Alpha Centauri and 61 Cygni,\* the parallax and orbit of which have been pretty accurately determined, he admits that each of these is a system of two suns revolving round one another, the former in an orbit of a size intermediate between that of Saturn and Uranus, and the latter in one larger than Neptune, if we believe that they are kept in their orbits by the same law of gravity which exists in our own system. He admits, likewise, that the mass of matter in the two suns of both these systems, is to that of our sun in the ratio of about 1 to 3; but he adds, "In what degree of condensation, however, the matter of these binary systems is, compared with that of our Solar System, we have no means whatever of perceiving. *Each of the two stars may have its luminous matter diffused through a globe as large as the earth's orbit;† and in that case would probably not be more dense than THE TAIL OF A COMET.*" With such an assertion, utterly groundless, as he himself confesses, he begins by manufacturing our *binary system* out of matter like comets' tails,—systems like our own, composed of what Sir John Herschel calls "brilliant constituents," and which the same distinguished writer considers as "accompanied with their trains of planets and satellites closely shrouded from our view by the splendour of their respective suns." In order that the planets of each sun may not be attracted out of their orbits by the action of the other in its perihelion passage, Sir John observes, that the planets in such systems "must be closely nestled under the protecting wing of

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. vi. pp. 232, 233.

† Sir John Herschel, on the other hand, states that, "our Sun is neither vastly greater nor vastly less than the stars composing 61 Cygni."

their immediate superior," as any other arrangement would be utterly incompatible with the conditions *necessary for the existence of their inhabitants*. In opposition to this fine observation, our author asserts that Sir John Herschel "in making this provision, has overlooked that it *may not* be possible to keep them (the planets) in permanent orbits so near to the selected centre; their sun *may be a vast sphere of luminous vapour*; and the planets plunged into this atmosphere *may*, instead of describing regular orbits, plough their way in *spiral paths* through the *nebulous abyss* to its central nucleus!"

Having obtained "but little promise of inhabitants from clustered and double stars," our author "turns his attention to the single stars as the most hopeful," and in asking "what is the kind of proof which we have" of their being "the centres of planetary systems," he replies, that "the only proof resides in the assumption that these stars *are like the sun* ;—resemble him in their quality and nature." He then proceeds to shew that the stars are not like the sun, but by statements so little precise and so difficult to meet by direct argument, that we may reply to them in the most convincing manner by shewing *that the fixed stars are like our sun*.

1. The sun and stars shine by direct and not by borrowed light.

2. The spectra of the sun and stars have numbers of definite dark lines which do not exist in artificial light. Some of these lines have the *same place* in each of the spectra.\*

3. The stars of *alpha centauri* and 61 *cygni* have the same law of gravity as our sun.

4. Some stars have a motion round their axis as indicated by the variable light of some, and the periodical disappearance of others.

5. Several stars are of variable brightness. The brightness of our sun varies to a small extent, according to the number and size of the spots on its surface, and to other systems its light must be still more variable when it is obscured by the semi-opaque and widely spread tails of comets during their passage through our system.

In opposition to these marked points of resemblance, the author brings forward the following points of dissimilarity :—

1. "No small number of the stars undergo changes of brightness, not periodical but progressive."—The sun of course does not.

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\* Our author erroneously states that "there is no obvious distinction between the original light of the stars, and the reflected light of the planets." The difference is such that we can tell which is star and which is planet by the character of their spectra.

2. Sirius has changed from *red* to *white*. *Eta Argus* from *yellow* to *red*.—The sun is unchangedly white.\*

3. Some stars have perished—the *Lost Pleiad* for example—the sun has not perished.

4. The star of 1572 existed only seventeen months, and that of 1604 a still shorter time.—The birth and death of the sun have not yet been recorded.

5. Stars really periodical are proved not to be *like* but *unlike* our sun.

Admitting, as we may well do, for the sake of argument, all these points of dissimilarity, and making to him a present of double the number, let us endeavour to convey to our less scientific readers a distinct idea of the nature and force of his reasonings.

London, we shall suppose, is illuminated with one large electric light from the top of St. Paul's, and an aeronaut from that city while travelling in his balloon over France, sees a thousand lights of exactly the same colour and character as that of his native city. He never doubts that these are electric lights intended to illuminate a number of villages, or the different parts of a city; but upon a more attentive study of the lights, he finds one or two red and blue, one flickering, one going out, one appearing where he saw none before,—would these different conditions of ten out of a thousand of the electric lights induce him to change his opinion that the electric lights which he had been studying were different from the large electric light on St. Paul's, and that all the thousand were intended to illuminate the locality on which they are placed? If our sun is unlike a few coloured, variable, and temporary stars, he is precisely the magnified image of all the million that stud the heavens.

Our readers must have already seen that our author's opinions are degrading to astronomy, and subversive of its grandest truths. The *nebulæ* are reduced to gas or to comets' tails—the stars dwindle into luminous vapour that may fill the whole of the earth's annual orbit, and the binary systems sustained by the law of gravity are unfit for inhabitants, because their planets would be whirled in spirals to the central nucleus. But the tendency of his opinions to bring astronomical truths into contempt is peculiarly shewn in the cursory and unwilling reference which he makes to the "proper motion of the stars." We have already stated it as a strong argument for a plurality of worlds, that the sun and the whole planetary system is advancing in space, and revolving round some distant and yet invisible centre. This grand cosmical truth, the grandest in astronomy, and forming the only

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. vi. pp. 235-238.

link which peculiarly connects us with the sidereal universe, has been deduced by the most distinguished astronomers of all nations, by a rigorous induction, from the proper motions of the fixed stars. Every living astronomer has adopted the great truth, but it has been contemptuously rejected by our author because it bears so strongly against his views. He enumerates it among the *conjectures of astronomers*, "which he need not notice, as they do not appear to have any bearing on our subject. Such," he continues, "are the proper motions of the stars, and the explanation which has been suggested by some of them; that they arise from the stars revolving round other stars which are dark and therefore invisible.\* Such again is the *attempt* to shew that the sun carrying with it the whole solar system, is in motion; and the further *attempt* to shew the direction of this motion; and again the hypothesis that the sun itself revolves round some distant body in space."

Having shunned the consideration of truths like these, and failed entirely in bringing forward a single scientific argument against the doctrine of a plurality of worlds, he next addresses himself to the plainest capacities, by one of those illustrations of which he is a great master, but which, when well examined, is found to be a double tool with its sharpest edge turned against its author. In referring to a simple illustration of Fontenelle's,† which he considers as not fair, he gives the following modification of it as "representing his own argument more fairly."

"Let it be supposed," he says, "that we inhabit an island, from which innumerable other islands are visible, but the art of navigation being quite unknown, we are ignorant whether any of them are inhabited. In some of these islands are seen masses more or less resembling churches, and some of our neighbours assert that these are churches; that churches must be surrounded by houses, and that houses must have inhabitants; others hold that the seeming churches are only peculiar forms of rocks: in this state of the debate everything depends upon the degree of resemblance to churches which the forms exhibit. But suppose that telescopes are invented and employed with diligence on the questionable shapes. In a long course of careful and skilful examination, no house is seen, and the rocks do not at all become more like churches, rather the contrary. So far, it would seem, the probability of inhabitants in the islands is lessened. But there are other reasons brought into view. Our island is a long extinct volcano, with a tranquil and fertile soil, but the other islands

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\* Our Author here alludes to the fine speculation of the illustrious Bessel, that single stars such as *Sirius* and *Procyon* must be parts of smaller systems, and, therefore, must revolve round *non-luminous* and central bodies not far from the star itself. See this *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 197; vol. v. p. 231; and vol. vi. p. 238.

† *Œuvres*, tom. ii. p. 47. Second Soir. Edit. 1758.

are apparently somewhat different. Some of them are active volcanoes, the volcanic operations covering, so far as we can discern, the whole island; others undergo changes, such as weather or earthquakes may produce; but in none of them can we discover such changes as shew the hand of man. For these islands, it would seem, the probability of inhabitants is further lessened. And so long as we have no better evidence than these for forming a judgment, it would surely be accounted rash to assert that the islands in general are inhabited; and unreasonable to blame those who deny or doubt it. Nor would such blame be justified by adducing theological or *a priori* arguments; as that the analogy of islands with islands makes the assumption allowable; or that it is inconsistent with the plan of the Creator of islands to leave them uninhabited. For we know that many islands are or were long uninhabited. And if ours were an island occupied by a numerous, well-governed, moral, and religious race, of which the history was known, and of which the relation to the Creator was connected with its history; the assumption of a history, more or less similar to ours, for the inhabitants of the other islands, whose existence was utterly unproved, would, probably, be generally deemed a fitter field for the romance writer than for the philosopher. It could not, at best, rise above the region of vague conjecture."—Pp. 158, 159.

When we admit that our author has *proved* by his illustration that there is no reasonable ground for believing that any one of his innumerable islands is inhabited, we pass the severest censure upon the fairness with which he professes to illustrate his views. He has had recourse to a clever illustration, not for the purpose of instructing, but of misleading his readers. In support of this allegation we may state, in the first place, that no illustration is fair, or can be successful, unless it relates to separate and *independent* works of God, from the state of one of which we draw inferences by analogy, relative to the state of the rest. The parallel between islands and planets is unjust, because there ought to have been certain properties or conditions of the peopled island necessary for its inhabitants, which should have been possessed by the other islands. The inhabited island, too, should have been made as insignificant in reference to the rest, as the Earth is to Jupiter, Saturn, and other planets. The observation of volcanoes, active and extinct, and of rocks like churches, as made by the telescope, has no parallel in the analogy of the planets. The argument from analogy, indeed, in reference to the Earth, with its oblate form, its moon, its day and night, and seasons, is so simple and clear that no illustration can make it clearer. But, however this may be, every attempted illustration should be founded on the axiomatic truth admitted by every philosopher, and easily appreciated by the most ordinary minds, that, in the works of God,

we now see, upon our own good grounds, that be the structures of matter and motion, or of matter and intelligent bodies, economy of power is everywhere displayed. Nothing is made in vain, nothing by a complex process that could be made by a simple one; and it has often been remarked that the infinite wisdom of the Creator is more strikingly displayed in the economy than in the manifestation of power. It is certainly possible that the Almighty Architect of the universe may have had other purposes in view, incomprehensible to us, than that of supporting animal and intellectual life on the magnificent spheres of matter which fill the immensity of space: but we, the inhabitants of one of the least of these globes, which has for millions of years been in possession of animal, if not of intellectual life, and that obviously with the design of preparing it for man,—we who must be guided by our knowledge, however limited, never can comprehend, (and never will believe it possible,) that planets the same as our own, have not been destined for the same rational and noble purpose,—destined, doubtless, for an intellectual race, and destined probably for a previous and lengthened occupation by the lower animals, in order that beings “made after God’s image and likeness,” may study on the tombstones of the past the miraculous processes of growth and decay,—of destruction and renovation, by which he has provided for his children so noble an inheritance.\*

In the ninth chapter, upon *the Planets*, our author begins with disqualifying Neptune from the privilege of being inhabited

\* Our author concludes his chapter on the fixed stars by a speculation, in a note, so calculated to throw contempt upon Astronomy, and to ridicule the very subject of his own work, that we cannot pass it by without grave reproof. He had previously made statements indicating “that our seeing a star was evidence, not that it exists now, but that it existed, it may be many thousands of years ago,” and as he thinks that such a statement “may seem to throw doubt upon the reasonings he has employed,” he concludes his note with the following observations:—“It may be said that a star which was a mere chaos, when the light by which we see it, set out from it, may, in the thousands of years which have since elapsed, have grown into an orderly world. To which bare possibility we may oppose another supposition, at least equally possible, that the distant stars were sparks struck off in the formation of the solar system, which are really long since extinct, and survive in appearance only by the light which they at first emitted!” Without laying any stress on the circumstance that the bare possibility here referred to, that a star may have passed from the state of chaos into that of an orderly world, is the actual fact with regard to our own Earth, we ask our reader’s attention to the equally possible supposition of our author, that the distant stars may be sparks struck off the planets of our system. A spark in our system, how struck off we cannot tell, unless by Vulcan when moulding the planets upon his anvil, wending its way out of the spheres of attraction of the planets, passing through the infinitely wide void between Neptune and the distant stars, and fixing itself in space, is a supposition from which we may fairly estimate the value of our author’s other speculations. *Sidereal Astronomy* is, then, the *Study of Sparks*, struck off in the formation of the Solar system!

either by man or beast. The light and heat of the sun is said to be too small for man, and equally unfit for "unfolding the vital powers," and "cherishing the vital enjoyments of animals." We have already replied to this very silly attempt at argument. Neptune has one moon or satellite, and probably many more, as it is a general law that the satellites increase in number, as we should expect them to do, when more of them are required. As the sun's light in Neptune is very faint, the light from its moons, if reflected light, must have the same character; but it is not necessary that this light be reflected light. Some philosophers, and our late distinguished countryman Sir John Leslie in particular, believed that the light of the moon was not reflected, but was a phosphorescence excited by the light of the sun. On this supposition, the moons of all the distant planets may shine with a light far exceeding that which they would reflect, and may supply their primary planet *at all times* with a degree of light which would be sufficient even for a human eye. But, as we have already stated, there is no occasion for supposing the inhabitants of other planets to have the form and structure of man,—his eyes,—his ears,—or his nerves. Why may they not see by invisible radiations, which we know, from the experiments of Moser, and others, can paint pictures in the dark of the objects from which they issue? Why may they not see with the palest sunbeams, by means of an enlarged pupil, and a more sensitive retina, while they possess all the other physical attributes of man? In his *Consolations in Travel*, Sir Humphry Davy ventures to give unearthly forms to the inhabitants of Saturn, and supposes that they may have spheres of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment far superior to that of the inhabitants of our Earth.† "I saw," says he, "moving on the surface below me immense masses, the forms of which I find it impossible to describe. They had systems for locomotion similar to that of the morse or sea-horse, but I saw with great surprise that they moved from place to place by six extremely thin membranes, which they used as wings. I saw numerous convolutions of tubes, more analogous to the trunk of the elephant than to anything else I can imagine, occupying what I supposed to be the upper parts of the body."

From Neptune our author makes a sudden start to the moon, a great leap no doubt, but as great an anticlimax in argument. Finding it difficult to deal with a huge planet and its satellite,

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. vii. p. 498.

† We quote this passage merely to shew that if we were to yield to our fancy we might depict intellectual creatures of a variety of forms. Sir Humphry obviously had not the talent for this kind of work.

he travels, *con amore*, to our moon, a fit study and a suitable residence for one who holds the opinions, and invents the theories of our author. Without affecting the grand truth of a Plurality of Worlds, we might surrender the moon at discretion. The analogies between the earth and the other planets fail entirely when we reason from the condition of the earth to that of the moon, and therefore the only principle upon which we could assign her inhabitants, is similar to that which led Sir W. Herschel to believe that the sun was inhabited,—the principle that large globes intended primarily to light and heat the planets might be secondarily employed to support inhabitants. The moon has no day and night like our own globe. She has a grand purpose to answer without being the seat of life;—and it is not improbable that she may be in a state of preparation either for being occupied by animal life, or in a more advanced state for the reception of intellectual beings—or she may at this moment be inhabited. It is not true, as our author states, that all astronomers, without exception, believe that the moon is unfitted for animal or vegetable life, and no less problematical are many of the statements he makes respecting the structure of that luminary. He believes, as every astronomer believes, that her surface indicates extensive volcanic agencies—volcanoes of enormous magnitude, but now extinct. Why were these volcanoes in action? Their extinction indicates a progressive step in the moon's history, and when the time arrives, water may issue from her hidden caverns, and give to her seas and an atmosphere, as another step in her preparation for life.

Enjoying something like a triumph over the moon, he next carries us to Jupiter, and, after some preliminary speculations, on the internal condition of our earth, he applies the results of these speculations to "the question of the planets being inhabited," that is, he is willing to reason analogically from the *supposed* structure of the earth to the structure of Jupiter, while he refuses to reason analogically from the *actual* occupation of the earth by inhabitants to the probable occupation of Jupiter by inhabitants. By such a process "he offers it as a conjecture, not quite arbitrary, that *Jupiter is a mere sphere of water!*"\* and

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\* Our author is extremely puzzled with the objection that his water planet must be really *one of ice*, in such a low temperature as that of Jupiter. No difficulty, however, perplexes him. He has a theory for anything or everything. "The space," says he, "near to Jupiter, if an absolute vacuum, in which there is no matter to receive and retain heat emitted from the sun, MAY PERHAPS BE NO COLDER THAN IT IS NEARER THE SUN!" By suppositions like these we could answer all our author's objections against a plurality of worlds; but without insisting upon this point, may we not prefer the *probable ice* to the *possible water*, and give the inhabitants of Jupiter very comfortable quarters, in huts of snow and houses of crystal. We have, even in our own globe, mountains of ice and continents of ice, and

he afterwards kindly contributes a *few cinders for its centre*,—though how anything could be *reduced to cinders upon a sphere wholly composed of water*, neither our author nor our chemistry can inform us. Ye students of the planets, who under the exhalations of the night have observed their motions, or by the midnight lamp have investigated their laws, behold Jupiter the sovereign of the throng careering a *wetted cinder*,—a huge *tear* dropped by Saturn over the misconduct of his brethren. Ye minstrels who have sung “the poetry of heaven,” and have read “in its bright leaves the fate of men and of empires,” shall you meet with the muses in these marshes of light, the abodes of tadpoles and of lizards? Helicon is there frozen,—the Pierian spring is a stalactite of ice, and Mount Parnassus a gigantic and perennial glacier. Shade of Galileo—is the glory of having added four moons to the monarch planet to be thus suddenly and ignobly quenched?

A philosopher can know little of the combinations of matter when he asserts that Jupiter must be made of water, because his density is nearly equal to that of the fluid. Ice is less dense than water, and yet as hard as a rock, and Tabasheer, though lighter than water, is actually composed of silex. Jupiter may therefore consist of the hardest and densest elements, and yet possess a density inferior to water. But the solid substance of Jupiter may from other causes be as hard and dense as that of our own globe. If we suppose, which is extremely probable, that the planet is hollow in its interior, and contains caverns of large dimensions, the outer portions of the planet may have the density even of gold or of platina. But we have another test to apply to our author's hypothesis. If Jupiter is a sphere of water, the solar light reflected from his surface, when he is in his quadratures, must contain, what it does not, a visible portion of polarized light, and if his crust is composed of mountains of ice, some of whose faces may reflect the incident light at nearly the polarizing angle, the fact would be distinctly indicated, as it is not, by a very large quantity of polarized light.

In the same summary manner does our author banish inhabitants from Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and consign them to a watery grave. The densities of these planets are much less than that of water, and upon the same principle that Jupiter is turned into water, these planets should be turned into alcohol, naphtha, or gas, or some substance corresponding with their levity.

In advancing towards the sun our theorist thinks it possible

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bridges of ice, and palaces of ice inhabited by princes. We have inhabitants, too, in our icy regions, and also vegetable and animal life. Why should they not be in Jupiter. If not, what is the final cause of his moons? Is it to look at their reflection from his watery surface?

that Mars may have "creatures of the nature of corals and mollusca, saurians, and iguanodons," but no inhabitants; and he makes light work of the twenty-nine asteroids between Mars and Jupiter. He describes them as produced by a *collapse of portions of sidereal matter*, or as the result of some imperfectly effected concentration of the elements of our system, which, *if it had gone on more completely and regularly*, might have produced another planet like Mars and Venus,\* and therefore it would be a baseless assumption to suppose them inhabited. Venus and Mercury share the same fate. "Seeing it is difficult," he says, "to find inhabitants for Venus, the difficulty for Mercury is immensely greater."

In the next chapter, on the *Theory of the Solar System*, we are met by speculations of the wildest character, offensive to science, and, in our judgment, incompatible with a superintending Providence. The theory which we are called to examine, is the *Nebular hypothesis* of the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, a hypothesis which, in a previous article,† we have fully described, and the absurdity and impossibility of which we think we have demonstrated. The Creator of the universe fills all space with attenuated matter, the *fire-mist* of the hypothesis, and having laid down certain laws of attraction and of motion, he leaves every thing to their operation and superintendence. The particles of the fire-mist, somewhere in space, attract one another, and form a nucleus of matter, which revolves upon its axis—the germ of an infant sun. The surrounding mass of fire-mist is put into motion, throws off rings, which cool into solid revolving planets, and by a similar process, these planets manufacture their satellites, and Saturn a ring into the bargain. All this takes place according to the primordial law: God is not in the heavens, and hence planets are bungled by his apprentices,—portions of the sidereal matter erroneously "collapse,"—"the elements of our system are imperfectly concentrated," and what in the original design was intended for a planet between Mars and Jupiter, to perfect Bode's beautiful law of planetary distances, has been marred by some evil spirit, doubtless, and results in twenty-nine asteroids with showers of meteoric stones,—"*bits of planets*," as our author calls them, "which have failed in the making, and lost their way, till" they tumble on the earth.‡

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\* We have here the doctrine of the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, who may boast of our theorist as a distinguished disciple. We regret that in a system of worlds so nicely adjusted, a *bungled planet* should have been found.

† See our review of the *Vestiges*, &c. and the *Explanations*, &c., vol. iv. pp. 474, 490.

‡ This theory of meteoric stones is not the author's. It was published by us forty years ago, but not as the consequence of a mistake in creation.

The author of the *Vestiges*, with the boldness of an anonymous writer, pursues his theory to its legitimate consequences. The Creator in the beginning laid down his laws. He did not rest on the seventh day. He rested the whole week, and still rests. Man and beast sprung from the law, and not from God's hand ; and all the events of the sublunary world, physical and moral—the formation of the earth,—the creation of man, the inspiration of his soul, were the necessary consequences of the original *fiat* of the Almighty. All this is very consistent, and is maintained with ingenuity and eloquence ; but our author, who is, doubtless, a *quasi* divine, cannot allow himself to go so far. He goes as far as he thinks the path safe, but when he comes to the millions of years during which our earth is preparing for man—to the creation and extinction of animal life—to the disappearance of old species, and the creation of new ones, he is stricken dumb. We hear no more of the rebellion of fire-mist against law, or of its erroneous collapse when indurated in the earth's bosom. The author's speculations are now amenable to a law of a different kind, and he wisely obeys it. On the nebular hypothesis, as a basis, he erects a strange superstructure—a scheme—a theory—which he regards as having a *sort of religious dignity* belonging to it ; and though he fears it will appear rash and fanciful, and almost irreverent, yet he invents it to explain a great variety of the phenomena which have hitherto baffled philosophy. In this new cosmogony, the fire-mist, or sidereal matter—composed of fire and water, have, during the performance of their planet-making functions, been separated,—the aqueous and gaseous vapour receding to the outward half of our system, and forming the watery planets, Mars, (of course the twenty-nine asteroids also,) Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, while the fire or heat has formed the solid masses, of Mercury, and Venus, near its focus, “ these planets having not yet fully emerged from the *mother light* and *mother fire*, in which they began to crystallize, as crystals do in their mother water !” “ *The earth's orbit*,” he says, “ *is the temperate zone of the solar system*, and in that zone only is the play of hot and cold, of moist and dry possible !” The earth is therefore placed in that region of the solar system in which *the planet-forming powers are most vigorous and potent*, between the region of permanent nebulous vapour, and the region of mere shreds of planetary matter, such as are the satellites and the planetoidal group. And from these views, it possibly follows, *that the earth is really the largest planetary body in the solar system !—its “domestic hearth adjusted between the hot and fiery haze on one side, and the cold and watery vapour on the other !”*

It would be an insult to science and to reason to submit to their stern ordeal such ridiculous opinions. How can we deal

with a writer who blows hot and cold with the same breath—who finds that the *outer* region of our system is too cold for animal and vegetable life, and yet so warm that its waters are not capable of freezing. How can we reach a mind who places the earth in the happy sphere where life springs from the right mixture of hot and cold, of moist and dry, and yet consigns the moon, its companion, to the other zone of burnt and volcanic worlds!

The eleventh chapter of the work before us is entitled, *the argument from design*. It is a chapter of *omniscience*, composed of innumerable bits of those that precede it, and tending to shew that the proofs of design are less clearly seen in mere physical arrangements,—in the relations of earth, air, water, heat, and light—than in the structure of plants and animals. A planet, he alleges, is nothing in importance with a seed or an embryo. It has “no principle of life however obscure;” and hence he concludes, as it is chiefly from the structure of organized bodies that striking proofs of design can be obtained, that we may dispense altogether with admiring the wisdom of the mute masses of water and of fire which occupy our system, and the laws which govern them, and content ourselves with the proud satisfaction, that the great Creator “*instead of manufacturing a multitude of worlds on patterns more or less similar, has been employed on one great work,*” including and suggesting all that we can conceive of perfection.\*

From the assertions and speculations of eleven chapters, we are now to learn the great corollary to which they lead—the *unity of the world*, the title of the twelfth chapter. A collection of intelligent creatures, being, as we are told, a necessary part of the conception of a world, it follows that *there is only one world, and that world is the Earth*, because *the weight of all the evidence which we can obtain respecting the constitution of the universe, is against the idea of the planets being inhabited*. Thus vanquished by our author, he endeavours to console us by the strange if not impertinent remark, that *the remotest planet is not devoid of life, for God lives there!* And where, may we ask, does he not live? He lived on the *collapsed portion of sidereal matter*. He lived, but slumbered, on the bungled planet. He lived on

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\* We consign to a note the following description of the planetary system *minus* the earth. We cannot find language to express the feeling with which we read it. “The planets and the stars are the lumps which have flown from the potter’s wheel of the great worker; the shred-coils which in his working sprung from his mighty lathe; the sparks which darted from his awful anvil when the solar system lay incandescent thereon; the curls of vapour which rose from the great caldron of creation, when its elements were separated,” p. 243. The earth was the clay on the wheel—the wood on the lathe—the iron on the anvil—the precipitate in the boiler;

the *bite* of planets, but guided them not when they lost their way! If there is then not more than one inhabited planet in our solar system, we are all agreed *that there is certainly one*. Nobody has ventured to maintain that ours is the only system of the universe. There are thousands, as every astronomer believes, and a system without one inhabited planet would be an anomaly in creation. Every system must therefore possess one world, and consequently in the universe there is a plurality of worlds.

We regret that our waning limits will not permit us to examine more minutely the strange sentiments which these latter chapters contain. We must pass rapidly to *the Future*, the title of the last chapter of the book, without any expectation of being enlightened by a writer who has thrown such a cloud over the past. The future is indeed an object of deep interest. In youth it is scarcely descried as a visible point. In manhood it appears and disappears like a variable star, shewing in painful succession its spots of light and of shade. In age it looms largely to the eye, pregnant with hope and with fear. Amid the studies of nature the youth and the man are sometimes constrained to consider it. The death of the seed, and the resurrection of the plant, startle them in the race of fame. The butterfly and its chrysalis suggest the change that may overtake them. But it is in the study of the heavens that the future swells most largely to the view, and gives us an interest in worlds and systems of worlds, in life without limits, as well as in life without end. On eagles' wings we soar to the zenith, and fly to the horizon of space, without reaching their distant bourne; and in the infinity of space, and amid the infinity of life, we descry the home and the companions of the future. That home and these companions have been denied to us by the author of the work before us. His future of creation is but the future of the earth, the social, the intellectual, and the spiritual progress of man. But though thus limited it challenges all our sympathies. It is the foreground of the great panorama of eternity—the arena in which we have to struggle with the tempter—the gymnasium in which we are to be taught the secrets of nature, and the elements of social progress,—and it is from its remotest shore that we are to embark on the ocean of eternity.

What this future is we can gather only from the history of the past. It is by the impression of the foot, and the length of the step, that we can judge of the direction, the velocity, and the purpose of the mover. In his physical aspect, and in his intellectual manifestations, man has made no advance to a more elevated station. His hand and his head are still the hand and the head of his primitive race, but by the skill of the one and the energy of the other, he has achieved, and has yet to achieve, a more exalted

condition. It is an extraordinary perversion of the spiritual nature, and a monstrous perversion of the moral nature. It should have put forth the religious and political as well as the moral values. The temple and the academy were supposed to have been potent in every land. Orders of men were sent out to teach men from ignorance and vice, and to lead the people to the light of the spiritual world; and the prison was the place where they have been sent to their aid to protect the community from ignorance and crime. Civil society, however, has stepped out of the line from exertions to active, and institutions to compare with the universal peace blesses the nations of the earth, the citizens of the world—the apostles of a universal philanthropy cannot combine their exertions for social advancement. War is the miserable foe of all progress, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. The man who can slay his brother, or who encourages another to slay him, renounces his godlike character, and returns to the community of the hyæna and the tiger. Civilisation stands still when armies take the field: It retrogrades when they leave it. Humanity shrieks at the trumpet note of battle; and religion stoops abashed, in presence of the warrior with red hands, and the sovereign with a bloody heart. That these are the views of the author of the work before us, is evident from the following just and noble sentence, which we quote with unmingled pleasure:—

"That civil society, namely, that which secures to men the rights of property, person, family, external peace, and the like, may be conceived as taking a more excellent character than it now possesses, we can easily see, for not only does it often very imperfectly attain its direct object, the preservation of rights, but it becomes the means and source of wrong. Not only does it often fail to secure peace with strangers, but it acts as if its main object was to enable men to make wars with strangers. If we were to conceive a *universal and personal peace* to be established among the nations of the earth, (for instance, by some general agreement for that purpose,) and if we were to suppose, farther, that those nations should employ all their powers and means in fully unfolding the intellectual and moral capacities of their members, by *early education, constant teaching, and ready help in all ways*; we might then, perhaps, look forward to a state of the earth in which it should be inhabited, not indeed by a being exalted above man, but by man exalted above himself as he now is."—Pp. 274, 275.

Were such a state of peace attained, and such a process of education adopted, we might reasonably anticipate the establishment of institutions for promoting this exaltation of man. Even with their present powers, as our author justly remarks, "*results which now appear impossible, or inconceivable,*" might be effected by such combinations of communities of men."—

"Astronomical observatories," he adds, "have been established in every land; scientific voyages and expeditions for the purpose of observation, wherever they could throw light upon the theory, have been sent forth; costly instruments have been constructed, achievements of discovery have been rewarded; and all nations have shewn a ready sympathy with every attempt to forward this part of knowledge. Yet the largest and wisest plans for the extension of human knowledge in other provinces of science by the like means, have remained hitherto almost entirely unexecuted, and have been treated as mere dreams. The exhortations of Francis Bacon to men, to seek, by such means, an elevation of their intellectual condition, have been assented to in words; but his plans of a methodical and organized combination of society for this purpose it has never even been attempted to realize. *If the nations of the earth were to employ for the promotion of human knowledge a small fraction only of the means, the wealth, the ingenuity, the energy, the combination, which they have employed in every age for the destruction of human life, and of human means of enjoyment, we might soon find that what we hitherto know, is little compared with what man has the power of knowing.*"\*

But our author is not satisfied with the mere promotion of knowledge and the extension of man's intellectual empire. He contemplates still loftier purposes, and we look eagerly along with him to the "full development of man's moral, religious, and spiritual nature."

"Can we not conceive," says he, "a society among men which should have for its purpose to promote this development, far more than any human society has yet done?—a body selected from all nations, or rather including all nations, the purpose of which should be to bind men together by a universal feeling of kindness and mutual regard, to associate them in the acknowledgment of a common Divine Lawgiver, Governor, and Father;—to unite them in their efforts to divest themselves of the evil of their human nature, and to bring themselves nearer and nearer to a conformity to the Divine idea; and, finally, a society which should unite them in the hope of such a union with God, that the parts of their nature which seem to claim immortality, the Mind, the Soul, and the Spirit, should continue for ever in a state of happiness arising from their exalted and perfected condition? and if we can suppose such a society fully established and fully operative, would not this be a condition as far elevated above the ordinary earthly condition of man, as that of man is elevated above the beasts that perish?"—Pp. 276, 277.

In concluding a review marked with so much censure, it is pleasing to ourselves, and must be equally so to such of our readers

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\* Our readers will find in this interesting passage the same views which, during the last ten years, we have, in this *Journal*, embraced every opportunity of pressing upon the notice of the public.

we never in our lives, that we have found at the close of our author's work, sentiments as noble, aspirations so lofty, and suggestions so valuable for the advancement of society. How ardently do we wish that the rest of his volume had been such as to excite the same admiration! A mind so highly gifted with the power and expression of thought, so copiously endowed with the best treasures of knowledge, so capable of enriching science with what is new, and so successful in illustrating and diffusing what is old—might, we think, have found a more suitable theme than that which he has chosen. Had the same talent and eloquence been devoted to prove a plurality of worlds, we should have sat a humble disciple at his feet, and imbibed the high lessons he would have taught. It has, however, been otherwise arranged, and we trust he will excuse a severity of criticism which he must feel to be virtually just, because he had himself anticipated it. He felt, doubtless, that doctrines so new, and in such antagonism to cherished opinions, must do violence, as they have done, to the feelings even of his friends, and, as he himself predicted, that they might be charged with presumption and even with irreverence. We have given ample proof of the truth of the prediction, and we now part with him in better humour, as a distinguished philosopher—a profound thinker—an eloquent writer—a manly philanthropist—and a successful prophet.

- ART. II.—1. *Un Philosophe sous les toits*. Par M. EMILE SOUVESTRE. Paris, 1851.  
 2. *The Attic Philosopher*. By M. EMILE SOUVESTRE. (Translated.) London, 1854.

THIS is one of the pleasantest and prettiest little books that has ever fallen into our hands. It is the more interesting and surprising as having issued from the press of Paris; and, after the vehement, diseased, and bacchanalian pages of Balzac, Eugène Sue, and Victor Hugo, is medicine to our scandalized morality, balm to our wounded sensibility, rest to the wearied fancy, and positive refreshment to the irritated eye. To come to it after such reading is like the "crystalline fount" after the "feculent flood,"—like the "pure breezes of morn" after the heated and morbid atmosphere of the hospital or the gaming-house,—like the green fields and fresh vegetation of the country and the spring, after the glare and fumes of a gaudy and gas-lighted theatre. We feel that we have escaped from intoxication to sobriety, from the vortex of passion to the peace of nature, from that which is simply noxious or revolting, to that which gives true pleasure and does real good.

We rejoice to see that such a book can come out of the heart of France,—that such pictures can still be relished there,—that such a life as is here depicted can still be led there. For though the tone of the book is pure, and all its sentiments are humane, genial, and gentle, it is as remote as possible from anything mawkish or maudlin. It has nothing of the pastoral tenderness, the overdone Arcadianism, which made the popularity of the *Romance of Bernardin de St. Pierre* nearly as sure a sign of an unhealthy state of the public mind as the profligate novels that appeared at the same time, and divided with it the favour of the reading world of France. Nor has it any closer similarity to the Swiss love-stories, and pictures and praises of savage life, with which Rousseau dazzled and delighted the fancy of the profligate and sophisticated dames of Paris, in the heinous days of Louis XV. Its pathos is all natural; its sentiments are all genuine and unforced,—the reflections of a contented and kind-hearted man who philosophizes from his garret on the motley world beneath him, and mingles with it in his own humble sphere. It indicates that there is still a portion of the heart of France sound and unperverted; and what is more to our immediate purpose, it gives a very interesting glimpse into some of those points of Continental life and character, in which it has

a marked superiority in our art.—conferences which it would be well if we could trust are and will continue to be a certain不可磨滅的記憶 of that some of our aims and exertions may be seen, understood, and that we may, sooner than we could be doing in a quiet life.

The book is in the form of fragments from the diary of a man of fine education and of very various opinions, such as may be found in fragments not only in French but in other languages, who lives solitary and discontented in his garret, supporting himself in miserable comfort on the slender salary of a subordinate Government *collège* master with twenty and seven against a pension, which is the whole of his life with a cheerful and sympathetic smile and enjoying the good things of life rather by contemplation than by actual participation. Translations and passages are wise to use that salary seemed which moderate means and small management have made into a competence to master but more moderate gains. He finds that everything conspires to teach him the same lesson—viz. in how small an additional happiness that even and how cheaply that attainment may be furnished. Dissatisfaction with the merit, preserves him alive from every temptation. He sees from his attic window the nations that live in the opposite neighbour, an actress or singer seized for debt and her chamber rudely dismantled, and the landlord but always new from of another reason, a sempstress secure of his bounding and unmastering poverty, the returns from a honest student—the one festive banquet of the year, estate with a fair, and the other than himself, and remembers that he left the kitchen, but begins circle with the regretful speculation, "Oh!" and he meets the obedient lady who occupies the best part of the house near his own, returning laden, and *emancip* from those gloomy salons where no joy is, and getting out of her carriage with the yawning disputation, "I am." Or New-year's day when it is customary in France, and indeed throughout the Continent, to visit friends and give or receive presents, but unless when you have no friends, and was too poor to make presents, was sitting somewhat moodily in his garret, for his fire would not light, the day was rainy and the wood was damp, there was no milk left for breakfast, and the pot of sweetmeat was quite empty. There is a knock at the door, and a Panietta enters—*à* *bon*! that ill-dressed little girl, whose life he had saved in a crowd, two years before.

"Il y a deux ans de ça, j'étais si malade que j'avais perdu le souvenir qu'à de longs intervalles et de l'étais presque oubliée, mais Panietta a la mémoire des bons coups : elle vient au renouvellement de l'année m'offrir ses souhaits de bonheur. Elle m'apporte en outre, un plant de violettes et fleurs : elle-même la mis en terre et cultivé : c'est un

bien qui lui appartient tout entier, car il a été conquis par ses soins, sa volonté et sa patience. Ce présent inattendu, la rougeur modeste de la petite fille et son compliment balbutié dissipent, comme un rayon du soleil, l'espèce de brouillard qui m'enveloppait le cœur ; mes idées passent brusquement des teintes plombées du soir aux teintes les plus roses de l'aurore. Je fais asseoir Paulette, et je l'interroge gaiement.

"La petite répond d'abord par des monosyllabes, mais bientôt les rôles sont renversés, et c'est moi qui entrecoupe de courtes interjections ses longues confidences. La pauvre enfant mène une vie difficile. Orpheline depuis long temps, elle est restée, avec son frère et sa sœur, à la charge d'une vieille grand-mère qui les a élevés de mère, comme elle a coutume de le dire. Cependant Paulette l'aide maintenant dans la confection des cartonnages, sa petite sœur Perrine commence à coudre, et Henri est apprenti dans une imprimerie. Tout irait bien, sans les pertes et sans les chômages, sans les habits qui s'usent, sans les appetits qui grandissent, sans l'hiver qui oblige à acheter son soleil ! Paulette se plaint de ce que la chandelle dure trop peu et de ce que le bois coûte trop cher. La cheminée de leur mansarde est si grande qu'une falourde y produit l'effet d'une allumette ; elle est si près du toit que le vent y renvoie la pluie, et qu'on y gèle sur l'âtre en hiver ; aussi y ont ils renoncé. Tout se borne désormais à un réchaud de terre sur lequel cuit le repas. La grand'-mère avait bien parlé d'un poêle marchandé chez le revendeur du rez-de-chaussée ; mais celui-ci en a voulu sept francs, et les temps sont trop difficiles pour une pareille dépense ; la famille s'est en conséquence résignée à avoir froid par économie."

The philosopher resolves to gratify his feelings by making this poor family a New-year's present of their coveted stove. Accordingly he gets an old one of his own repaired and put up in their room while all are absent at their daily work, and takes them besides a basket of wood out of his own winter provision, observing that the sacrifice will only oblige him to warm himself by walking, or by going to bed earlier than usual.

The above extract may serve as a specimen of this little volume, and may explain wherein lies its charm. There is nothing remarkable in the events it relates, nothing brilliant in the pictures which it draws ; but an air of cheerful and healthy serenity broods over every page, and bespeaks a mind that has penetrated the true secret of life, and harvested its richest wisdom. Probably, however, the real cause of the pleasure which the book is calculated to convey arises from the contrast between its atmosphere of *repose*, and the feverish and busy world in which we live, and from the somewhat pregnant philosophical reflections which its perusal irresistibly suggests. It depicts the best and pleasantest features of Continental life, and makes us pause a while in our breathless and unceasing race, to consider

whether we might not, with advantage both to soul and body, take a leaf out of our neighbour's book.

The extremes of character in civilized man are to be found in the Asiatic and the American,—the silent, dignified, placid, and stagnant Mussulman,—and the striving, pushing, restless, progressive Yankee. Between these extremes lie the easy and joyous Celt, generally contented with the passing hour, but often contented with too little; the stationary and phlegmatic German of the south, cautious and unaspiring, frugal and complacent; the Norwegian, whose life in most things resembles that of his Teutonic brethren; the Swiss, who approximate nearer to ourselves; and finally the British, only a few degrees less ambitious, insatiable, unresting, and discontented than their western offspring. In the appendix to the second part of Layard's *Nineveh*, there is a letter from a Turkish Cadi, so thoroughly Oriental in its spirit, so exactly portraying those peculiar features of character in which the East differs from the West, and so amusingly astounding to men accustomed to look upon exertion, the acquisition of knowledge, and the progress of wealth, as the great ends of existence, that we cannot do better than quote it. The traveller had astonished the weak mind of his Mussulman friend, by applying to him for some statistical information regarding the city and province in which he had dwelt so long as a man in authority. The Turk replies with this dignified and affectionate rebuke:—

“My illustrious friend, and joy of my liver!

“The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and another stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

“Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace.

“Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understanding? God forbid!

“Listen, oh my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief

in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves to Him in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, Behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail cometh and goeth in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will direct and guide it.

"But thou wilt say unto me, stand aside, oh man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double stomach, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

"Oh my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

"The meek in spirit (El Fakir.)

"**IMAUM ALI TADEL.**"

We think our readers will agree with us that there is something very touching in this singular effusion, with its strange mixture of complacent ignorance and pious trust, its content bordering on apathy, and its lofty compassion for the laborious follies of the struggling and toiling Frank. Of course we are not writing to recommend such a state of mind. We merely wish to observe that it contains the germ and element of a wisdom to which our busy bustling existence is a stranger. As a pendant to this epistle we may give an anecdote that we once heard, of that class of Celts who in *insouciant* content most nearly resemble the Asiatics. A cosmopolite traveller, journeying in Lower Canada, was one day greatly struck by the contrast in the appearance of two adjoining properties, both having a river frontage, both enjoying a fertile soil, and apparently exactly alike in all natural advantages. The first was admirably farmed, and neatly kept; the house homely but substantial, and in good repair; the fences strong, uniform, and in faultless order. This belonged to an Englishman. The adjacent farm was in a very different condition; the flocks and herds were ample; the crops not bad, and the dwelling large and ample; there was no appearance of poverty, but every sign of indolence and carelessness,—the buildings dilapidated, the roofs defective, the fences, not indeed inefficient, but patched, as you seldom see except in Ireland, with odds and ends of trees, old gates, &c.; here a gap stopped by a plough; there a break made good by a cart tilted up in the opening. Our narrator visited the owner, a French colonist, and received of course a most hospitable welcome. His host was cheerful and complacent. After some conversation the visitor remarked that the roof was broken through in one or two

placoe, and let in the rain. "C'est égal, (said the proprietor,) I have only to move my bed to another part. I can always find a dry corner to lie in." "But," observed the traveller, "I notice that your fences are in the same state, full of holes and make-shifts." "Qu'est ce que cela fait! (asked the host,) they do well enough to keep my cattle in and other people's out!" "Possibly, (replied the traveller,) but look at your neighbour, in what beautiful condition his hedges and divisions are kept." This was too much for the Frenchman: his native philosophy broke out at once. "Ah oui! *le misérable!*" he exclaimed in a tone of indescribable contempt; "that man toils from morning till night; is up before daylight, and working after dark; never goes to merry-makings; I would not be like him for worlds. I have enough: what need I more? Can a man eat with two spouses?"

But apart from these extreme cases of content where content ought not to be, it is impossible to become acquainted with those instances of rational and well-founded satisfaction with a most moderate and limited present, of which continental life offers us so many examples, without feeling, or at least suspecting, that, as compared with our hurried and tumultuous existence, our neighbours have chosen the better part. Look at Norway, for example, which has attained, as nearly as possible, to that "stationary state" which most economists regard with dread, aversion, and a feeling akin to shame. There the inhabitants may be said to form one vast middle class: there is no great wealth, no absolute destitution: peasants and proprietors live on together, generation after generation, on the same land, and much in the same style as their forefathers: fuel and food, though simple, are both abundant: the men till the soil and sell the timber: the women manufacture at home the clothing they need; each man's life, whether he be farmer, labourer, or artisan, is pretty much cut out for him by circumstances and custom; as he grows up, he steps into the vacant niche in the community which was waiting for him, or if not vacant, he waits for it, without any thought of exchanging it for a different one, or struggling out of it into one higher: there is much comfort but little luxury—much cheerfulness, perhaps too much conviviality; there is general equality and general content. It is easy to find there—not easy, scarcely possible to grow rich: the country is peopled pretty nearly up to its resources, so that population can increase but slowly: as young men and maidens arrive at maturity, they fall in love, and are betrothed as elsewhere, but they do not marry till a "houseman" dies, or till, in some way or other, a vacancy is made for them: their sole desire and aim is, to enjoy their natural share of the goods of life, but not to increase

that share beyond the usual rate ; they are satisfied to equal, and do not aspire to surpass their father's lot. Thus their existence glides on from the cradle to the grave, broken by no tumultuous crises, embittered by no pressing anxieties, shortened by no fierce competition, goaded by no wild ambition, darkened by no dismal failures,—but happy in a continuous activity, moderate in its aim, and sure of its reward. They are stationary, but not stagnant.

In Auvergne, we find a state of society almost precisely similar. There the peasants are nearly all proprietors, and often rich, for they spend little and cultivate well. The boardings, when spent at all, are spent in land ; every thing is made at home ; sometimes literally nothing is bought except the drugs to dye their wool ; they live simply but plentifully ; and generation succeeds generation in the same industrious and monotonous content. Wars and revolutions pass over their country ; but they scarcely hear of them, and never feel them. In Switzerland, too, especially in the Cantons of Berne and Zurich, we find much of the same primitive, unvarying, and enjoyable existence, though here the curse of “ indebtedness,” which seems inseparable from the law of equal succession, often sheds a perpetual gloom over the life of the peasant proprietor. But when he has escaped this evil, and has found the small estate which sufficed to his ancestors suffice for him also, and when his younger brothers have gone to foreign countries, to seek or make their fortunes,—the Swiss farmer has always appeared to us to enjoy one of the happiest of human lots. Educated, industrious, pious, and patriotic, the citizen of a free state small enough for him to feel an appreciable unit among its inhabitants,—in a situation which nourishes no ambition that he may not readily gratify, and yet exempts him from those gloomy cares and forebodings as to the future, which wear away the lives and sadden the domestic circle of thousands among the Americans and English,—there is much in his existence which we may well envy, and not a little which, perhaps, we might emulate.

In Germany, especially in central and southern Germany, we find a numerous class in middle life—to which we have no analogon in England—who possess an assured but a moderate competence at which they are certain to arrive in time. They have not, as in England, when they have chosen their profession, and undergone their education, to plunge into the hot strife and race of competition, and take their chance of obtaining a maintenance or a prize by overcoming and distancing their rivals. If they have passed through the ordained curriculum and performed the required tasks, their future is provided for, and they have only to wait for its realization, which comes indeed a few years sooner or later, but about the advent of which they need to give them-

solves no anxiety. As functionary, or surgeon, or lawyer, or master tradesman, their turn will come as soon as the niche they were destined to fill becomes vacant: for the government, by its complicated and vigilant arrangements, has taken care that no profession shall be overstocked—that there shall be no more aspirants than there are posts for them to fill. We are not now expressing any opinion as to the advisability of such a system of leading strings; we only call attention to one of its effects—which is the exemption of a large proportion of the middle and educated classes from distressing anxieties as to their future or that of their children, and the consequent diffusion of a sort of quiet happiness and somewhat staid content. I would here we have no exception. These men, it is only out of certain expectations enjoy the present in a respectful and unobtrusive way; they are contented, and have a moderate interest in intellectual and more of aesthetic taste; they are social creatures, and have a pleasure in their own society; they are regularly guided, they know they must travel in the same way, and in which their route is traced for them; they have to go, and to go in a year, and no hesitation to turn back. Their life, as the expression is, and which is to be taken up, is a well-worn way to run down their lives to the end of the road. There is a steadily flowing stream, somewhat regular, but with many light flowers and gay bubbles, and the river is to be seen both to admire and to be contented with. The nation is contented, but they have not enough feeling, and they are not in unengaged or moral existence; they may be warm in the intimacies and affections and many sides of the elegance of the domestic circle, and their manners are well trained and refined; they may add to these nice assurances of manner a cultivated literary habits. Yet there is no sufficient interest in the national well-being, and no sufficient exertion of energy in the two countries, with usward to be considered as entirely adequate to furnish means for a supply of the national life, and to be content with which would be to be contented with a quiet life and enterprise.

In France, however, the years of change and convulsion have struck a strong root of sobriety and reasonableness through the nation. There, as yet, is not a fever of idleness and energy, — there still remain many in moderate and humble circumstances, professional men, artisans, and subordinate employees, who on a chance which would be considered as grinding poverty in England, contrive not only to support life, but to embellish it and enjoy it. They make the best of what they have, instead of anxiously striving to increase it. They count according to their possessions. They are not tormented by a desire to imitate or to surpass those to whom fortune has been more liberal.

bountiful. They are contented to *enjoy*, while their analogues in England would be fretfully labouring to *acquire*. They are not as we are, for ever haunted by something in the distance to be obtained or to be escaped. They do not, like us, immolate the possessed present on the shrine of an uncertain future. They do not pull down their house to build their monument. They perform cheerfully and faithfully their humble and, perhaps, uninteresting functions, and devote the rest of their time to simple, social, unambitious enjoyments. There are others again who, finding themselves at their entrance into life in possession of a moderate competence—a small patrimonial inheritance—deliberately pause to decide on their career. On the one side lie the possibilities of wealth, the gauds of distinction, the gratification of commercial or political success, to be purchased by harassing and irritating strife, by carking cares, by severe and unrelenting toil. On the other lie the charms of a life of unassuming ease, of quiet nights and unanxious days, of the free enjoyment of the present hour—something of a butterfly existence, in short. Nine Yankees out of ten would choose the former; nine Frenchmen out of ten will prefer the latter. We do not here intend to pronounce which is right; but it is hard to persuade ourselves that *all* the wisdom—*all* the true estimate of the objects and the worth of life—lies with the man who decides for the thornier and rougher path.

Now let us cast a glance at the contrasted tone of English and American social existence: we may class them together, for the main difference is, that in America, our state of struggle is even more universal, and carried on under more favourable prospects of success. And we have a few who cling to the “even tenor” of existence as the preferable state: in our exaggerated and caricaturing descendants, scarcely any such are to be found. Now, we are no advocates for a life of inaction and repose. Activity is better than stagnation; exertion in pursuit of any object, is better than an existence with no object at all. We know well that out of dissatisfaction with our present condition, have arisen all our successful conquests of higher and more desirable conditions; that to the restless energy and aspiring temper of the Anglo-Saxon, may be traced a large proportion of the material progress, and not a little of the intellectual progress of the world; that civilisation, if it does not consist in perpetual advance, at least owes its origin and present perfection to perpetual endeavour. But we cannot permit ourselves to regard the struggle to be rich as worthy of admiration for itself. We cannot bring ourselves to regard the gallant and persevering energy which is devoted to “getting on in life,” as consecrated

to a high aim. We cannot persuade ourselves at once, and without inquiry, as many do, to pronounce the life that enjoys, as *ipso facto* and *per se*, meaner than the life that toils. We mourn over energies wasted by misdirection, as much as over energies suffered to lie dormant and die out. The man who strives for a clear duty or a noble prize is beyond question a higher and worthier being than the man who glides through life in happy and innocent tranquillity; but we are by no means so sure that the man who, having a *competence*, spends years, and strength, and spirits, and temper, in striving for a *fortune*, has made a wiser or a better choice than the man who, having a competence, sits down thankfully and contentedly to enjoy it with his family and friends. *To be able* to make "the future and the distant predominate over the present," is unquestionably to have risen in the scale of thinking beings; but it by no means follows, that *whatever* is distant and future ought to predominate over what is present and at hand. We agree altogether in the tone of the following remarks from the pen of our first and most genial political economist:—

"I cannot regard a stationary state of capital and wealth, with the unaffected aversion manifested towards it by political economists of the old school. I am inclined to believe that it would be, on the whole, a very considerable improvement on our present condition. I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. The northern and middle States of America are a specimen of this stage of civilisation in very favourable circumstances; having apparently got rid of all social injustices and inequalities that affect persons of Caucasian race and of the male sex, while the proportion of population to capital and land is such as to ensure abundance to every able-bodied member of the community who does not forfeit it by misconduct. They have the six points of chartism, and they have no poverty; and all that these advantages seem as yet to have done for them (notwithstanding some incipient signs of a better tendency) is, that the life of the whole of one sex is devoted to dollar-hunting, and of the other to breeding dollar-hunters. This is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realizing. Most fitting indeed is it, that while riches are power, and to grow as rich as possible, the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all, without favour or partiality. But the best state for human nature, is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward.

"That the energies of mankind should be kept in employment by the struggle for riches, as they were formerly by the struggle of war, until the better minds succeed in educating the others to better things, is undoubtedly more desirable than that they should rust and stagnate. While minds are coarse, they require coarse stimuli; and let them have them. In the meantime, those who do not accept the present very early stage of human improvement as its ultimate type, may be excused for being comparatively indifferent to the mere increase of production and accumulation. I know not why it should be a matter of congratulation, that persons who are already richer than any one needs to be, should have doubled their means of consuming things which give little or no pleasure, except as representatives of wealth; or that numbers of individuals should pass over every year from the middle class into a richer class, or from the class of the occupied rich into that of the unoccupied."\*

It is indeed a sad spectacle, that of so vast a proportion of the national energy still devoted to mere material acquisition, still labouring in a field in which such ample harvests have been already gained, still pushing on in a direction where there is little left to win,—while so many social problems remain still unsolved, so many grievous wounds still unhealed, so many noble paths still unfrequented or unexplored. We still press madly forward in the race, though the goal can present us with no new attractions; we still struggle "to get on," though we have got far enough to command all the substantial acquisitions and enjoyments of a worthy life; we still persist in striving and toiling for added wealth, which can purchase for us no added happiness, and in the hot competition we push aside or trample down many who really *need* what we only *desire*. New roads, vaster ships, more rapid and cheaper locomotion, speedier transmission of intelligence, greater physical comforts,—all these are valuable things, and objects of legitimate exertion. But of these we have now almost enough; we have pushed on long-enough and far enough in this exclusive line; there are other fields to be tilled, other harvests to be reaped, other aims to be achieved. Thousands and thousands of course must, till some blessed change comes over our social state, spend life in striving for a living, and thousands more must concentrate all their exertions on the acquirement of a competence; but why should this competence be made, by our increasing luxuriousness, an ever vanishing point? And why should those on whom no such hard necessity is laid, imitate their needier brethren? Why should not those who have a fortune sufficient to supply all reasonable wants, and to guarantee them against anxious cares, pause awhile

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\* Mill's *Pol. Econ.*, ii. §18.—3d Ed.

upon the dusty and weary thoroughfare, and try to form a juster estimate of the purpose of life, and the relative value of its aims and prizes? Why should we so cling to the undoubted but fragmentary truth that enjoyment lies only in the race, in the contest, in the effort? The successful barrister at the summit of his profession and the height of fame, is so overwhelmed with business that he has time neither for sleep, nor society, nor recreation, nor literature; his strength is overtaken, his life is slipping away, he has not even leisure for the sweet amenities of the domestic circle; he is amassing thousands which he does not want and cannot spend; he is engrossing briefs which poor men thirst for in vain;—yet when does he ever resign a portion of his business to hungry competitors? when does he ever resolve upon “shorter hours,”—less toil and less emolument? When does he ever say to himself—“I will no longer spend my labour for that which is not bread, and for the food which satisfieth not; I will pause, I will rest, I will enjoy, I will contemplate, I will consecrate my remaining years to my family, to my country, to my soul?” The physician, in the same way, who has worked his way up to the first practice and reputation, and is earning wealth far beyond his needs, and has no rest night nor day,—who can never take up a book, and seldom finish a dinner, and scarcely ever go into society, and only at rare intervals run for a hasty holiday into the country,—how rarely does he retire and leave the field to rising rivals, till his infirmities compel him? In these and similar cases, indeed, it often happens that it is not the desire of acquisition, nor yet the love of their profession, which retains these men in their unresting harness, but the conviction that they could enjoy no other life; they remain “slaves of the oar” because they could not be happy in their freedom. They have lived so long and so exclusively in their work that they have lost all relish for the simpler and quieter enjoyments of existence; literature and science have no longer any charms for them; political and public objects, ignored or forgotten for long years, cannot now excite their interest, and their sympathies with social life have become extinct or feeble. What greater condemnation can be passed upon the narrow groove in which their life has run—upon the partial and fragmentary cultivation of their being which has brought them to this pass—upon the social system which so favours this one-sided, machine-like, incomplete, undignified existence! It is true that as matters are now arranged in England, and in the state of fierce competition in which we live, and move, and have our being, this devotion of the whole man to his work seems indispensable to success—it is one of our most grievous social evils that it should be so; but it is owing very much to the very instinc-

tive and pertinacious strife "to get on" which we complain of—a strife not indeed objectless, but continued long after the original object has been obtained. For if our mode of life were simpler, if our standard of the needed or the fitting were more rational and less luxurious, if our notion of a "competence" were more real and less conventional, and if we were more disposed to stay our hand when that competence was gained,—this competition would become far less severe and oppressive; men might possibly have to work nearly as hard in their several callings, but they *would work for fewer years*, and the earlier retirement of the successful would make more frequent openings for the needy and the striving; the barrister and physician would be satisfied with making their £5000 or £10,000 a year for fifteen years instead of for twenty-five; and they would have the double gain of creating a vacancy for others, and of retiring themselves before life had become wholly dry, dull, disenchanted, and unenjoyable.

The thing wanted is the general adoption of a juster and worthier estimate of the true meaning, pleasures and purposes of life—a perception that existence was given us for noble aims, not for sordid acquisitions—that when a sufficiency is once attained, the pursuit of wealth brings many cares, sacrifices, and privations, and its acquisition can purchase only fresh luxuries which bring no fresh enjoyment. If this idea could but gain entrance into the upper circles of society; if the rich and great—those whose well established and recognised position gives them absolute freedom, if they chose to take it—instead of living in a style of inordinate luxury which others are always endeavouring to ape or emulate, were to set an example of simplicity and moderation, to exchange gorgeousness for taste, to prefer the arts which adorn life for those which merely minister to its voluptuous smoothness, to desert a career of hollow splendour and joyless show for one of true and beneficent social influence; if those who can and do give the tone and decide the direction of the national mind would, out of true wisdom and real preference, tacitly impose upon themselves some "sumptuary laws," and adopt a style of living which should make display vulgar, and opulence therefore comparatively useless,—it is not easy to conjecture how rapidly the contagion of the sound example would spread downwards, how vast a proportion of the supposed necessities of genteel life would be instantaneously swept away, and how sudden a chill would come over the present universal and feverish passion for unnecessary wealth. Sound political economy would frown upon no such triumph of rationality;—those who resolve to live sensibly need not fear that they will thereby infringe any scientific principles or na-

tural laws. We preach no restriction of civilized man to the simple requirements of the savage ; we wage no war against acquired tastes or artificial wants ; we do not seek to discourage those who can, from indulging in the elegancies or cultivating the refinements which soften and embellish life ;—we only desire to limit luxurious expenditure to that which confers real and not unworthy enjoyment, and to terminate the pursuit of wealth when all the means of true happiness which wealth can purchase are already in our reach. We would at least have every man be content with the full goblet, without seeking to dissolve within it the needless and untasted pearl. We wish to see the middle and upper life of England less a scene of bustle, of effort, and of struggle, and more one of placid content and intellectual serenity ; less of a mad gallop, and more of a quiet progress ; less of a dusty race-course, and more of a cultivated garden ; less of a career which disgusts us in our hours of weariness, and sickens us in our moments of reflection, and more of one which we can enjoy while we tread it, and look back upon without shame and regret when it is closed.

Need we fear that the world would stagnate under such a change ? Need we guard ourselves against the misconstruction of being held to recommend a life of complacent and inglorious inaction ? We think not. We would only substitute a nobler for a meaner strife—a rational for an excessive toil—an enjoyment that springs from serenity, for one that springs from excitement only ; we would enable our countrymen to find happiness in contemplation *as well as* in action. To each time its own preacher, to each excess its own counteraction. In an age of dissipation, languor, and stagnation, we should join with Mr. Carlyle in preaching the “*Evangel of Work*,” and say with him “*blessed is the man who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness.*” \* In an age of strenuous, phrenzied, feverish, excessive, and often utterly irrational and objectless exertion, we join Mr. Mill in preaching the milder and more needed “*Evangel of Leisure.*”

“The worth of work does not surely consist in its leading to other work, and so on to work upon work without end. On the contrary, the multiplication of work, for purposes not worth caring about, is one of the evils of our present condition. When justice and reason shall be the rule of human affairs, one of the first things to which we may expect them to be applied is the question :—How many of the

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\* “Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother ; see thy fellow-workmen there in God’s eternity, surviving there, they alone surviving, sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of the Empire of mankind. Ever in the weak human memory, they survive so long as saints, as heroes, as gods, they alone surviving ; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of time.”—*PAST AND PRESENT.*

so called luxuries, conveniences, refinements, and ornaments of life, are *worth* the labour which must be undergone as the condition of producing them? The beautifying of existence is as worthy and useful an object as the sustaining of it; but only a vitiated taste can see any such result in those fopperies of so called civilisation, which myriads of hands are now occupied and lives wasted in providing. In opposition to the 'Gospel of Work,' I would assert the Gospel of Leisure, and maintain that human beings *cannot* rise to the finer attributes of their nature compatibly with a life filled with labour. . . To reduce very greatly the quantity of work required to carry on existence, is as needful as to distribute it more equally; and the progress of science, and the increasing ascendancy of justice and good sense, tend to this result." \*

The second point in which it appears to us that continental life has greatly the advantage over our own, is in the aspect which poverty assumes. Rarely in France and Germany does it sink so low as with us. Far more seldom does it reach the form of destitution. Scarcely ever does it descend to squalor. Many causes combine to produce this enviable difference; sometimes it is purchased at a price which we are not prepared to pay; but of the fact of the difference there can, we believe, be no question. We all know how incessantly of late years our sympathies have been aroused, and our feelings shocked and pained by pictures of the awful depths to which misery descends in the courts and alleys of our great metropolis, as well as of Edinburgh and Glasgow; of human beings living by hundreds in dens filthier than styes, and more pestilential than plague hospitals; of men, women, and children huddled together in dirt, disorder, and promiscuity like that of the lower animals; of girls delicately bred, toiling day and night for wages utterly inadequate to the barest maintenance; of deaths from long insufficiency of food; of deaths from absolute starvation. We are not prepared to indorse the heart-rending and sickening delineations of Mayhew, Kingsley, and Dickens,† in all their details, but neither are we able to withhold our assent to their rough and general fidelity. They are too far confirmed by the cold official statements of blue books for that. Poverty, then, in Great Britain assumes many and frequent forms of aggravated wretchedness and squalor, which change its character from a condition of privation to one of positive infliction, which make life a burden, a malady, and a curse. In France and Germany, we believe we are warranted in stating, these abysses of misery are never found—or only as anomalous and most astounding exceptions. We never hear of them in Vienna. We believe they could not exist there. There

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\* *Fraser's Magazine.*

† "London Poor," "Alton Locke," and "Bleakhouse," "Tom-all-alone's."

is nothing like them in Munich, Dresden, or Berlin. Sir Francis Head and Lord Ashley put themselves in the hands of an experienced resident in Paris with a request that they might be taken to the very worst haunts and dwellings of the lowest portion of the population, and this is the testimony Sir F. Head gives:—

“I must own it was my impression, and I believe it was that of Lord Ashley, that the poverty we had come to witness bore no comparison whatever to that recklessness of personal appearance, that abject wretchedness, that squalid misery, which—dressed in the cast-off tattered garments of our wealthy classes, and in clothes perforated with holes not to be seen among the most savage tribes—Ireland annually pours out upon England, and which, in the crowded courts and alleys of London I have so often visited, produce among our own people, as it were, by infection which no moral remedy has yet been able to cure, scenes not only revolting as well as discreditable to human nature, but which are to be witnessed in no other portion, civilized or uncivilized, of the globe. . . . In another locality, La Petite Pologne, we found the general condition of the poorer classes in no way worse than those we had just left. On entering a large house, four stories high, running round a small square hollow court, we ascertained that it contained rather more than 500 lodgers, usually grouped together in families or little communities. In this barrack or warren, the rooms, paved with bricks, were about fifteen feet long, ten feet broad, and eight feet high. We found them, generally speaking, clean and well ventilated, but the charge for each chamber unfurnished was six francs a month. . . . In the most miserable district in the west end of Paris, we also failed to meet with anything that could be said to add opprobrium to poverty. The inhabitants of the few houses we entered were, no doubt, existing upon very scanty subsistence, but in every case they appeared anxious to preserve polite manners and to be clean in their dress. In the Rue de la Roche, No. 2, we entered a lodging-house, kept by a clean, pleasing-mannered woman, and as all her lodgers were out at work, we walked over her establishment. The rooms, which were about eight feet seven inches in height, contained, nearly touching each other, from three to five double beds; for each of which she charged ten sous a night, or 2½d. for each sleeper, (in London the charge is usually 4d.) Each room had one window, and we found every one wide open.”—*Head's Fagots of French Sticks*, i. 114-118.

Now, when we remember that England is beyond comparison richer than these Continental States, and that the earnings of our labouring classes are far higher than those of the same classes in either France or Germany—higher even in reference to the price of the necessaries of life; and that we are accustomed to regard ourselves as standing at the head of European civilisation, and as having pursued a more enlightened social

policy than other nations; there is much in the contrast we have noticed that should startle us into inquiry and reflection. What are the causes of a phenomenon so painful and discreditable to us? As a general rule the labouring poor abroad are more *respectable* in their character and mode of life than their analoga in England—not certainly cleverer, not better workmen, not made of more sterling stuff, than most of the same class with us, but still leading generally a more decent, worthy, satisfactory, social existence; their peasants are more contented, better-mannered, less boorish, and (when unexcited) less brutal, and more comfortable, though often with fewer of the raw materials of comfort; their artisans are steadier, soberer, more cheerful, more saving, and more sensible than ours; and even their *very* poor, destitute, and forlorn are less wretched, less squalid, less absolutely abandoned and despairing than ours.\* Why is this? And when we thus come to compare the results of our opposite notions and proceedings in matters of social policy, is there not reason to suspect that, even if the ultimate and average verdict be given in our favour, we may not be so *wholly* right nor our neighbours so *wholly* wrong as it has hitherto pleased us to imagine? There must surely be something good and inimitable in a system under which, while there is more *poverty, misery* is less frequent and less extreme than in our free, prosperous, and energetic land.

One of the causes which contribute to this superiority, in Germany at least, we have already incidentally noticed, and we shall pass it over the more briefly as it is of a nature which we could not imitate or approach. We allude to the care taken by the governments of central Europe that there should be a calling, an opening, a mode of livelihood for every one of their citizens as he reaches manhood—a place at life's banquet in short, to use Malthus's illustration. They take vigilant cognizance of

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\* Even classes like the "distressed needlewomen" seem far less miserable in Paris than in London. Compare the following from "Un Philosophe sous les toits," with the harrowing pictures given us in "Margaret," "Alton Locke," and "Realities :"—

"Je me suis trouvé dans un wagon près de deux sœurs déjà sur le retour, appartenant à la classe des Parisiens casaniers et paisibles dont j'ai parlé plus haut. Quelques complaisances de bon voisinage ont suffi pour m'attirer leur confiance; au bout de quelques minutes je savais toute leur histoire.

"Ce sont deux pauvres filles restées orphelines à quinze ans, et qui, depuis, ont vécu comme vivent les femmes qui travaillent, d'économie et de privation. Fabriquant depuis vingt ou trente ans des agraffes pour la même maison, elles ont vu dix maîtres s'y succéder et s'enrichir, sans que rien ait changé dans leur sort. Elles habitent toujours la même chambre, au fond d'une de ces impasses de la rue St Denis où l'air et le soleil sont inconnus. Elles se mettent au travail avant le jour, le prolongent après la nuit, et voient les années se joindre aux années sans que leur vie ait été marquée par aucun autre événement que l'office du dimanche, une promenade ou une maladie."

each man's means of support, and do not allow him to marry till these means are reasonably adequate. In Norway, no one can marry without "shewing, to the satisfaction of the clergyman, that he is permanently settled in such a manner as to offer a fair prospect that he can support a family." In Mecklenburg, marriages are delayed by the conscription in the twenty-second year, and by military service for six years; besides which the parties must have a dwelling, without which the clergyman is not allowed to marry them. In Saxony, "a man may not marry before he is twenty-one, if liable to serve in the army. In Dresden, artisans may not marry till they become masters in their trade." In Wurtemberg and Bavaria, (besides being obliged to remain single till the termination of the period fixed for military service,) "no man may marry without permission, and that permission is only granted on proving that he and his wife have between them sufficient to establish themselves and maintain a family;—say from 800 to 1000 florins in large towns; 400 to 500 in smaller ones; and in villages 200 florins, or about £16." In Lubeck, Frankfort, and many Cantons of Switzerland, similar regulations are in force.\* It is difficult to say that there is anything in them which is inconsistent with justice or a fitting amount of social freedom, since the universal and tacit custom in modern civilized states of compelling the community to maintain those who cannot maintain themselves, certainly implies and involves a correlative right on the part of the community to watch that the number of these public burdens shall not be selfishly or wantonly augmented;—and after all, these regulations only impose by law upon the poor the restrictions which the middle and upper ranks by habit, and voluntarily, impose upon themselves. But these restrictions are too foreign to our national notions to be adopted here as externally imposed fetters: all that can be hoped for is that in time our labouring classes may become enlightened enough to assume them of their own free will, as they become conscious of the beneficial effect they could not fail to produce on their condition, and cognizant of the general though moderate and monotonous wellbeing which they are instrumental in diffusing among the inhabitants of central Europe.

A second cause, and perhaps the most frequent and the most powerful of all, in producing the contrast we have noticed in the aspect of French and English poverty, is the more habitual sobriety of the labouring class on the other side of the Channel. The vice of intemperance, or where it does not reach that point,

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\* See Senior on Foreign Poor Laws. Answers obtained from our consuls abroad.

the custom of indulgence in spirituous liquors, so unhappily prevalent in our country, may not only do much to account for whatever is peculiarly afflicting and disreputable in the condition of our poor, but is *the* one main reason why, in spite of our general prosperity, this class has not risen to a height of comfort, ease, and opulence unparalleled in the old world. As is well known, our working classes yearly waste in the purely mischievous enjoyments of the palate a sum equal to the whole Imperial revenue,\*—a sum which, if suffered to accumulate, would soon render them capitalists; if invested in annuities or savings' banks, would secure them against the day of reverse or incapacity; if judiciously expended, would raise them at once to a condition of comfort, respectability, even of luxury, and if they desired it, of comparative leisure. A cessation of this expenditure would be equivalent to raising the earnings of every poor man's family throughout Great Britain, by £10 a year, or four shillings a week. But this would be the smallest portion of the saving. The whole habits and mode of life of the individual would be regenerated. The *home* would become happy; the whole domestic circle would be a scene of peace instead of strife. There would be few filthy dwellings, few neglected children, few of those scandalous cases of wives half-murdered by their drunken husbands, which now disgrace every police court in our cities. It is impossible to overcolour or exaggerate the change which that one circumstance would make. All who have had to do with the poor know how directly, how inevitably, how rapidly, a habit of drinking, yielded to by the head of the family, changes poverty into destitution, stinted means into squalid wretchedness, a home into a den. The French artisan comparatively seldom gives way to this dreadful vice, and seldom, therefore, incurs the sordid misery which is its invariable consequence. He is often, generally, much poorer than his English brother; his fare is scantier; his house is smaller; his bed is harder; but he rarely aggravates these privations gratuitously by sensual indulgence; seldomer still does he cast these privations on his wife and children, while living in wasteful intemperance himself.

But connected with this greater sobriety, and operating in the same direction, is another cause of the superiority of the French poor man. He is by no means always better educated, but he has nearly always, whether from nature or training, a degree of taste and imagination of which our poor are sadly destitute. These qualities give him, in however straitened circumstances he may be, a fondness for the embellishments and amenities of

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\* Mr. Porter has shown that this amount cannot be less than £54,000,000 per annum.

life, which makes him strive against squalor to the very last. He refuses to accept an utterly unornamented and inelegant existence, and because he is pinched, overworked, and even almost destitute, he does not see why he should also become thoroughly hopeless, spiritless, and degrading. Much of this æsthetic superiority is owing, no doubt, to original difference of constitution; much of it may, we believe, be traced to peculiarities of education. The French peasant is probably in general as ignorant as our own; but in what education he does receive there is mingled less that is merely rudimentary and mechanical, and more that is imaginative and refining. This is still more the case with the German and the Swiss. They have less of the alphabet instilled into them, but more of music, poetry, and the sentiments of poetry. Altogether, the temperament of the labouring class on the Continent, while sometimes more excitable, and sometimes more homely and stupid than in England, is nearly always more poetical. One fact has always struck our attention very strongly in Paris. In the worst dwellings of the poor—we do not mean the haunts of the actually vicious and criminal, but, in the wretched attics, seven or eight stories high, quite in the roof, and with little light, which must be fearfully close in summer, and painfully cold in winter—we almost always see the little window not only ornamented by a coarse muslin curtain, but adorned with flower-pots, or boxes of cress, or mignonette, or some humble vegetable, and evidently tended with the utmost care. There will never be absolute despairing squalor, however great the poverty, where there is this love of flowers, this passion for fragments of simple nature. Here is a sketch of the proceedings of a poor old soldier, who inhabited the garret opposite that of our philosopher:—

“ On reconnaît le militaire à sa démarche cadencée, à sa moustache grise, et au ruban qui orne sa boutonnière; on le divinerait à ses soins attentifs pour le petit jardin qui décore sa galerie aérienne; car il y a deux choses particulièrement aimées de tous les vieux soldats, les fleurs et les enfans. . . . . Aussi le vent froid n’a pu chasser mon voisin de son balcon. Il laboure le terrain de ses caisses vertes; il y sème avec soin les graines de capucine écarlate, de volubilis, et de pois de senteur. Désormais il viendra tous les jours épier leur germination, défendre les pousses naissantes contre l’herbe parasite ou l’insecte, disposer les fils conducteurs pour les tiges grimpantes, leur distribuer avec précaution l’eau et la chaleur.

“ Que de peines pour amener à bien cette moisson! Combien de fois je le verrai braver pour elle, comme aujourd’hui, le froid ou le chaud, la bise ou le soleil! Mais aussi, aux jours les plus ardents de l’été, quand une poussière enflammée tourbillonnera dans nos rues, quand l’œil, ébloui par l’éclat du plâtre, ne saura où se reposer, et

que les tuiles échauffées nous brûleront de leurs rayonnements, le vieux soldat, assis sous sa tonnelle, n'apercevra autour de lui que verdure ou que fleurs, et respirera la brise rafraîchie par un ombrage parfumé."

How rarely do we find among our town poor this cherishing of flowers and green plants! And how invariably, when we do find it, is it a sign of a comparatively refined disposition, and hopeful and easy circumstances!

The same difference of character in the two people manifests itself in other ways. An English artisan will spend any extra earnings in adding to his comforts or luxuries,—a French one in purchasing another ornament. The cottage of the Englishman will often be better furnished and more comfortable; but everything in it will be for use, not show. The Frenchman will have fewer chairs, a less solid table, and a poorer bed; but he will probably have a bit of a mirror, or an ornamental clock. He will have scantier and very inferior crockery, but is nearly certain to have a fragment of Sèvres China on his chimney-piece or chest of drawers. He will feed much worse in order that he may look somewhat better. There is something of the swell, and something also of the decayed gentleman about him. He will live in the poorest garret, and on the scantiest crust,—food and lodging which the English artisan would scout,—in order that he may drink his *eau sucrée* and read his journal at a decent *Café*, or take his wife and children a walk on the boulevards, or in the Tuileries gardens in respectable attire. The desires and expenditure of the Englishman may be for the more solid good; but we doubt whether the preferences of the Frenchman are not far the surest guarantee against sinking in the social scale.\* The love of the latter for holidays and gala days, we hold also to be a wholesome safeguard, even though sometimes carried a little too far. These festivals are something to look forward to, something to save for, something to enliven and embellish an otherwise monotonous existence. Man's nature requires these breaks and brighteners to keep up its elastic spring; without them he becomes dull and spiritless, or gross; he cannot without injury to both soul and body live on

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\* "Riding through Normandy one beautiful Sunday evening, I overheard a French peasant decline the convivial invitation of his companion. 'Why—no, thank you,' said he, 'I must go to the *guinguette* for the sake of my wife and the young people, dear souls!'

"The next Sunday I was in Sussex, and as my horse ambled by a cottage, I heard a sturdy boor, who had apparently just left it, grumble forth to a big boy swinging on a gate; 'You sees to the sow, Jim, there's a good un; I be's just a-going to the Blue Lion, to get rid of my missus and the brats—rot 'em!'"—*Bulwer's England and the English*.

work and sleep alone; to keep up heart, to maintain cheerfulness through the dull routine, the daily repetitions, the hot and dusty thoroughfares of this world's ordinary lots, some of these gay, stirring, enlivening "solutions of continuity" are imperatively needed. We, in this country, have far too few of them; and it is not easy to say how much of the depth to which poverty allows itself to sink is owing to this paucity.

"Lord, help us poor people!—and *that's* my defence—  
If we'd nothing to trust to but wisdom and sense!"

The ready and susceptible imagination of the Frenchman, too, must be of inestimable service in enabling him to embellish and glorify his poverty in ways that an Englishman would never dream of. Not only we believe are our poor, as a general rule, more discontented with their lot in life than the same class among our mercurial neighbours, but even where submissive and unmurmuring, they are so in a different spirit. The Englishman accepts his meagre fare and humble position *doggedly*, when the Frenchman accepts them cheerfully. The latter makes the best of matters, and puts a bright face on everything that will bear it; the former is too apt to take a diametrically opposite course. How "un-English" is the following narrative. The next neighbour of our Philosopher in the garret is an old soldier named Chaufour, *minus* one leg and one arm, and earning a scanty subsistence by working at coarse paper articles from long before sunrise till long after nightfall. He explains to his companion that he lost his leg at Waterloo, and his arm "while working in the quarries of Clamart:"—

"Après la grande débâcle de Waterloo, j'étais demeuré trois mois aux ambulances pour laisser à ma jambe de bois le temps de pousser. Une fois en mesure de ré-emboîter le pas, je pris congé du major et je me dirigeai sur Paris, où j'espérais trouver quelque parent, quelque ami; mais rien; tout étoit parti, ou sous terre. J'aurais été moins étranger à Vienne, à Madrid, à Berlin. Cependant, pour avoir une jambe de moins à nourrir, je n'en étais pas plus à mon aise; l'appétit étoit revenu, et les derniers sous s'envolaient.

"A la vérité, j'avais rencontré mon ancien chef d'escadron, qui se rappelait que je l'avais tiré de la bagarre à Montereau en lui donnant mon cheval, et qui m'avait proposé chez lui place au feu et à la chandelle. Je savais qu'il avait épousé, l'année d'avant, un château et pas mal de fermes; de sorte que je pouvais devenir à perpétuité brosseur d'un millionnaire; ce qui n'étoit pas sans douceur. Restait à savoir si je n'avais rien de mieux à faire. Un soir je me mis à réflexion.

"— Voyons, Chaufour, que je me dis, il s'agit de se conduire comme un homme. La place chez le commandant te convient; mais ne peux-tu rien faire de mieux? Tu as encore le torse en bon état et

les bras solides ; est ce que tu ne dois pas toutes les forces à la patrie, comme disait l'oncle de Vincennes ? Pourquoi ne pas laisser quelque ancien plus démoli que toi prendre ses invalides chez le commandant ? Allons, troupier, encore quelques charges à fond puis qu'il te reste du poignet. Faut pas se reposer avant le temps.

— “ Sur quoi j'allai remercier le chef d'escadron et offrir mes services à un ancien de la batterie qui était rentré à Clamart dans son *foyer respectif*, et qui avait repris la pince de carrier.

— “ Pendant les premiers mois, je fis le métier de conscrit, c'est-à-dire, avec plus de mouvements que de besogne ; mais avec de la bonne volonté on vient à bout des pierres comme de tout le reste : sans devenir, comme on dit, une tête de colonne, je pris mon rang, en serre-file parmi les bons ouvriers, et je mangeais mon pain de bon appetit, vu que je le gagnais de bon cœur. C'est que, même sous le tuf, voyez-vous, j'avais gardé ma gloriole. L'idée que je travaillais, pour ma part, à changer les roches en maisons, me flattait intérieurement. Je me disais tout bas.

— “ Courage, Chanfour, mon vieux, *tu aides à embellir ta patrie*. Et ça me soutenait le moral.

— “ Malheureusement, j'avais parmi mes compagnons des citoyens un peu trop sensible aux charmes du cognac ; si bien qu'un jour, l'un d'eux, qui voyait sa main gauche à droite, s'avisait de battre le briquet près d'une mine chargée : la mine prit feu sans dire gare, et nous envoya une mitraille de cailloux qui tua trois hommes et m'emporta le bras dont il ne me reste plus que la manche.

— “ ‘ Ainsi, vous étiez de nouveau sans état ? ’ dis-je au vieux soldat.

— “ ‘ C'est-à-dire qu'il fallait en changer, ’ reprit-il tranquillement. ‘ Le difficile était d'en trouver un qui se contentât de cinq doigts au lieu de dix : je le trouvais pourtant. ’

— “ ‘ Où cela ? ’

— “ ‘ Parmi les balayeurs de Paris. ’ (*Scavengers*.)

— “ ‘ Quoi ! vous avez fait partie — ? ’

— “ ‘ De l'escouade de salubrité : un peu, voisin, et ça n'est pas mon plus mauvais temps. Le corps de balayage n'est pas si mal composé que malpropre, savez-vous ! Il y a là d'anciennes actrices qui n'ont pas su faire d'économies, des marchands ruinés à la bourse ; nous avions même un professeur d'humanités, qui, pour un petit verre, vous récitait du Latin ou des tragédies, à votre choix. Tout ça n'eût pas pu concourir pour le prix Monthyon ; mais la misère faisait pardonner les vices, et la gaieté consolait de la misère. J'étais aussi gueux et aussi gai, tout en tâchant de valoir un peu mieux. Même dans la fange du ruisseau, j'avais gardé mon opinion que rien ne déshonore de ce qui peut être utile au pays. ’

— “ ‘ Cependant vous avez fini par quitter votre nouvelle profession ? ’ ai-je repris.

— “ ‘ Pour cause de réforme, voisin ; les balayeurs ont rarement le pied sec, et l'humidité a fini par rouvrir les blessures de ma bonne jambe. Je ne pouvais plus suivre l'escouade ; il a fallu déposer les

armes. Voilà deux mois que j'ai cessé de travailler à *l'assainissement de Paris*.

"Au premier instant, ça m'a étourdi. De mes quatre membres, il ne me restait plus que la main droite; encore avait elle perdu sa force. Fallait donc lui trouver une occupation *bourgeoise*. Après avoir essayé un peu de tous, je suis tombé sur le cartonnage; et me voici fabricant d'étuis pour les pompons de la garde nationale; c'est une œuvre peu lucrative, mais à la portée de toutes les intelligences. *En me levant à quatre heures et en travaillant jusqu'à huit, je gagne 65 centimes (about 6½d.)*! Le logement et la gamelle en prennent 50; reste trois sous pour les dépenses de luxe. Je suis donc plus riche que la France, puisque j'équilibre mon budget, et je continue à la servir, puis que *je lui économise ses pompons*."

Now, it is possible that in reproducing these pictures of humble life on the Continent, we may have selected exceptions rather than examples; it may be that in contrasting the quiet and even tenor of middle-class life in Germany and France, with the turmoil, crush, and hurry of existence in England and America, we have drawn both in somewhat too vivid colours, and with too sharp an outline;—still we cannot doubt the general correctness of the impression we have received and endeavoured to convey; after every discount and deduction has been made the broad fact will still remain,—that if our analogues abroad are often too torpid, passive, and unenterprising, we, on the contrary, are too restless, striving, and insatiable; that *our* extreme is assuredly not the happiest, nor possibly the noblest; and that, at all events, without exchanging it for theirs, we might do well to abandon it for some *juste milieu*, in which our course of life might become "a sanity and not a madness."

ART. III.—1. *History of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection, (1689-1748.)* By JOHN HILL BURTON. 2 vols. London, 1853.

2. *Address to the People of Scotland, and Statement of Grievances.* By the National Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights. Edinburgh, 1853.

In the year 1707, the sixth year of the reign of Queen Anne, the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, already for more than a century partially connected by the prior union of their Crowns, were united into one body-politic under the name of Great Britain. The population of England at that time was about six millions; that of Scotland was probably under one million.

The union of these two nations was a fact long anticipated and desired, and it may be pronounced, in the retrospect, to have been a political necessity, and a great political simplification. The territories they inhabited were parts of one island, geographically marked out to be sooner or later the seat of but one national polity and government; the populations themselves, too, with all allowance for the Gaels in the one, and the Welsh in the other, were essentially combinable,—scions of the same stock; and, speaking the same language, with only differences of dialect. In these respects, indeed, the southern Scots were more akin to the northern English, than these to the southern English; the southern Scots and the northern English being Angles and Danes, with a Norman infusion, while the southern English were Saxons with a Norman infusion. By as sure a law, then, as that by which the English and Scottish kingdoms had themselves been formed out of a prior consolidation of smaller parts, were these two kingdoms, in their turn, to be consolidated into one. The only question was as to the time, and the mode of the consolidation. As early as the thirteenth century it had been tried, and tried by the mode of an English subjugation of Scotland. The great Wallace and Bruce outburst of that period was a revelation to all whom it might concern, that the consolidation was not to take place then, nor in that manner. The meaning of that phenomenon was, that the purposes of history and of humanity would be better answered by postponing the union of the kingdoms until such time as it could be accomplished with something like the voluntary consent of both. That time came in 1707; and even then the act was done all the better that it had been preceded by a century of partial *rapprochement* between the two king-

doms, accustoming the leading minds of both to the idea of their identification.

Still, even then, there were considerations that might well have made many hesitate. The two populations, with all their proximity, and all their resemblances, were not homogeneous. Even in the matter of race, which is by no means the most important element in nationality, Scotland and England were different. The difference, so far as it admits of being stated, was that, while both nations were of mixed Gothic and Celtic parentage, Scotland had drawn chiefly from the Scandinavian variety of the Gothic and the Gaelic variety of the Celtic, England more from the Saxon variety of the one, and the Cymric or British variety of the other. On this difference, paltry enough in itself, and not likely to be much thought of, the separate histories of a thousand years had piled many others far more substantial, and far more eagerly taken into account. Scotland was a poorer country than England, calling twenty pence a pound, and feeding the bony frames of her sons over her barren and hilly surface with oatmeal as their staple diet; while in the rich and fertile flats of the south, the plumper Englishman had already raised the pound to twenty shillings, and the standard of what was necessary for existence to wheat-bread and bacon. This difference would tell adversely on one side, though it might be a reason for union on the other. The two countries, however, differed not only in degree of wealth and in style of living, but also in all the solid constituents of nationality,—in traditions, laws, customs, institutions, and acquired modes of thinking. The past on which an Englishman looked back, reaching to the times of Edward the Confessor, was totally different in all its main features from that narrower and fiercer vista of recollections which carried a Scotchman to the old times of the Gaelic Kenneths and Malcolms. The rights and liberties which the smaller and more savage community of the north had gathered into its national statute-book, were a far rougher bequest from antiquity than the broad though confused system of law and precedent under which Englishmen lived. The habits and humours of Scottish daily life would have been all unintelligible to the more sluggish and more cleanly Englishman. The constitution of the Scottish Parliament, and, indeed, the whole mechanism of Scottish government, were much nearer to the French than to the English type. Most important of all, the ecclesiastical forms and institutions of the two countries were different. Both originally Roman Catholic, they had since the sixteenth century diverged theologically and ecclesiastically in a most extraordinary manner. In England there had arisen, under the auspices of Henry VIII. and Cranmer, an eclectic

theology and an eclectic ritual, devised on the express principle of the easiest possible adaptation of the general European Reformation to the medley of Anglican circumstances; and these had been vested in a national church organized on the Episcopalian or hierarchical theory. In Scotland, on the other hand, Calvinistic theology, the theology of a rigid logic, to which clime and circumstance were indifferent, had been worked by a far more vehement process into the very blood and brain of the people; and, as the external accompaniment of this theology, there had been set up by Knox and his coadjutors a church on the Presbyterian model, administered not by bishops, but by democratic assemblies of mixed clergymen and laymen. The effect of this ecclesiastical divergence in still farther differencing the two nations from each other had been immense. Always a more fervid, emphatic, opinionative, and speculative being than the Englishman, if of less rich, full, and generous a nature, the Scotchman felt these differences from his neighbour greatly increased after he had embraced Presbyterianism, and especially after he had learned to fight for it. In short, to have sprung from the same or nearly the same stock, and within the limits of the same island, there could hardly have been two types of character intellectually and morally more dissimilar than the Scotchman and Englishman of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Moreover, (and this is very important,) a considerable element in the character of each nation consisted in the idea it had formed of itself in reference to the other. The nature of an Englishman's patriotic thoughts of his noble land, even in the earlier days of Catholicism, may be gathered from Shakespeare's splendid expression of them in *Richard II.* :—

“ This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise;  
 This fortress built by nature for herself  
 Against infection, and the hand of war;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry.”

Observe in this magnificent passage the *positive* character of

the Englishman's patriotism. He quietly assumes the whole island as constituting his England; the real relations of this country being to the Continent of Europe, and the little territory in the north being hardly worth counting in any general estimate of the national activity. It was only at special moments that Scotland occurred to the Englishman's thoughts, and then only as something compelling itself to be thought of by its power of interfering with his other enterprises. Thus, in *Henry V.*, when that monarch is preparing for his war with France, the Scot occurs to him after the following fashion:—

“The Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;  
For you shall read that my great grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom  
Came pouring like the tide into a breach  
With ample and brim fulness of his force,  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.”

Lord Westmoreland, another of the colloquists, is even less complimentary in his style of reference to Scotland.

“There is a saying very old and true,  
    ‘If that you will France win,  
    Then with Scotland first begin;’  
For, once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.”

There can be no doubt that these passages express the general feeling in those times of Englishmen as such towards Scotland. Very different was the feeling of Scotchmen respecting their own country and its relations to England. The patriotism of Scotchmen was, as we all know, quite as intense as that of Englishmen, if, indeed, it was not much more so. The famous lines of Scott apostrophizing his native land, the “land of brown heath and shaggy wood,” were but the expression of a feeling hereditary for ages in the Scottish national heart. But if these lines, or any similar lines from Burns or any other Scottish poet, are compared with the corresponding passages from Shakespeare, a great difference will be perceived between the patriotism of the Scotchman and that of the Englishman. The chief point of difference is, that in Scottish patriotism reference to England is a much larger element than reference to Scotland is in the patriotism of

the English. A small country with but few relationships to the rest of the world, the whole or almost the whole activity of Scotland as a nation had consisted in resistance to the superior force of her co-insular neighbour. To have fought and beaten back the Englishman was the one great fact in Scottish history anterior to the Reformation, and it was ever present in the thoughts of Scotchmen respecting their own nationality. In short, anti-English feeling was a much larger ingredient in the patriotism of the Scotch, than anti-Scottish feeling was in that of the English. Even at the present day the Scotchman, so long as he remains in Great Britain, carries about with him the perpetual consciousness, "I am not an Englishman;" whereas the corresponding thought, "I am not a Scotchman," can only by a rare combination of circumstances be made to occur to the Englishman.

The Reformation, and the union of the crowns, somewhat modified this style of mutual recognition between the two countries. From that time the "weasel Scot" became a more considerable animal in the eyes of Englishmen than he had been before. The English Puritans came even to regard him with envy and respect, and to take lessons from him in theology and church-government. On the other hand, the Englishman appeared in new lights to the Scotchman. He was no longer thought of only as a powerful foe menacing the national independence of Scotland; he was thought of also as a Prelatist, an Erastian, the member of a lax and half-emancipated Church. The dastardly efforts of the Stuarts, after their removal to England, to extinguish the Presbyterianism of the land of their birth, complicated and exasperated this feeling of ecclesiastical dissension between the two countries. Persecuted and harassed by that Prelacy of which they regarded England as the seat, the Scottish Presbyterians raised the Standard of the Covenant; and in the struggle which ensued they adhered with such pertinacity to their own ecclesiastical and political tenets, as not only to widen their abhorrence from English prelacy, but also to separate themselves from those forms of Puritanism which divided with prelacy the allegiance of the English people. Add to this, that the growing intercourse between the two countries, consequent upon the union of the crowns, and the political convulsions which agitated both countries alike in the seventeenth century, had begun to produce that style of mutual portraiture of the individual Scotchman by the English, and of the individual Englishman by the Scotch, which still survives in our literature. The Scotchman was represented by English caricaturists as a hungry, greedy, cautious, treacherous, dogmatic, sycophantic creature, with a constitutional tendency southwards, and an eye

always to the main chance ; the Englishman, on the other hand, figured in all Scotch allusions to him as a bluff stolid beef-eater, whose one thought was his dinner.

The lull which followed the Revolution of 1688 considerably abated the strength of these differences, and the fervour of these animosities. Both countries had entered on a career of peaceful industry and commerce in the enjoyment of a policy of toleration, which did much to reduce to a common level the heights of sentiment in each. Still the two communities remained essentially heterogeneous in a great variety of respects, with diverse interests, diverse tendencies, diverse institutions, and the elements of old feud smouldering underneath their show of reciprocal attachment. There could hardly, in fact, have been a more difficult problem than that which devolved upon the two Commissions—the one consisting of thirty-one Englishmen, the other of thirty-one Scotchmen—who, in 1706, were appointed by the Crown to go through the preliminary labour of discussing and settling the terms on which these two nations, the one of six millions of souls, the other of less than one million, would consent to unite themselves into one body-politic. Mr. Burton thus describes the difficulty of the problem :—

“ Small communities, thrown together in natural clusters, had, in primitive states of society, been known to come together by a sort of natural cohesion, like the Amphyctionies of Greece, the Swiss cantons, and, it may be said, the Saxon communities of England. Among full-grown European states, unions and fusions had been brought about by conquest, absorption, and the various natural operations by which communities, destitute of civil liberty, or not imbued with strong feelings of nationality, become amalgamated. But two nations uniting together by a bond of partnership, representing a common consent, was a new event in political history. If those continental nations which had been for centuries accustomed to see annexations, partitions, and the enlargement of empires, by marriage and succession, had been told how many different parties and interests it was necessary to bring to one set of conclusions before the desired end could be accomplished, they would have deemed the project utterly insane ; as, indeed, it would have been, if laid before two nations less endowed with practical sense and business habits. Had it been a consolidation of two arbitrary governments, the more powerful would have dictated and the other obeyed. At all events, however nearly the two powers might have approached to an equality, all would have been privately arranged in official cabinets, and the people would have been made acquainted with the terms of union only by seeing them gradually developed in the new arrangements of the joint government. In the union, however, of two constitutional states, each sensitively jealous in its own peculiar way, nothing beyond the initial steps could safely be kept secret. The whole complex operation of arrangement had to

go on in the face of the world; and, in contemplating all the unanimities and acquiescences that must be reached in the midst of an excited and sometimes stormy public, *he* would certainly have seemed the safest prophet who predicted a speedy shipwreck to the project. Let us just cast a glance at the varied suffrages which the whole system of union, and each clause of it, required as the preliminaries of final adoption. Each commission consisted of several men of different ranks, opinions, tastes, and interests, whom nothing but a strong sense of duty could bring to the necessary unanimity on a string of complicated constitutional questions. This was a difficulty, however, which in party operations we are so well accustomed to see conquered, that it scarcely suggests itself to the British mind. When the two commissions had to come together and fuse their respective unanimities into a common conclusion, the difficulty became far more formidable and universal. But then it was overcome, and the conclusions were mutually and unanimously adopted, then each commission had to go to its tumultuous popular Legislature, to carry the whole through without any material injury or alteration; for, if, by any of the accidents to which popular assemblies are liable, an adverse vote had occurred, either in England or Scotland, on any important article, inextricable confusion, involving the whole project in imminent peril, must have arisen. Nor was it until each of the commissions carried the joint labours of the whole, untouched in their vital elements, through these two fiery ordeals, at a distance from each other, conflicting in feelings and in interests, and looking on each other as natural enemies—that the measure could be considered in the haven of safety."

Difficult as was the task undertaken by the two commissions, it was brought to a successful termination in a singularly short space of time. The commissioners met at Whitehall on the 16th of April 1706, began business on the 22d of that month, and held their last sitting on the 23d of July, having, in a series of some sixty sittings, discussed, one by one, a great variety of points, and minuted in formal terms their ultimate agreement upon each. The articles, the tenor of which was still kept a profound secret from the public, were drawn up in form, signed by the commissioners, and presented to Her Majesty. What remained was to carry them through the two Legislatures. It was judiciously resolved to pass them through the Scottish Parliament first. This Parliament met on the 3d of October, and the debate on the proposed union began on the 12th. After a series of discussions of unexampled fierceness, in which Lord Belhaven, Fletcher of Saltoun, and the other orators who were opposed to the Union, were backed in their opposition by formidable riots of the Edinburgh populace, and by petitions and other demonstrations against the Union from all parts of the country, the first article was carried by a majority of 116 to 83. The other

articles were carried more rapidly, and on the 16th of January 1707, the final Act ratifying the entire treaty, was passed by a majority of 110 to 69. It is almost certain that the facility with which the Scottish Parliament thus passed an Act which terminated its own existence, was owing to the direct bribery of many of its leading members by the English ministry. It is known, at least, that a sum of £20,540 passed, at this time, in an otherwise unaccountable manner, from the English treasury into Scotland. But, bribery or no bribery, the Scottish nation had, through its representatives, ratified the Union. The assent of the English Parliament was not long wanting. It had opened its session on the 3d of December; on the 28th of January, the Queen in person, announced to the assembled Lords and Commons what had been done in the Scottish Parliament; on the 8th of February, the articles passed the House of Commons after a discussion of four days; on the 27th of the same month, the sanction of the House of Lords was added; and on the 6th of March, the Bill received the royal signature. The Union of the two kingdoms thus consummated, came into effect on the first day of May, on which day the first Parliament of Great Britain met.

The Treaty of Union between England and Scotland, as it may be now read in collections of public documents, is a singular jumble of provisions, on a variety of matters, great and small, from the question of the Union itself, to that of the consequent modification of the Scottish duties on salt, all expressed in the same cool, prosaic, business-like language. Probably in no other part of the world would so important an event have been registered in a document so plain and unenthusiastic. The Treaty consists in all of twenty-five articles, some brief, and others rather long and complicated. An analysis of these articles shews that the Commissioners had performed their task thoroughly, and in a practical, painstaking spirit,—quite sensible, on the one hand, of the necessity and advantage of a Union of the kingdoms; and quite aware, on the other, of the numerous points of difficulty which the social differences between the two kingdoms made it essential to take into account. On the whole, it may be said, that the effect of the Treaty was two-fold—*first*, to specify certain respects in which the two kingdoms should be assimilated; and, *secondly*, to specify certain other respects in which there should be no assimilation, but each should remain distinct as before. This was exactly what the circumstances of the case would have suggested as necessary in such a treaty.

The Union, as established by the Treaty, was of two kinds—it was both a Commercial Union and a Legislative Union. All

the articles that are positive in their purport, may be referred to one or other of these heads. By the fourth article, it was provided—and other articles confirmed the provision in special points—that all the subjects of the United Kingdom should have full freedom of intercourse with all places within the kingdom or in the colonies, with the same privileges and the same drawbacks; and, in general, that there should be a complete exchange and intercommunication of commercial rights between the two nations. The Commercial Union thus established was particularly agreeable to the Scotch, the development of whose commerce had greatly suffered of late years by the prohibitory and monopolizing policy of the English. The cruel injustice of the government of William III. in the matter of the Scottish colony in Darien was still fresh in the national recollection; and, as late as 1704, the English Legislature had retaliated on the Scottish Parliament, for an Act settling the succession to the Scottish Crown in a different line from that in which the English succession was fixed, by a law declaring the Scotch to be aliens, and prohibiting the importation of cattle, sheep, and coal from that country. There can be no doubt that a Commercial Union alone—or a union on the simple basis of free-trade between the two countries, other things remaining the same—would have been acceptable to the entire body of the Scottish people. What they, or at least a large portion of them, objected to, was that this union should be accompanied by a Legislative Union. But on this point the English were resolute. If the power of England to damage Scotland lay in the injuries she could inflict on Scottish trade, the power of Scotland, on the other hand, to damage England, lay far more expressly in the liberty which the Northern kingdom possessed, by the fact of her separate Legislature, to act as a disturbing force in the general career of the island, more especially in the matter of the royal succession. Hence, while the idea of a Commercial Union came from the Scottish side, and was even unacceptable in itself to the English, the idea of a legislative or “incorporating” Union, as the Scotch called it, belonged rather to the English side, and went sorely against the Scottish grain. Nevertheless, the legislative union was also carried—the English resolutely insisting on this as the price of that commercial union which they regarded as a concession on their part. By the third article of the Union, it was enacted, that, whereas till that time there had been two legislative bodies in the island—the English Parliament, with its two Houses of Lords and Commons, sitting in London, and legislating for England; and the Scottish Parliament, or Convention of the Three Scottish Estates, of the nobles, the lesser barons or country gentry, and the burgesses,

Unionists in Scotland (and, notwithstanding what Mr. Burton says, they seem to have formed the majority of the Scottish people) is represented in the speech of Lord Belhaven, the leader of the Scottish opposition, on the motion to pass the first Article of the Treaty through the Scottish Parliament. This speech is the most splendid specimen of Scottish political oratory that has been handed down to us from these times. Despite the tinge of pedantry which runs through the style, Englishmen and Americans have recognised it as a masterpiece, and bound it up in the same volume with select orations of Chatham, and Fox, and Burke, and Henry, and Webster; while Scotchmen, as they read it, though they smile at its exaggerations, which time has made apparent, feel their hearts stirred as by the sound of a trumpet. The following is an extract:—

“ I think I see a free and independent kingdom delivering up that which all the world hath been fighting for since the days of Nimrod; yea, that for which most of all the empires, kingdoms, states, principalities, and dukedoms of Europe are at this time engaged in the most bloody and cruel wars—to wit, a power to manage their own affairs by themselves, without the assistance and counsel of any other. I think I see a National Church, founded upon a rock, secured by a claim of right, hedged and fenced about by the strictest and most pointed legal sanctions that sovereignty could contrive, voluntarily descending into a plain, upon an equal level with Jews, Papists, Socinians, Armenians, Anabaptists, and other sectaries. I think I see the noble and honourable Peerage of Scotland, whose valiant predecessors led armies against their enemies upon their own proper charges and expenses, now divested of their followers and vassalages, and put upon such an equal footing with their vassals, that I think I see a petty English exciseman receive more homage and respect than what was paid formerly to their *quondam* Maccalamores. I think I see the present peers of Scotland, whose noble ancestors conquered provinces, overran countries, reduced and subjugated towns and fortified places, exacted tribute through the greatest part of England, now walking in the Court of Requests, like so many English attorneys; laying aside their walking-swords, when in company with the English peers, lest their self-defence should be found murder. I think I see the honourable Estate of Barons, the bold assertors of the nation's rights and liberties in the worst times, now setting a watch upon their lips, and a guard upon their tongues, lest they be found guilty of *scandalum magnatum*, a speaking evil of dignities. I think I see the royal state of Burghers walking their desolate streets, hanging down their heads under disappointments, wormed out of all the branches of their old trade, uncertain what hand to turn to, necessitated to become prentices to their unkind neighbours; and yet, after all, finding their trade so fortified by companies, and secured by prescriptions, that they despair of any success therein. I think I see our

learned Judges laying aside their *pratiques* and decisions; studying the common law of England; gruelled with *certioraris*, *nisi priuses*, writs of error, verdicts, injunctions, demurrers, &c.; and frightened with appeals and avocations, because of the new regulations and rectifications they may meet with. I think I see the valiant and gallant soldiery either sent to learn the plantation-trade abroad, or at home petitioning for a small subsistence, as a reward of their honourable exploits, while their old corps are broken, the common soldiers left to beg, and the youngest English corps kept standing. I think I see the honest, industrious tradesman loaded with new taxes and impositions, disappointed of the equivalents, drinking water in place of ale, eating his saltless pottage, petitioning for encouragement to his manufactures, and answered by counter-petitions. In short, I think I see the laborious ploughman, with his corn spoiling upon his hands for want of sale, cursing the day of his birth, dreading the expenses of his burial, and uncertain whether to marry or do worse . . . If our posterity, after we are all dead and gone, shall find themselves under an ill made bargain, and shall have recourse to our records for the names of the managers who made that treaty by which they have suffered so much, they will certainly exclaim, 'Our nation must have been reduced to the last extremity at the time of this Treaty! All our great chieftains, all our noble peers, who once defended the rights and liberties of the nation, must have been killed and lying dead on the bed of honour, before the nation could ever condescend to such mean and contemptible terms! Where were the great men of the noble families—the Stewarts, Hamiltons, Grahams, Campbells, Johnstons, Murrays, Homes, Kers? Where were the two great officers of the Crown—the Constable and the Marischal of Scotland? Certainly, all were extinguished! *And now we are slaves for ever!*' But the English records—how they will make their posterity reverence the names of those illustrious men who made that Treaty, and for ever brought under those fierce, warlike, and troublesome neighbours, who had struggled so long for independency; shed the best blood of their nation; and reduced a considerable part of their country to become waste and desolate! I see the English constitution remaining firm—the same two Houses of Parliament; the same taxes, customs, and excise; the same trade in companies; the same municipal laws—while all ours are either subjected to new regulations, or annihilated for ever. And for what? Only that we may have the honour to pay their old debts; and may have some few persons present in their Parliament as witnesses to the validity of the deed, when they are pleased to contract more!"

Never, perhaps, were prognostications, made in an honest spirit, so signally falsified by results. Lord Marchmont, the leader of the Unionist party, was nearer the truth than he was himself aware, when, in reply to the orator's predictions, he quoted the one brief saying, "Behold he dreamed; but, lo, when he awoke, he found it was a dream." Whatever may have been

England's gain from the Union, the gain of Scotland has been immense. To enumerate the advantages that have occurred to Scotland from the Union would be to tell for the hundredth time an old story. Increased quiet, increased commerce and wealth, increased liberty, increased civilisation—these have been the consequences to Scotland of the once detested Union. That Scotland, if left to pursue her separate career, would still have made progress in these respects, need not be doubted; but that the degree and the kind of the progress she *has* made are traceable to the fact of the Union, admits of historical proof. One great advantage, serving as a subject of humorous boast to Scotchmen, and of humorous retort by Englishmen, has certainly been, that since the Union, Scottish talent and Scottish energy have had a wider and richer field to expatiate in than they would otherwise have possessed. There can be no doubt that, in the general field of British activity, in all its departments, Scotchmen have, during the last century and a half, done a disproportionate share of the work, and earned a disproportionate share of the recompense. There have been Scottish Prime Ministers of Britain; Scottish Chief Justices of England; Scottish Lord Chancellors; Scottish Generals of British armies, and Admirals of British fleets; Scottish Governors of India, and other colonial dependencies of Britain. England is full of Scottish merchants and manufacturers. London is full of Scottish literary men, and Scottish editors of newspapers. Since the times of Bute and Dr. Johnson the success of Sawney south of the Tweed has been a proverb. It almost seems as if there were a spice of truth in the malicious old legend attached to the famous stone on which the Scottish Kings used to be crowned at Scone, and which at this moment lies in Westminster Abbey, having been foolishly transported thither centuries ago in token of the subjugation of Scotland by the English.

“ Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.”

“ If Fate cheat not, where'er this stone is found,  
There Scottish men are masters of the ground.”

For all this, we are obliged to the Union; and our wish certainly is, that the English may never send that stone back! It were too late now if they did. We have made good our ground. We have done so fairly and honestly, we hope, by applying to general British purposes and general British interests, a little of that quality in which we do, perhaps, surpass Englishmen—fervour or emphasis. Great Britain, we believe, has been indebted, in no ordinary degree, to that fund of specific Scottish energy,

which the Union of 1707 placed at her disposal. But, on the other hand, with what a noble exchange has England repaid the services of the little nation with which it had become necessary for her then to unite! Even if commercial and industrial prosperity had not resulted to Scotland from the Union in such ample measure, it would have been no slight thing for a country so meagre, in many respects, to have stepped in, on such easy terms, to a participation of the moral glories of a civilisation so much more mature than its own, and to the inheritance of a past history so much more massive and broad in the eyes of the world. The proudest Scotchman will not deny that, great as may be the faculties and virtues of his nation, the Scottish character had and still has much to learn, in respect both of principle and of habit, from the large, orderly, and just character of the Englishman. The most zealous defender of old Scottish polity will not deny that, at the Union, Scottish society was a chaos of popular and clannish confusion, compared with the larger society, tenacious of civil rule and liberty, with which it was then associated. The most enthusiastic admirers of the Wallaces, and Bruces, and Knoxes of the Scottish past, cannot but feel it a great thing to have even a collateral right to be proud of such English heroes as Wycliffe, Drake, Cromwell, and Marlborough. Nor will the most learned historian of the intellectual and literary antiquities of Scotland, the man most capable of tracing the direct effects of Scottish thought upon the metaphysics of Europe in the Middle Ages, and most deeply read in the lives and works of the old Scottish Buchanans, and Dunbars, and Lindsays, venture to say, that the literature which Scotland handed over to England; a hundred and fifty years ago, at a time when a Sir George Mackenzie was, perhaps, the chief Scottish literary celebrity, was an adequate equivalent for that abundant literature of so many dead Chaucers, and Spensers, and Shakespeares, and Bacons, and Miltons, and of some living Swifts and Addisons to boot, which England handed over to Scotland in exchange. True, we have since given good interest for the loan in our Reids, and Humes, and Adam Smiths, and Burns, and Scotts, and Campbells, and Jeffreys, and other Scottish poets and prose writers, some of whom are yet alive. It will not be said, however, that the interest has yet accumulated so as quite to pay off the debt. True, also, we might have had, by virtue of a common language and a common lineage, some right to claim these glories, and to share these bequests of the English past, even had no Union taken place. It was the Union; however, that confirmed the claim, and made it natural and easy for us to advance it, or even to feel that we possessed it.

It being admitted, however, on all hands, that Scotland collectively, and Scotchmen individually, have received immense

benefits from the Union, there is still a possible question in relation to this matter. That question is, whether the benefits that have accrued to Scotland and to Scotchmen from the Union, and also, it may be added, to England and Englishmen, have resulted from the commercial union alone, or from that in connexion with the legislative union. Was it necessary for all this that Scotland should have parted, as she did, with her separate autonomy? Had the form of the Union been different; had it been only such a federal commercial union as the Scottish people seem chiefly to have desired; or had it been a federal union based on a complete interchange of all franchises between the two nations, each preserving its distinct legislature—would the results have been the same or equally good? We do not know if this question has ever been formally put; but we believe it might be put, and that it would accord with a powerful current of Scottish sentiment at the present time.

Now, we are inclined to think that, complex as the question is, and not susceptible of such a swift and easy solution as those would give to it, who, having the results of the actual arrangement before their eyes, spare themselves the trouble of trying to conceive the results of the fancied one, yet the answer must be, that the legislative or incorporating union was necessary, and that any form of mere commercial union that could have been devised, would have been inadequate on the whole, and less beneficial in the end to Scotland. We believe that it was well, on the whole, for Scotland, that, in the circumstances in which she was then placed, she had to part with her separate autonomy. Not only was this a necessary condition of the bargain, as being a *sine quâ non* on the part of the English nation; it was, as the event has proved, a useful part of the bargain for Scotland herself. The effect of parting with her separate autonomy, of transferring the power of legislating upon her affairs away from Edinburgh, to a spot four hundred miles farther south, and situated altogether beyond her territory, was to permit her, as it were, to lie fallow for a considerable period, so as to acquire new fertility by the quiet decomposition and intermixture of her rank organic elements. There is a school of philosophers whose opinion it is that the best condition for a country is a condition of no-government, of total, or all but total destitution of legislation. In such circumstances, they believe the natural laws which regulate the social intercourse of man with man, are not interfered with, and the community prospers in consequence. These philosophers would have thought the state of Scotland, after the loss of her separate legislature, a matter for congratulation. There were plenty of relics and stumps of old legislation, it is true, in her constitution—plenty of laws, and feudalisms,

and customs, and institutions, unnaturally thwarting the free motions of her inhabitants, and breaking her whole social system into currents and eddies. Still, she was exempted, at least, from the disturbing influence of new legislation, except in such small quantities as could be imported from a distant manufactory of laws in the south. Now, whatever we may think of the theory of no-legislation in general, the application of this theory to the case of Scotland after the Union, is not without plausibility. The suppression of the Edinburgh Parliament of the three estates did have the effect of removing a cause of perpetual turbulence out of Scotland, and so driving back much of that national energy which had till then expended itself in fruitless altercation and intrigue, into calmer and more wholesome channels. Scotland, we repeat, lay fallow; the discordant ingredients of her population had time to moulder into a richer and more promising union.

All this, speaking as Scotchmen, we do not hesitate frankly to admit; and it is no light thing for a man of any nation to admit that that nation can have received benefits from the loss of her power of independent and exclusive self-government. The head of a Scotchman, in this matter, may go with Lord Marchmont; but his heart will lean to Lord Belhaven. It so happens, however, that even from the point of view of fact and politics, and apart from all mere sentimental considerations, the Belhaven side of the question does not seem yet totally destitute of truth and argument. The Union of Scotland with England was a great good to Scotland; even that part of it which consisted in the surrender of her separate autonomy, and the incorporation of her legislature with the legislature of England, was a great good; but the good has not been wholly unmitigated. There is no sane Scotchman that would propose a repeal of the Union in any circumstances that have yet happened, or that are even conceivable; but there is no thoughtful and observant Scotchman that will not admit that the advantages of the Union have been dashed with some real inconveniences. To sum up in one statement what these inconveniences are, it may be asserted that *Scotland, since the Union, has sustained, on the one hand, much negative inconvenience from the want of efficient government of any sort, and, on the other hand, much positive inconvenience from having such government as has been meted out to her conducted too exclusively on English principles, and with reference to English interests.*

A glance at the history of Scotland since the Union would verify this statement. We can but indicate the course of such an inquiry.

The history of Scotland since the Union divides itself into

four periods—the *first*, extending from the date of the Union to the suppression of the last Jacobite Insurrection in 1745-48; the *second*, from 1748 to the general agitation of Britain, consequent upon the French Revolution in 1789-92; the *third*, thence to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832; and the *fourth*, from the passing of the Reform Bill to the present time.

Immediately after the Union, it seemed as if the predictions of Lord Belhaven were to be fulfilled. The latter part of Queen Anne's reign was distinguished by a series of acts affecting Scotland, some of them necessary, and some of them decidedly beneficial, but others injurious and unsuitable, and all unpopular from the abrupt and haughty manner in which they were effected. Among these were the abolition of the Scotch Privy Council in 1708; the introduction of a new Treason Law, and of other changes in the Scottish judicial system, about the same time; and, most flagrant of all, the Act for Restoring Patronage in 1712. The English statesmen of the day seemed bent on treating Scotland as a conquered territory, and on applying English principles to Scottish society with that unbending rigidity and want of tact, which sometimes marks the English mind when placed in the midst of circumstances different from those to which it has been accustomed. The knot of Scottish members in the British Parliament could do little to restrain this style of procedure; and the abolition of the Scottish Privy Council—a body whose antecedents were such that, had the abolition taken place in a different manner, the Scottish people would by no means have regretted it—left the country without even that small amount of protection which might have been secured by the nominal existence of a separate Scottish deliberative board. The only functionary of a national character left to Scotland was the Scottish Secretary of State. In short, such was the discontented state of Scotland under the English rule, that, in 1714, the last year of Queen Anne's reign, a bill was brought forward in the House of Lords for the dissolution of the Union, on the plea that its provisions had been violated by England; and this bill was lost but by three votes, and three proxies. For a detailed account of all these transactions, and, indeed, of the whole social and political condition of Scotland from the Union till 1745, we would refer the reader to the second volume of Mr. Burton's excellent history—a work in which events are narrated and discussed in no specially Scottish spirit, but in a spirit of calm and general criticism. With the accession of George I. in 1714, Mr. Burton tells us a new method of governing Scotland came into operation, which had at least the advantage of being more pleasant to the Scottish people. From that time till 1748, or even to a later period, Scotland was a

virtual vicerealty in the hands of one powerful native family—the Campbells of Argyle. During the reigns of George I. and George II., the two brothers, John, the second Duke of Argyle, and Archibald, Earl of Ilay, afterwards the third Duke, were alternately or jointly the lords paramount of Scotland, and the leaders of the Scotch party in Parliament. The great territorial influence of the Argyle family, their abilities, their staunch whiggism, and their popularity in Scotland, pointed them out for such a position; and it was exactly in accordance with the policy of such a minister as Walpole, to avail himself of so easy a means of governing a troublesome part of the empire. That the vicerealty thus instituted might be the more absolute—the office of Secretary of State for Scotland was discontinued in 1725, on the ground that it had been misused for Jacobite purposes. A great portion of the functions of the superseded Secretaryship devolved on the celebrated Duncan Forbes, then Lord-Advocate, or Chief Crown-Lawyer in Scotland, who thus became a kind of lieutenant-governor of the kingdom under the Argyle family. The importance of the office of Lord-Advocate in the management of Scottish business, dates from its possession by this remarkable man. Mr. Burton's belief indeed is, that the reason why the office of Lord-Advocate of Scotland has been burdened with so much work inconsistent with the usual duties of a law-officer, is simply that at this time a man capable of any amount of work chanced to hold the office. The Scottish Secretaryship of State was nominally restored in 1731, when it was held by Lord Selkirk; it was afterwards held by the Marquis of Tweeddale, on whose resignation of it in 1745, it again fell into abeyance.

The abolition of heritable jurisdictions, and the other strong and decisive measures which the government adopted after the suppression of the Rebellion of 1745, with a view to incapacitate Scotland, and especially the Highlands, for any future independent action of that kind, opened a new era in Scottish history. It is from this period, indeed, that the career of Scotland's prosperity begins. It was only then that Scotland began in reality to reap the advantage of lying fallow; for it had taken the intervening forty years to beat down and grub up such relics of her turbulent autonomy as had been left in her—a work which the vigorous and harsh measures consequent upon the '45, helped to consummate. Subject to the influence of the English ministry, now rendered more vigilant in Scottish affairs, the Argyle influence continued in Scotland till the death of the Duke Archibald in 1761. George III. had then begun to reign; and Scotland, bereft of any efficient government herself, had the satisfaction of inflicting a Scotch Prime Minister on England in the person of

Lord Bute. The "Scotch favourite" was detested in England, and he did nothing specially good for Scotland.

That the prosperity which resulted to Scotland from the Union consisted, as we have represented, rather in the necessary consequences of a compulsory political stagnation, conjoined with the liberty of a large market for Scottish commodities and Scottish enterprise, than in the communication to Scottish society of any direct political impetus or principle of progress, may be inferred from a glance at the condition of Scotland during the third of the periods under notice, namely, from 1790 to 1832. By far the best summary account of the state of Scotland at this time that we are acquainted with, is that given incidentally in Lord Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, by way of a sketch of the rise and progress of Scottish Whiggism. The memory of many yet alive can go back to the same period, and corroborate all that Lord Cockburn has there stated. That was the period of the Dundas despotism, when Scotland was bound hand and foot, and governed like a village at the gate of a great man's mansion. Freedom or political vitality there was none. The whole country-electorate of Scotland did not exceed 1500 or 2000 persons—a body quite small enough, as Lord Cockburn says, to be held in the hands of government by means of patronage. These returned thirty out of the forty-five Scotch members of the House of Commons, the remaining fifteen being returned by the Scottish town-councils, who were self-elected. The people of Scotland had nothing to do with elections or public business of any kind. Such a thing as an independent newspaper was unknown. There was not one public meeting for a really political purpose in Edinburgh between 1795 and 1820. When Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, went to London, he carried all Scotland in his pocket. With all posts and places at his disposal, he had only to make his will known, as it was determined by his connexion with English ministers, and forthwith, through members of Parliament, judges, clergymen, and town-councils, it permeated the entire institutional system north of the Tweed. Probably in all Europe there was no despotism so close and thorough as that which this man wielded; and his gifts and qualities were precisely such as enabled him to wield it as genially and successfully as the circumstances of the case permitted. He was perhaps, all in all, an abler statesman than either Fox or Pitt. Yet, with all his blandness and all his ability, his rule was not one of life or impulse, as all real government ought to be, but of stagnation. Scotland was politically dead. The imbibition of whisky went on; trade and manufactures went on; and underneath the homely system of town-councils, sheriffships, and the like, which overspread the community, the mass of Scotchmen led a leisurely and charac-

teristic kind of life, developing their humours, sending their sons to college, and paying a decent respect to the Established clergy. Still it was but a life of limited *laissez-faire*, in which nature did all, and government nothing. When one thinks that this was the time when Scotland trained up such men as Burns, and Dugald Stewart, and Scott, and Jeffrey, and Watt, and Chalmers, and sent forth so many of their contemporaries to distinguish themselves in the service of Britain all over the world, one is reminded of Mr. Macaulay's remark, how creditable it is to the innate genius of the Scottish people, that, with a government perhaps the worst in the world at every period of their history, they should have continued to live so respectably, and to attain to such eminence. One might be tempted to place such a fact to the credit of the no-government theory, did not one remember that in other communities equal social order and productiveness have co-existed with eager and active citizenship, and were not we able, also, on a deeper analysis of Scottish life during this period, to see powerful governing influences at work, independent of Dundas and his system, but which a more profound statesmanship than that of Dundas would have recognised and directed.

The political emancipation of Scotland, begun by Scotch Whiggism early in the present century, and partly achieved by the destruction of the hereditary Dundas dynasty during the ministry of Canning, was consummated by the Parliamentary Reform of 1832. From this period a new era of Scottish history commences. What has been the method pursued for the government of Scotland since? As was well pointed out by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, at a recent meeting in Edinburgh on Scottish Rights, it is only since the downfall of the Dundas dynasty in the Canning ministry that the administration of Scotland has been an affair of the Home Office. Prior to that time the government of Scotland was virtually let out to native viceroys, and the Home Office had little or nothing to do with it. Since that time, Scottish administrative business has been nominally a part of the business of the British Home-Secretary; and Lord Palmerston has recently let it be known to those who have been speaking of a Scottish secretaryship of state, that he considers *himself* the holder of that office. But what are the facts? The British Home-Secretary is nominally the head of Scottish administration; but he transacts the business by deputy. The real manager of Scotch business, the real king of Scotland, is the chief crown lawyer of Scotland for the time being—the Lord-Advocate. On this functionary—thanks to Duncan Forbes in the old Argyle times—devolves the management of all Scottish political business, from Dumfriesshire to the Orkneys. Much of

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the patronage of Scotland is in his hands. The Scottish members of Parliament—increased to fifty-three since the Reform Bill, and these fifty-three elected by a free system of suffrage so far as it extends—constitute a kind of council on Scottish affairs with whom the Lord-Advocate consults. He and they shape Scottish bills as they are to be brought in, and he leads them in the House. The theory is that all Scottish matters are left to the Lord-Advocate and the Scottish members, and that the English members do not interfere. But the fact is, that they do interfere. They interfere negatively, by determining the space that Scottish business shall occupy and the attention that shall be given to it. Scottish business is huddled into a corner. And besides, the Home Office, though it takes no concern in the practical labour of Scottish administration, and either refers all plaguy deputations on Scottish business to the Lord-Advocate as the proper man to go to, or requires to be primed by the Lord-Advocate before meeting the deputations, yet imposes conditions of its own, to which Scottish business is obliged to conform. It will neither do the work, nor part with the dignity. The consequence is, as we have said, that Scottish legislation is conditioned both in quantity and in kind by circumstances very unfavourable either to its sufficiency in amount, or to its effective quality. Scottish business is a bore in the House, and therefore, there must be little of it. It is confusing to the intelligence of the House, the majority of the members of which have no notion of a state of society differing from the English; and therefore bills relating to it must be made as Anglican in their tenor as possible. Add to this, that the Lord-Advocate is a man overburdened with other work; that he is by profession a lawyer, with private legal practice and with all the criminal business of the Crown in Scotland to attend to; that his office is temporary and a stepping-stone to a judgeship; and that, accordingly, it is but an afternoon now and then, and a hurried run to London by express now and then, that he can afford to his duties as political chief of Scotland, and Parliamentary leader of the Scottish members,—and it will be apparent that, for these reasons also, there must be a still more considerable diminution of the quantity of law-making for Scotland, and a still greater deterioration of its quality. The Lord-Advocate of Scotland is a man to be pitied. He is the victim of a traditional system. He is certified only as a skilled lawyer and pleader, and he is set to govern a country. He has his hands full of professional work, and he must undertake the legislation of a nation of three millions, and the distribution of its patronage, as mere by-play. Meanwhile the ill falls upon Scotland. The best of Lord-Advocates have been heard to confess, that if they had known how much trouble such and

such bills would cost them before they saw them through the House, they would never have undertaken them. And is this a condition for a country to be in? The result is, as we have stated, either that Scotland is left without any adequate share of that progressive government which as much as any country in the world she requires, in order to bring out all her resources and remedy her social anomalies, or that, on the other hand, she is in danger of legislation on alien principles by men trained in the school of Anglican circumstances, ignorant of her condition, and contemptuous of her peculiarities.

It is notorious that the history of Scotland since the Reform Bill exhibits both these grounds of complaint. During the last twenty years,—with all allowance for certain measures of improvement which the perseverance of patriotic individuals, some of them Lord-Advocates, has carried for her,—Scotland has notoriously stood beyond the pale of such legislation as has been going on, and as notoriously has in several instances had to endure the stroke of unkindly English statesmanship. From a crowd of instances there is one which stands out glaringly conspicuous. Ten years of the history of Scotland during the period in question, were occupied with a national controversy which shook Scottish society to its foundations. The National Church had, in the exercise of what she believed to be her rights, come into collision with the civil judicatories of the country. For ten years this conflict was the one thought of Scotland, engulfing all others, or dwarfing them into insignificance. These were ten years of incessant anxiety and incessant argumentation. The effect on the intellect, the sentiment, and the imagination of the country, was as powerful as the effect of the first French Revolution could have been on the intellect, the sentiment, and the imagination of the French people sixty years ago. Those who were children in Scotland between 1834 and 1843, will bear the marks in all their subsequent career of that period of educational excitement, when the minds of all around them were stirred to the utmost, and the nation breathed nothing but great expressive phrases, and an atmosphere of first principles. All Scotland was agitated, and in the throes of a mighty agony. Well, and what was known of this struggle, and thought of this struggle, in that neighbouring country to which Scotland had transferred the *locale* of her legislature? Nothing, literally nothing. There was a row among the Presbyterian parsons,—that was all that ninety-nine per cent. of the English people, and of English politicians, knew of the matter. As well expect them to take interest in an agitation among the Bonzes of Japan! Parsons were always fighting everywhere, and to master the speciality of a fight among parsons of the

Presbyterian variety, was what a nation, believing mainly in Cobbett, had no inclination for, while the fraction of it that believed in Laud, had their private speculations on the subject. And so the struggle pursued its course on its own Scottish ground, with no other eye cognizant of it than that of Heaven, till the catastrophe came. The Scottish National Church was broken up. In a few years this poor nation of Scotland raised three millions of money in behalf of the ecclesiastical institution which they had been obliged to found, scattered churches over the land, provided dwellings for their pastors, secured them *minimum* incomes, and established new theological seminaries. And yet, to this day, there are myriads of Englishmen, otherwise intelligent, who never heard of the Disruption, and would not know, if you mentioned it, but that it was a fact of French history in the days of Louis Quatorze. Now we hold that this single incident of the Non-intrusion controversy, and its consequence, is of itself an *experimentum crucis* of the adequacy of that system of government to which Scotland is subject, and which must be traced, however reluctantly, to that Union of 1707 to which, in many respects, we owe so much. True, that was in its origin a controversy, not between England and Scotland, but between Scotchmen and Scotchmen. True, it was in Scotch law-courts that the battle was begun and fought out; and it was the decisions of Scotch judges that declared the ruling party in the Church to be in the wrong. True, also, the task of representing the question, and suggesting remedies at English head-quarters, devolved upon Scotchmen, who were peers and members of Parliament, and one of whom is now Premier of these realms. True, that this being a purely Scottish affair was handed over to such Scotchmen as were about the Cabinet, and gladly left to their solution. But this is precisely the matter of complaint,—that the best practical method of dealing with Scotch affairs under the present system, is such a method of mere delegation to an insufficient committee, at a distance from their clients. What we assert, and what we challenge all and sundry to gainsay, is, that if Scotland had been in possession of her own autonomy, or of anything equivalent to it, the Disruption would not have happened. The preliminary dissensions between the Church and the law-courts might have gone on as before; but there would have lain a final appeal to Scottish statesmanship, acted on by a surrounding sea of peremptory Scottish opinion, to repair the breaches made by Scottish judgship. Had Scotland possessed that power at the last resort of repairing her own jars and fractures by her own political ingenuity, which is the highest right of every independent community, would she have suffered that rent to end in a total rupture of the most solid

thing in her commonwealth? A very moderate feat of good statesmanship on the part of the British Ministry then in power would have saved the Church of Scotland; but, though the labour had been a labour of Hercules, Scotland, had it been left to Scotland, would have given all her energies to accomplish it. Politics, it has been said, is the science of exigencies; and every nation has naturally the best science of its own exigencies. Nothing is more sure than that, if Scotland had possessed her autonomy, or anything equivalent to it, the Church of Scotland would have been whole at this day. We are not discussing here whether it would have been better so or not. Every *fait accompli* has something venerable in it, and is susceptible on some side of happy interpretations; and there were many Scotchmen even at the time who, conscientiously opposed to all religious Establishments, saw good in the catastrophe, as well as others who, without such a special belief, yet, from a habit of looking at all subjects from a Mount Pisgah point of view, so as to command a large horizon, caught glimpses even then of far-off issues not unhopeful. But, certainly, from the point of view of practical statesmanship, which regards the heavings of majorities and the omens of the present, the sufferance of the Disruption was a great political blunder. It is, and will remain, a lasting opprobrium to the Conservative Ministry of Sir Robert Peel.

The event in the history of Scotland which we have thus deemed it right to bring prominently forward, both by reason of its own magnitude, and on account of its illustrative power as connected with the general question, makes, perhaps judiciously, no figure, or but a very secondary figure, in the catalogue of injuries put forth by the Association recently instituted for the Vindication of Scottish Rights. Some of the leading members of that Association, as, for example, Lord Eglinton, Sir Archibald Alison, and Professor Aytoun, are Scottish Episcopalians, whose sympathies were all against the Non-intrusion party in the ten years' struggle, and whose Scotticism is a Scotticism bereft of its Presbyterian fibre. But this fact, as well as the accompanying fact, that the same portion of the Association are Derbyite in politics, ought, if rightly viewed, to be rather to the credit of the movement. Such names as those of Hugh Miller, Mr. Cowan, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, on the other side, are an efficient counterpoise. In short, this movement, which Scotchmen of all ranks and of all shades of sentiment, political and ecclesiastical, have already joined, and which has already agitated Scotland as no movement of the kind has agitated it for many a day, is, so far as it has yet gone, a truly national movement,—a movement of Scotchmen, as such, against the *system* of which all Scotchmen have to complain alike, though some are

more aggrieved by one species, and others by another species of its consequences. This is as it should be, and it promises well. The national and unsectarian character of the movement has been well preserved in the generality of expression given to those preliminary resolutions on which the Association is based. These resolutions are as follows :—

“I. That the Treaty of Union between Scotland and England recognises the supremacy, asserts the individuality, and provides for the preservation of the national laws and institutions of Scotland; and that any attempt to subvert or place those institutions under English control, and, under the pretence of a centralizing economy, to deprive her of the benefit of local action, is an infraction of the true spirit of this Treaty, injurious to her welfare, and should be strenuously resisted.

“II. That the 6th Article of the Treaty of Union, provides that Scotland, as freely united to England for the purpose of forming the Kingdom of Great Britain, ‘should have the same allowances, encouragements, and drawbacks, and be under the same contributions, restrictions, and regulations;’ but that this part of the Treaty has not been fulfilled, in so far as that, although Scotland is under the same contributions, restrictions, and regulations, yet she is denied the same allowances and encouragements.

“III. That the neglect of Scottish business in the Imperial Legislature has caused grievous delay, heavy and unnecessary cost, and frequently crude legislation, incongruous with the existing laws and policy of Scotland—whose national institutions should be preserved where they are worth preserving, amended where they are faulty, and not altered or extinguished merely because they differ from the institutions of other parts of the Empire.”

In explanation and elucidation of these resolutions, the National Association have published a detailed statement of Scottish Grievances. This admirable, and, we believe, in the main, unanswerable statistical document, is understood to be from the pen of Mr. P. E. Dove, the author of a remarkable work on social science, entitled *The Theory of Human Progression*. It is singular, and at the same time gratifying to find a man who has given such proofs of abstruse and speculative intellect thus descending into the arena of practical politics, and making his power felt there. No one who reads the “Statement of Scottish Grievances” put forth by the Association, will say that the author’s metaphysics has prevented him from being clear and business-like, although, perhaps, one or two of the alleged grievances have been overstated from the point of view of a comparison with England. Let us amass in a paragraph or two of small type a few of its main statements and revelations,

classifying them under heads of our own, and adding illustrations from other sources.

*Insufficient Parliamentary Representation.*—Leaving alone the matter of the Peerage, Scotland returns 53 Members to the House of Commons, of whom 30 are for the counties, and 23 for the towns. Now, if Scotland were that integral part of England, which some would try to make her, even then she would in this respect have cause to complain of unfair treatment. Let population be made the basis of representation, and then, instead of 53, Scotland ought to return, according to the computation of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 73 Members. Let taxation be made the basis, and then she ought to return 78 Members. Strike a mean between the two methods, and she ought to return 75 Members. On any conceivable principle of representation, Scotland has a right to about 20 more Members than she now has. And the injustice becomes more striking when England and Scotland are compared in detail, when it is found, for example, that hosts of small English burghs return two Members each, while Aberdeen, Dundee, and Paisley have but one each, and other flourishing Scottish towns but a fraction of one; and when it is found that, though the single English county of Wilts sends in 19 Members in all from a population of 251,000, the great county of Lanark, with a population of 530,000 sends in but 3 Members.

*Neglected Administration.*—This is a large topic, under which we will name but a few items. The charitable institutions of Scotland are totally neglected by Government, while the corresponding institutions in England and Ireland receive considerable attention. The police of Scotland is neglected. Scotland, with all her shipping, has but one harbour of refuge on her extensive coast, and that on the western side, the eastern and more dangerous shore having not one harbour of refuge from Wick to Berwick, though wrecks are continually occurring in certain parts of it. Scotland has not a single public dockyard, naval arsenal, or other naval establishment; and, on the eve of the outbreak of a European war, when a Russian hostile visit is at least a possibility, she is totally destitute of the means of coast-defence. The Scottish burghs have no Government permission or encouragement for the establishment, as in English towns, of free libraries, museums, baths, and wash-houses. Public buildings, in Scotland, as Holyrood Place and Linlithgow Palace, are totally neglected, and are going to ruin, while corresponding buildings in England are kept in repair and embellished. The ordnance survey of Scotland has been shamefully delayed, so that at present, to use the words of a Parliamentary report, 'Scotland, as regards its geography, is behind all the countries of civilized Europe.' Government officials in Scotland are comparatively few in number, and are more wretchedly paid than either in England or Ireland. The great city of Glasgow has had to fight Government to get a suitable post-office. The military establishments of Scotland are systematically neglected, were land-defence necessary, there are no local

means for it. In respect of patent laws, privileges of medical practitioners, and power of honorary distinction and reward for native talent within the country, Scotland is placed at a disadvantage as compared with England or Ireland. *Et sic omnia.*

*Oppressive Administration.*—Under this head a variety of illustrations might be given, the general bearing of which, however, may be summed up in the statement, that the imperial Government systematically drains more money in comparison out of Scotland for imperial purposes than from any other part of Her Majesty's dominions. In other words, Scotland is made to contribute more free revenue, over and above what is necessary for her own administration, than any other part of the British Empire. More plainly, Government gets as much money as possible out of Scotland, and gives as little as possible back. The revenue of Scotland for the year ending 1852 was £6,164,804. Of this only £400,000 were expended in Scotland—including cost of collection, salaries to judges, sheriffs, &c., and all but military expenses; leaving a free surplus of £5,764,804, transmitted to England, and spent on imperial purposes. Take Ireland in comparison. The gross revenue of Ireland during the same year was £4,000,681. Of this £3,847,134 were spent in Ireland, the balance sent to England being only £153,547. Mr. Dove expressed this consideration very strongly at the recent Glasgow meeting on Scottish Rights. "Scotland," he said, "pays the largest amount of free revenue in the known world. I never read of a country, nor ever heard of one, out of which so much money was extracted. No conquest, pillage, or extortion ever succeeded in getting as much money out of any country, as the British Exchequer gets out of Scotland." It might be a matter of pride to Scotland, in certain circumstances, thus to be the most magnificent subscriber to the cause of civilisation as represented by the activity of Great Britain in the world; but it is too bad to be fleeced, and snubbed and called stingy, at the same time.

To the foregoing heads we might add another under which some of the particulars enumerated in the statement of the Association might be brought. That head would be *incongruous and unkindly legislation for Scotland on Anglican principles*. But we have illustrated this head already, and need say nothing more upon it. And so, having spoken of the detected grievances of Scotland, let us add a word of comment upon the proposed remedies.

The remedies proposed by the National Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights, and by them brought before the Scottish public, are two—increased Parliamentary representation for Scotland; and the substitution of a Scottish Secretaryship of State, or something tantamount, for the present anomaly of the political functions of the Lord-Advocate.

Now, how any sensible man, much more any sensible Scotch-

man, not out of gear with the whole opinion and sentiment of his time, can object to these two proposals, we cannot conceive. If the representative system means anything at all, the necessity of increased Parliamentary representation for Scotland is undeniable. The man who disbelieves in the representative system is certainly in a different position; but we have not visibly at least to deal with any such person. The constitution of a Scottish Secretaryship of State may seem a less clear point. But we do not suppose that the advocates of Scottish Rights are wedded to names. What they demand is a reformation of the anomaly of the Lord Advocacy—a demand made by Lord Jeffrey himself when he held that office, and very ably enforced by Lord Cockburn in his *Life of Jeffrey*. A Scottish Secretaryship of State might be most agreeable to the people of Scotland, and even best in itself; but they are open to be reasoned with as to the matter of name and form, so long as the substance is granted them.

On the whole, it is impossible that a small country like Scotland, legislatively associated with a large country like England, both ignorant of Scottish facts and peculiarities, and prejudiced against them by Anglicanisms, and Puseyisms, and what not, can be adequately governed, unless there be some provision to repair the essential defects of such a legislative association. Either Scotland must make up her mind that her future career of progress is to be one of gradual identification with England by the extension of Anglican methods and principles into her whole social system; or she must be prepared to save her individuality by keeping up a chronic agitation against England, like that which has blighted and ruined Ireland; or there must be some method in reserve which shall prevent either necessity, and suffer Scotland to determine her own career peacefully, whether that is to be one of identification with England, or not. Now, there is such a method in reserve. Scotland has lain politically fallow long enough. A modified autonomy must be restored to her. She must have some adequate means of self-government, and self-development, consistent with that Union with England which she voluntarily assented to, which she has reaped many an advantage from, and which she never will wish to dis sever. This idea, we are glad to see, has already appeared as a vein of sentiment running through the speeches, and other public elucidations, of the associates in the Scottish Rights Movement. In a Glasgow weekly paper, entitled *The Commonwealth*, we find the following passage, of the date December the 10th:—

“These two things—the increase of number of Parliamentary representatives for Scotland; and the appointment of a Scottish Secretaryship of State.”

tary of State in the room of the Lord-Advocate—are the main practical measures of remedy that have yet been propounded by the leaders of the Scottish Rights agitation. Now, while these two measures have our hearty and unreserved approval, we do not think that of themselves they will secure ‘Justice to Scotland.’ They will do much; but they will not do all. The full remedy, we believe, is deeper and more distant. It lies in that idea already propounded in our columns, that, for the proper government and administration of this country, the present system of one Parliament legislating on and for everything, small or great, from the Orkneys to Cornwall, is utterly and radically bad; and that what is necessary is a division of the country into great districts, each with a Parliament or legislative apparatus, for the transaction of its own business; while the general or Imperial Parliament of the nation shall take in charge only the national business as such, and furnish, as it were, the highest legislative hints necessary to secure the concurrent action of the whole British body-politic.”

Mr. Dove, at the Glasgow meeting of December the 15th, broached the same speculation as follows:—

“Is Scotland so absolutely stupid that she cannot transact her own local business, but she must ever run off to London with a great many Scotch guineas in her pocket that never return? Must we in every act of life always look to London, as if all the wisdom of the world were concentrated there? Can we do nothing for ourselves, not even administer our own local affairs, with which no other country has any concern? Truly, I do not think this is reasonable, and I do not think it is right. Let the Imperial Parliament regulate all imperial affairs; but let there be also some Scottish assembly for the direction of those matters which are exclusively Scottish. I do not say a legislative assembly, but an administrative one. You can have no difficulty in understanding how this might be effected, for you are all familiar with a system which proves that an administrative assembly may co-exist with a legislative assembly. You all know that in the Presbyterian form of church government there are sessions, presbyteries, synods, and a General Assembly. The legislative power and ultimate appeal lie with the General Assembly, which is the supreme judicature. Now, the present House of Commons represents a Presbyterian Assembly without sessions, without presbyteries, and without synods, and every little petty case is brought before the general assembly of the nation, when it could be quite as well disposed of by local presbyteries and local synods. Why should not Scotland have a political synod to manage her Scottish affairs? The synod does not legislate, but it administers; and so long as England has different laws and different institutions, I say there is great need of a Scottish synod—a political synod to administer the affairs of Scotland.”

It would be absurd to confound such an argument as this with a cry for the Repeal of the Union. It is something very different. It is, in reality, an indication of the manner in which the

Union might be consummated in accordance with the latest and best ideas of political science. It is an application to the case of Scotland of one of the most promising speculations of the time—the speculation as to the mutual limits of centralization and local self-government.

For many years there has been a growing dissatisfaction with that system of government which centralizes all or the greater part of the management of a nation's affairs in a single metropolitan institution or cluster of institutions; and a growing conviction that it is desirable for the interests of education, good government, and progress, that we should have as much as possible of active local citizenship. The principle which the advocates of this speculation put forward is this very obvious and natural one, that, whatever business pertains to any locality, town, or district, ought, as far as possible, to be *transacted within the limits of that locality, town, or district*, and by the common agreement of its inhabitants, considering and discussing the matter among themselves. It would be a good thing, it is held, if we could have in every parish a weekly folk-mote on a certain day for the public discussion by the parishioners, of topics of local interest as well as of the political questions agitating the nation. Taking this weekly parochial meeting as the primary political institution of the country, there ought, according to the plan indicated, to be a regular gradation of institutions, connecting the local organization with the general Parliament of the country, precisely as a Presbyterian kirk-session is connected with the General Assembly by the intermediate action of Presbyteries and Provincial Synods. Thus the whole nation would be thoroughly penetrated to its smallest local fibre by the feeling of energetic political life. The benefits, as regards efficient government, order, and liberty would, it is thought, be immense. The ordinary classification of governments into monarchical, aristocratic, republican, and the like, is held to be far less valuable as a means of testing the degree of liberty enjoyed by any given community, than would be a division of governments into two general classes,—those whose main feature is government from a centre, and those which permit a local distribution of the political power. There may be despotism in a centralized republic; but despotism cannot co-exist with local self-government, whatever is the ostensible form of the general authority. Great Britain, though a monarchy, has more of local self-government than France though a republic, and is consequently a free country; but Great Britain is still behind America in this respect. Only on the other side of the Atlantic do we see local institutional self-government developed to anything like the extent it might attain. Only there, consequently, is active citizen-

ship a reality. In every district in the United States there is as full and intense a political life, as there was in Athens, or any other of the petty Hellenic Republics of the ancient world; the function of citizenship is as real a part of human duty and as valuable a means of human education; the mass of the people are not trained to regard political indifferentism as a virtue; and yet there seems, if we except the slavery question, to be no difficulty in reconciling this autonomy of the parts with the general conduct of the whole republic. The time is coming, it is said, when it shall be so all the world over; and in Great Britain there might be a movement in that direction even now. The glory of Athens, and that which enabled her to send forth out of her small free population of some hundred thousand souls, such clusters of eminent contemporaries as were always to be found in her, was her intense political life. Every Athenian was a citizen, who felt his individual weight, and could make his individual weight felt, in the proceedings of the community. Solon even made it a law that no Athenian should remain neutral on any great question of the time under pain of death or disfranchisement. True, the days of small republics are gone—large areas of the earth are now submitted to a common rule, and acknowledge a common path and destiny; but there is no reason why, even in the largest nation, the functions of a central government (and it is the business of advanced science to determine what the functions shall be) should not be harmonized with a system of deliberative and administrative institutions, branching through the whole body-politic like ducts and arteries, growing smaller and smaller as they reached the extremities.

If we are not mistaken, the agitation for Scottish Rights will, sooner or later, connect itself with this great speculation. Perhaps, indeed, the most interesting mode of viewing the agitation is to regard it as an unexpected revolt of one most important and sedate part of the island against a system of Parliamentary and official centralization, which all parties equally dislike. Scotland takes the lead in the movement, and has regard chiefly to herself in her mode of advocating it; but it is a movement by which England, Wales, and Ireland will also profit.

**ART. IV.—1. *General History of the Christian Religion and Church.*** From the German of Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the Second and Improved Edition. By JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1847.

**2. *General History of the Christian Religion and Church.*** Translated from the German of Dr. Augustus Neander. By JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Vermont. New Edition, carefully revised by the REV. A. S. W. MORRISON, B.A. Vol. I. London: Henry G. Bohn, 1850.

THE two publishers whose names we find in the respective title pages of these translations of Neander's Church History, have done good service in making this great work more accessible to English readers. In now drawing attention to the first volume of the work, we have no intention to compare the merits of these two translations. Our business at present is with the great importance in these days of a careful examination of the early records of Christianity. We wish that some one well qualified for the task would undertake to bring these records within the reach of all classes of our countrymen. Neander's history is sure to interest persons who have received a learned education: We would gladly see portions of the earlier part of it reproduced in such a form as would attract all readers.

Every one who attentively considers the state of society in this age, must be filled with a melancholy conviction, that great and unwearied efforts are being made by the enemies of Christianity to undermine belief in the historical truth of its divine origin. These efforts are in many instances especially directed to the class of working-men. Argumentative books, originally addressed to the more educated classes, are explained and abbreviated in lighter publications, which circulate but too widely in our towns. Some of these books are ribaldrous and impure. These will at once be cast aside by all persons of good feeling. But others confine themselves to argument; and the arguments they advance often circulate more widely than the books themselves. They are propagated from mouth to mouth; and many a good man may at times feel himself placed in a difficulty from not knowing how to meet such arguments, though he has an implicit conviction that they are unsound.

The same evil is at work amongst the upper classes. En-

quiring minds are in this age perpetually scrutinizing old established principles ; and, as there is a great affectation of novelty in the attacks lately made on Christianity, while the books containing these attacks are certainly extensively read, it seems certain that the subject of the evidences of Christianity requires to be carefully elaborated.

English literature is very rich in books of evidences ; and perhaps not much can be added to what is already contained in these books. They are a great storehouse, and from them the student may arm himself fully with the means of resisting these attacks, which, however they affect novelty, are really made with the old weapons. The Christian Church has not grown for these eighteen centuries and a half, in the midst of opposition from all quarters, and of the most incongruous kinds, without having had occasion at one time or another to resist almost every conceivable species of attack. But, though the arguments of assailants may be substantially the old arguments which have been often answered, still they are reproduced with a show of novelty. Now most of the books of evidences have been written with distinct reference to some particular errors, which they opposed in their own day ; and new assaults will generally require a new attitude of defence, though after all it is the old strength of arm and the old weapons that are to be used.

Hence, probably no greater service could be done to the cause of Christianity by any one who was equal to the task, than to write a new book of evidences, adapted to the exact exigencies of this age ; and, in order to meet the particular errors which are now most dangerous, such a book of evidences ought to be in the main historical. It is in looking back to the history of the way in which the religion of Christ was established on the ruins of heathenism, and in the distinct and well accredited facts which such history brings before us, that we shall find the best antidote to the vague insinuations of that scepticism, which would represent the whole early progress of the Christian Church as veiled in a dark cloud.

It is not of course meant that clear and powerful arguments, and a skilful exposure of antichristian fallacies, will necessarily force conviction on the unwilling or on him whose mind is morbidly given to doubt ; but still it is a duty to maintain truth by sound reasoning, even where antagonists will not or cannot appreciate it. And no one can calculate the wide-spreading evil that might follow, if we allowed falsehood to have the seeming triumph of being allowed to attract attention and go forth amongst the rising generation without an answer.

We have said that books of evidences for the present needs of the age should be especially historical. Intended to benefit

persons of a doubting turn, they certainly ought to contain much more of positive truth than of the weighing of arguments and acute answers to objections. In this form they will best avoid the evil which has been felt in most books of evidences—viz., that, as they repeat and give currency to the fallacious arguments which they wish to expose, weak and wayward minds have a great tendency to think more of the objection than of the answer, even when the answer is most really triumphal. Probably most readers both of Butler and of Paley have at times felt this. The most effective defences of Christianity will be found to deal most in those expositions of positive truth which sweep hesitations and minute objections before them as a flood. This would be an argument in favour of throwing our evidences as much as possible into the historical form at all times; and in our own day, since it is the proof as to the historical origin and progress of Christianity that unbelievers are most disposed to resist, we shall do well to join issue with them fairly and manfully on the very point in which they affect to believe that our case is weak.

We think then that any one might do good service, who, looking to the records of the first two hundred years of the Christian Church, would seize all the great salient points in the history, and bring them one by one clearly forward in a popular form. To explain our meaning, we propose in this article to select a few points of history from the volume of Neander which now lies before us. Such a mere sketch from the early history as our limits admit of in the present article may do little for the great work which seems so requisite in these days. But still it will accomplish somewhat, if it but points out the way to others—still more if it strengthens the personal faith of one reader, or enables any one in this age of shifting opinions to understand more clearly than he did before the firm historical foundation on which our conviction of the divine origin of Christianity is built.

The period to which we wish first to direct attention is the middle of the second century, that is, about sixty years from the death of the Apostle St. John. St. John, as all know, outlived the date of his Master's crucifixion by about seventy years, being in his own person the link which connects the second with the first century. At the date to which we now refer the throne of the Roman Empire was filled by Marcus Aurelius, commonly called the second Antoninus. He assumed the reins of empire on the death of the elder Antoninus in 161 A.D. St. John certainly lived to the year 100. Polycarp, a personal friend and disciple of St. John, was living, Bishop of Smyrna, when M. Aurelius came to the throne. These notes of time set forth the exact distance of the point of history now selected,

from the birth of Christianity. The first thirty-three years of Christian history are filled by our Lord's own life: the next sixty-seven are those during which the apostles laboured in building up the Church, and one after another fell asleep till the list of their deaths was closed by that of St. John, the youngest and most long lived of their company. The next sixty years form the age of their immediate successors, and amongst these Polycarp may be selected at present as the most noted. So that the transition in point of time is easy from our Lord's death to the old age and death of St. John—from St. John to the old age of his disciple Polycarp.

Whoever has visited Rome has mounted the massive steps which lead by an easy ascent to the front of that square of palace-like buildings which occupies the site of the ancient capitol, and will remember fronting him, as he ascended, the majestic bronze statue of an emperor on horseback. In the middle ages this was supposed to be a statue of Constantine. It was therefore carefully preserved. Probably it would not have been so well treated in those rough days, had men known, as is now ascertained, that it represented, not the first Christian emperor, but a persecutor of Christians. Marcus Aurelius, whose statue this is—we have said—ascended the throne in 161 A.D., while Polycarp was living. Some may think it too harsh to call him a persecutor; but he was at least one who allowed the Christians to suffer great persecution, when it was his bounden duty to exert his authority in defending them as his loyal subjects from the violence of the inferior magistrates and of the savage crowd.

The statue, as is well known, is one of great beauty. Michael Angelo, who designed the palaces in the midst of which it now stands, is said to have been so filled with admiration of its life-like power, that in ecstasy he called upon the horse to walk. And the figure and face of him who rides it are worthy of his steed. Niebuhr\* tells us that any one who lives in Italy may easily make a collection of busts of Marcus Aurelius, so as to trace his appearance distinctly from boyhood to his death. His outward form then is quite familiar to the antiquary and historian; and his most secret thoughts in mature age are laid open in the book of his meditations. Niebuhr bursts forth in admiration of him,—“If there is anywhere an expression of virtue, it is,” he says, “in the heavenly features of Marcus Aurelius;” and again,—“No one who reads his work can help loving him;” and again,—“He was certainly the noblest character of his time, and I know no other man who combined such an unaffected

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\* *Lectures on Roman History*, vol. v. lect. lxx. p. 278.

kindness, mildness and humility, with such a conscientiousness and severity towards himself." This is high praise from a great judge; and doubtless the man was a splendid specimen of what cultivated heathenism may produce. "In his correspondence," says Niebuhr,\* "we find him in the happy time of youth, bordering on manhood, in the full bloom of life, and very happy. At the beginning of his reign he was depressed, and felt overwhelmed by the burdens of his office; but he never neglected any of his duties. We also know him as a tender husband and father." But still, in the book of his meditations, "there are," says Niebuhr, "things . . . which no one can read without deep grief, for there we find this purest of men without happiness."

One cannot but suspect that the great historian is over partial to his favourite; but still Marcus Aurelius was no doubt a very remarkable heathen. He had been educated with the greatest care, and had made all the progress which the most anxious instructors could desire. And all his other studies had been made subservient to philosophy. Philosophy stood to these heathens in the place of religion. The heathen superstitions were hardly to be called religion, for they scarcely aimed at all at producing an effect on the conduct, still less had they power to search the heart and soul; and of the various systems, the only philosophy which in this age had any life in it, was that of the Stoics. About sixty years before,† a great master, Epictetus, had arisen in that sect, who had breathed new life into its teaching. Insisting much on stern views of duty and the dignity of human nature, the Stoical system was well calculated to urge a heathen to exertion, and it succeeded certainly in making men as active and energetic in the cause of goodness as they could well be without any distinct knowledge of God and of His readiness to help their failing weakness. But Stoicism taught man to rely more upon himself and think more of his own dignity, than a calm view of his whole nature, and especially of his relation to the unseen world, ought to have suggested to the truly thoughtful even of the heathen. Hume in his essay on the several philosophical schools identifies the Platonist with the man of contemplation, the Stoic with the man of action. The Stoical system was always welcome to the character of the ever active energetic Romans. As some of the greatest men at the close of the Republic rejoiced to be enlisted in the Stoic sect—so it had been a great favourite in the worst days of the first emperors, amongst those who sighed for a return of the old times and longed for some nobler pattern of virtue than could be found in their degenerate age. A stern sense of duty and an untiring energy to fulfil what duty required,

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\* Lectures on Roman History, vol. v. lect. lxx. † A.D. 103. Clinton, *Fast. Rom.*

and a proud feeling of power in its fulfilment, were the very points in the character of the Romans which had vindicated for them the empire of the world. And the Stoic who in the middle of the second century filled the throne of the world was certainly a model of Roman virtue.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, surnamed the philosopher, early threw aside rhetoric and all lighter studies, and gave his mind to the noblest philosophy of his age, and he strove all through his life to rule his actions by its precepts. It is striking to remark Niebuhr's emphatic repetition of the statement,\* that, with all his virtues, M. Aurelius was not happy. He was master of the throne of the world, and he had a soul to appreciate all the vast sources of rich enjoyment which the world offers. Some of his predecessors had thought of no enjoyment but sensual pleasure. Some had been rough soldiers whose chief excitement was the battle-field; others had thirsted for power with an intense desire, which left their hearts little rest for the quieter and more refined pleasures. Some of them had indeed been great and good men—the first Antoninus who adopted him, a calm philosophic spirit like himself. But no one of the emperors had ever been placed in this great position, with higher capacities than Marcus Aurelius for appreciating all those enjoyments of the best and purest kind which unlimited empire placed within his reach. Yet he certainly was not happy. His stoical doctrine told him to consider all outward circumstances as of no moment in affecting the happiness of a philosopher: But† his wife, the daughter of his predecessor, was quite unworthy of him; Lucius Verus, his adopted brother, who was associated with him in the empire, was given up to all dissoluteness; Commodus, his son and successor, was a monster of depravity. And, besides his domestic uneasiness, dark storms seemed gathering over the empire, and, in the midst of the vague apprehensions which their approach raised, no philosophy could keep him calm. Niebuhr has said, speaking of this reign, that “the hearts which were then panting for a purer atmosphere, while paganism was yet prevailing, found peace afterwards in their faith in the Christian Revelation.” It may seem strange that a man like Marcus Aurelius, with the great aspirations after the good and the eternal, with which certainly his heart swelled, should not have sought consolation in that Christianity with which he was brought into contact. We may not unnaturally think that a good man, with such a feeling of unhappiness, would have been sure, like Cornelius in the Acts, to understand and eagerly embrace the blessings

\* Lectures on Roman History, —

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† *Ibid.* p. 291.

which Christianity offered him. But it was not so with Marcus Aurelius. He knew Christianity and hated it. May we not say that the stoical element of pride dulled his perception of the truth? Though forced to look upon Christianity face to face, he had no heart to love that in it which most deserves love.

The point in Christianity which ought chiefly to have impressed the Stoic, was that wonderful boldness with which Christians met death. All human systems of philosophy regarded it as their greatest triumph if they were able to nerve men's minds as death approached. Their books are full of exhortations to guide men in that great catastrophe. Marcus Aurelius knew that there was a system spread far and wide through his dominions, which was able to nerve the souls, not of the learned and philosophic only, but of common men and women—often the weakest—to meet death in its most terrific form without flinching. Yet so blinded was he by prejudice that he accounts that to be sheer obstinacy or ostentation in Christians, which he claims in heathens as the highest triumph of philosophy. All will readily call to mind the well-known passage in which, thus expressing his contempt of the noble deaths of Christians, he forfeits irretrievably his character as an earnest lover of truth.\*

The character of Marcus Aurelius, though a great heathen character, was spoiled by heathen prejudice. In comparing the deaths of Christians with those which his own philosophy eulogizes, he speaks in disparagement of the enthusiasm with which Christians died, as opposed to philosophic calmness. He might have known that there was great calmness in Christian deaths; and, as Milman† has excellently pointed out, where the spirit kindled from calmness into enthusiasm in the contemplation of an assured immortality, he ought to have seen a proof that in these cases such vague guesses as alone philosophy could supply, had ripened into the certainty of religious faith—that which the philosopher only coldly hoped for, the Christian felt to be certain and assured truth.

“No emperor after the savage Nero,” says the calm and impartial Mosheim,‡ “prepared more injuries and calamities for the Christians than this much vaunted philosopher.” Certainly there was much severe persecution during his reign.

It was most probably in this reign that in Rome itself Justin Martyr was put to death. Justin was a very remarkable man. In the title of his works he is called Justin the philosopher and

\* Cf. Milman's *History of Christianity*, vol. ii. ch. vii. p. 177.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Hist. Ecclesiast.*, sec. ii. p. i. sec. v.

martyr.\* He was, in fact, what Marcus Aurelius might himself have become, had it not been for some natural defect in his character as a lover of truth, or for the prejudices engendered by his stoical pride. An ardent lover of truth, Justin, as is well known, tried the various schools of heathen philosophy, and found them all wanting; his mind knew no rest in the search after truth till he embraced Christianity. He was born in Samaria, but brought up a heathen. At the time of the accession of Marcus Aurelius, Justin was, according to one account, about sixty years of age, according to another, seventy at the least, according to another, not much more than forty. Devoting himself in his early days to heathen philosophy, he was first attracted by the Stoics, but they could give him no satisfaction, when his soul yearned after the knowledge of God. He passed under the teaching of various sects dissatisfied with them all, till at last he thought he found rest in Platonism. He rejoiced in Plato's lofty views of the connexion of man's soul with the world invisible, and the hopes of going to God when the soul should shake off the body. Very touching is the well-known account he himself has left us of his conversion†—how, meditating one day on these lofty truths, he went forth to walk alone on the sea-shore, and was followed by an old man of kind and grave aspect: the stranger's conversation corresponded with his appearance: they talked of grave and lofty subjects: the stranger pointed out to him the insufficiency of all human teaching; spoke to him of the prophets whom God had raised up as inspired teachers, and urged the necessity of prayer if the soul would really learn to know the God of truth: "Pray," said the old man, "that the gates of light may be opened to thee: not to all men does it belong to comprehend the truth, but only to him to whom understanding is granted by God and his Christ."

This interview made a deep impression on the mind of Justin, and he ultimately took refuge in Christianity, "esteeming it," he tells us, "the only safe and profitable philosophy."‡ Henceforth, still retaining his philosopher's garb, he devoted himself to urge upon others that system in which his own soul had found rest. He wrote the two defences of Christianity which we find in his works, one addressed principally to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, the other to the Roman Senate during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. But if his arguments reached M. Aurelius' ears they failed, not only to convince him, but even to

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\* S. Justini Philosophi et Martyris opera Otto. Jena, 1842.

† *Dialogus cum Tryphone*, c. 7.

‡ *Ibid.*, c. 8.

make him friendly or just to the author. Justin, on his second visit to Rome, was apprehended with several of his friends and disciples, brought before Rusticus, the Præfect of the City, and commanded to sacrifice to the heathen gods. But he had learned even in his heathen days to admire the constancy of the Christian martyrs, and he was not now to be terrified into a denial of the religion which had for years been the joy of his heart.\* Rusticus, the Præfect, before whom he was summoned, was one of the philosophic teachers of Marcus Aurelius; and Crescens the Cynic, the audience of whose school had been diminished by the teaching of Justin, is said to have urged on his death. The philosophers, it seems, were jealous of the teacher of a true heavenly wisdom such as their worldly minds could not reach. Rusticus pressed Justin to renounce Christ; but the friends with one voice declared their steadfast faith, and their hope of being preserved at a higher and more awful tribunal, before which all men must stand. Sentence was pronounced on them as refusing to sacrifice, and disobeying the commands of the Emperor. They were all scourged and beheaded; and the faithful secretly carried away and buried their remains. This martyrdom is referred by Milman† to the year 166 or 167, the 6th or 7th year of Marcus Aurelius. The Greeks celebrate the 1st of June, the Latins the 10th of April,‡ in memory of the death of Justin, and tradition points out the Church of St. Lorenzo without the walls of Rome as the resting place of his remains.

But it was in Asia Minor that the persecutions of this time were most severe. Eusebius has assigned the death of Polycarp to Easter 166.¶ Polycarp, the disciple and friend of St. John, had known others also of the first disciples, and had conversed in his youth with many of those who had seen Christ.§ He is represented as declaring at his martyrdom that he had been a servant of Christ for eighty-six years. This time is probably calculated from his baptism. He is stated to have been appointed by authority of the apostles, to be Bishop of the Church of Smyrna. And now in the extremity of old age, he was dragged before an infuriated mob of mixed heathens and Jews, that he might be forced to deny Christ, or if he refused, given up to the lions or the stake. And all this was brought to pass, if

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\* See the whole excellently described in Milman's *History of Christianity*. Book II. ch. vii. p. 183.

† *Vide History of Christianity* as above.

‡ Cf. Justin Martyr. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*.

¶ *Vide the Authorities in Clinton, F. R. A. D. 166.*

§ Irenæus, ap. Euseb. H. E., iv., 14 quoted by Clinton, F. R. Act. and Martyr, ap. Euseb. iv., 15 *Ibid.*

not by the express command of the philosophic Emperor, certainly in consequence of his edicts.

Neander points out that in the character of the persecutions of this time,\* we find two things peculiarly worthy of remark :—First, that search was made for the Christians by express command, and next, that it was now attempted to force the accused to a denial of their religion by tortures. An edict which agrees in all respects with this practice is still extant under the name of Aurelian.† It is conjectured that there has been a mistake of the name, and that this is the very edict which let loose persecution under Marcus Aurelius. The edict runs thus:—"We have heard that the laws are violated by those who in our times call themselves Christians. Let them be arrested; and unless they offer to the gods, let them be punished with divers tortures; yet so that justice may be mingled with severity, and that the punishment may cease as soon as the end is gained of extirpating the transgressors." "The last clause," says Neander, "is altogether in keeping with the character of Marcus Aurelius. The governors were to keep steadily in view the one object, which was to put down Christianity in its collision with the state religion, and to bring back men to the worship of the Roman gods. They were not to act by the promptings of blind passion; but such a clause was plainly insufficient to place a check on cruel and arbitrary measures."‡

Attempts have been made to defend Marcus Aurelius, as if the clause relating to the use of torture was dictated by an ill-advised humanity, which thought that the lives of the accused might be saved by thus forcing them to renounce their faith. But nothing can justify his conduct under the admitted fact, that his edicts gave a fresh license to persecution, by removing those salutary checks on the outbursts of popular superstition and violence which had been devised by the humanity and justice of his immediate predecessors.

The account of the martyrdom of Polycarp shews how impossible it had now become, under the imperial patronage of persecution, for humane magistrates to rescue even the most honoured victims.|| The Proconsul of Asia at this time was no bitter enemy of the Christians; but he was forced to yield to the violence of the multitude. The cry for Christian victims was raised, and he was powerless to resist. Of this persecu-

\* Eusebius, *Hist.*, vol. i. sect. i. p. 146. Transl., Edin. 1847.

† *Ibid.* p. 147.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 146.

|| See the account given, *Ibid.* p. 148.

tion we have a detailed account in the circular letter from the Church of Smyrna to the other Christian churches.

And now we pass on ten years to the 17th year of Marcus Aurelius' reign,\* and find in the opposite extremity of the empire the same or even worse enormities. In the year 177, Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, became Bishop of Lyons by the death of Pothinus. Pothinus was nearly ninety years old, and therefore could remember the days of the apostles.

Eusebius,† as is well known, has preserved the account of these persecutions as related by the Gallic Churches themselves, in their letter to their brethren in Asia. The violence perpetrated at Lyons and Vienne, against the aged Pothinus and a multitude of Christian victims, is familiar to every tyro in church history. Let any one disposed to think very favourably of Marcus Aurelius, read in Neander or in Milman the well-known revolting details, and contrast the mad fury of the persecutors with the gentle endurance of the persecuted; and he must pause before he adopts Niebuhr's or Gibbon's estimate of the philosophic emperor.

It is well for all Christians to fix deeply in their minds the details of such history. It can never be useless to have distinctly brought before us the very decided character of that testimony which the disciples of the early times gave to the sincerity of their convictions. These Gallic and Asiatic Christians of Marcus Aurelius' time, did not indeed claim to have seen the Lord risen from the dead, nor to have been themselves witnesses of his miracles; so that their sufferings differ greatly in the force of their evidence from the sufferings of the earliest age, according to the well-known distinction, that the sufferings of the apostolic days were endured in attestation of plain matters of fact, as to which the sufferers could not be mistaken; these martyrs of the second century shewed merely that steadfast adherence to their opinions which earnest men have often shewn when their opinions were erroneous. But still these martyrdoms of the middle of the second century are even in themselves an important part of Christian evidence, as they shew how the temporal power strove to put down the truth, and how in the time of the second Antonine, a strange alliance was formed between the philosophers, the civil rulers, and the mob, all anxious to resist that system which triumphed over them all, because it was instinct with God's truth. Christianity seems clearly to shew that there was something unearthly about it, even from the history of these persecutions of the middle of the second century.

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\* Cf. Clinton, F. R.

† Euseb. H. E., L. V., ci.

It is not strange, perhaps, that a violent superstitious mob should hate this pure religion; the ignorant might well hate it, delighting in the night; bad rulers might well hate it, since it rebuked their lusts; and such resistance would only show what we learn from every page of its records, that it is a pure and holy system such as ignorant, bad men hate. But in the history of the middle of the second century, we have the strange spectacle of the Church winning its way triumphant though sternly resisted by human power and learning, directed with no vague impulse, but steadily and perseveringly, under a man who may be taken as a very favourable specimen of mere human virtue and wisdom.

The history of these persecutions has, however, its chief weight in the Christian Evidences from the proof it gives how great had been the progress which Christianity had made throughout the world, while it was yet detested by all human rulers, and had, as yet, but little human means by which to gain strength. Hated, despised, and resisted, it had spread already over the whole empire. We have persecutions of this date in Rome, in Asia, and in Gaul.

It was, indeed, this strange progress of Christianity which now called the persecutions forth. The Romans had despised Judaism, and at the first they despised Christianity. They did not think of persecuting it, till they saw that it would make no compromise with idolatry, and aimed at universal dominion. But even the exclusive claim of Christianity to be the only true religion would not have provoked such a man as Marcus Aurelius, had he thought that he might safely despise it. But the time when a Roman could affect to overlook and despise Christianity was now gone. Little more than fifty years had passed from the age of the Apostles, and the tree they planted now overshadowed all the earth. The Romans thought it a blighting poisonous plant, but could not deny that all their institutions were overshadowed by its branches. A great change had come in the relative situations of Christianity and Paganism during the last fifty years. There was no country in the empire in which Christianity was not now rapidly prevailing. There was hardly a city of any importance in which there was not a Christian Church. There were now not only a few, but many Christian soldiers, Christian senators, Christians in the Emperor's palace; Christians were numerous everywhere, in all ranks. Men had become alarmed lest what they deemed this new folly should supersede the institutions hallowed by the wisdom of so many centuries.

The great importance to which Christianity had thus attained, naturally then excited in those days the jealousy of all who

adhered to Paganism. Milman writes\*—"The darkening aspect of the times wrought up this growing alienation and hatred to open and furious hostility." And the accusations which were now on all sides brought against the Christians, as traitors to Rome, since they despised the Roman gods, are a plain proof that the Pagans viewed the progress of the new religion as truly formidable. A painful impression had seized men's minds, that the ancient religion was about to fall before its new rival, and with the ancient religion the ancient power of the empire. Hence sprang a jealousy such as men never feel against a rival who is not formidable.† Was there a great flood to lay waste the fields—an unusual drought—an earthquake—a plague—a dangerous invasion of some barbarous tribe—(and all these evils burst forth together, in ill-omened union during the early years of the reign of Marcus Aurelius)—the gloomy forebodings of the Pagans attributed all these signs of impending calamity to the frightful increase in the number of the bold innovators who refused to pay honour to the ancient gods. Hence the violent outbursts of popular superstition—hence the harsh conduct of even the best heathen rulers, in their perplexity at the many symptoms of gloomy times, and at the great changes which seemed inevitably impending—changes which all the prejudices of their national pride made them view with deep alarm, while yet they felt themselves powerless to resist them. The rulers basely consented to gratify the fury of the mob, if haply the heathen gods might be appeased by the sacrifice of those who so boldly avowed rebellion against their worship. Thus the very cries with which the still dominant heathen portion of the community now demanded the punishment of Christians, marked that Christianity had grown to an eminence and power before which heathenism quailed.

And all this progress Christianity had made when both the learning and the strength of the world were enlisted in opposing it. The fact of its having thus undermined all the old Roman institutions before fifty years had passed from the death of the last of its earliest humble missionaries, is a most important element in the evidence of the divine origin of Christianity.

The same incidental proof of the divine origin of our religion is forced upon us, if we turn to the history of the fifty years before the date we have now selected. Going back fifty years from Marcus Aurelius, we come to the reign of Trajan. Trajan became emperor A.D. 98. This date ought to be carefully noted. It is beyond all question as an historical fact that St. John lived till the third year of Trajan's reign. When Trajan became emperor,

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\* *History of Christianity*, B. ii. ch. vii. p. 173.

† *Ibid.*, p. 180.

St. John was quietly presiding over the Church of Ephesus, having returned from his banishment in the island of Patmos, probably two years before.\* At Ephesus he was still living in the year 100 A.D., and in the year 104 was written one of the most interesting documents of the history of those days, the famous letter of Pliny to Trajan, which no one who wishes to know the real state of society in Trajan's time ever overlooks.

Pliny the younger—the elegant scholar, and accomplished rhetorician—a man also of great wealth and high station—the intimate friend of Trajan, was thirty-seven years of age when Trajan succeeded to the empire, having therefore lived through the prime of his manhood a contemporary of St. John. When he was forty-two, that is, three years after the date at which we know St. John to have been still living at Ephesus, Pliny was appointed by Trajan to be governor of the province of Bithynia; and in the second year of his government he wrote the remarkable letter so often quoted. It has come down to us in the volume of those letters, which he himself prepared for publication—which all scholars read as admired specimens of the Latin tongue, and which certainly were neither composed nor preserved with the view of advancing the interests of the Christian Church. The work of a heathen, preserved by heathens, it is most important, as presenting us with the heathen view of Christianity in that age. Now, in this letter, first, no one can fail to note several remarkable points of lesser moment.† 1st, There is mention made of the Lord's Supper, (*sacramentum* is the very word which Pliny uses for the oath by which he says the Christians bound themselves.) 2d, There is allusion to the charges commonly brought against Christians by Jews and Heathens—that, in the sacred meal, they fed on human flesh—a charge, of course arising from the words in which the rite was instituted, and of which Pliny expresses his disbelief. 3d, The letter, as all will remember, speaks of hymns, which the Christians sang at day-break, in which they worshipped Christ as God. 4th, It bears testimony to the moral influence which their union in the Church was designed to exercise over the Christians' lives. 5th, It seems to illustrate the way in which Christianity broke down the barriers heathenism had erected between freemen and slaves—for certain female slaves (*ancillæ*) whom Pliny tortured, are called *ministrae*, that is probably deaconesses, of the Church. 6th, The letter shows the Christians' horror of idolatry, by mentioning (as we learn also from St. Paul, 1 Cor.) that they hesitated to buy in the market the flesh of any beasts which had been slain in sacrifice.

All these lesser points are curious to note, coming forth as

\* Cf. Clinton F. R.

† C. Plinii Cæcillii, Ep. l. 10 ep. 97.

distinctly in the letter of this heathen, while he looks at the Church from without, as in any Christian writings. Certainly the Church, of which Pliny speaks in 104 A.D., is very like that of which we read forty or fifty years previously in the history of the Acts or in St. Paul's letters.

This, however, is not the point to which it is most important to draw attention here. It is more to our present purpose to note the fact, which Pliny mentions in the close of his letter, and which was, indeed, the reason of his writing it,—that Christianity had made so great progress in the province of which he was now appointed governor, that the heathen temples had been deserted, and the sacred rites interrupted, while even the ordinary intercourse of buying and selling in the markets was interrupted by the scruples of Christians—that, indeed, the number of Christians of every age, sex, and rank, was become so great, that Pliny hesitated how to deal with the difficulty, and was forced to seek the Emperor's advice—and all this within four years of the time when we know that St. John was living. The proof of these facts which Pliny's letter gives is confirmed by the answer of Trajan.

Now, would those who deny the Divine origin of Christianity in the present age represent its early progress as involved in deep obscurity? Would they have us suppose that we know nothing of its rise as a matter of certain history—that it was not till a comparatively late period that some floating legends, half romance, and half parable, spun in the brain of Asiatic visionaries, assumed at last a definite form, and came to be mistaken for history, when it was too late to look back and test historically whether or no the things reported had really occurred? The answer to such statements is to be found in the calm investigation of the real history. The correspondence between Pliny and Trajan now cited is one of the most undoubted documents of the Roman history, at a time when the last companion of our Lord's earthly life had scarcely ceased to live and preach. Does a man believe any of the events of the history of either Pliny or Trajan—does he believe, *e.g.*, that Pliny the Younger was the nephew of Pliny the Naturalist—that, as he himself tells us in the 16th and 20th letters of the 6th book of his epistles, writing to his friend the historian Tacitus, he was a youth of eighteen, living on the coast of the bay of Naples at Misenum with his mother, and his uncle the admiral of the fleet, when Mount Vesuvius burst forth in eruption, and that his uncle lost his life in his zeal, first to be a witness of the conflagration, and then to relieve those who were endangered by it? Does he believe that this same Pliny the Younger, in his maturer years, lived on the Lake of Como, and

had his villa there, and did much good to his native town, and was so identified with the neighbourhood that, to the present day, strangers still row over the lake to visit the fountain which Pliny has described? And what doubt is there that Pliny, being governor of Bithynia, almost in St. John's lifetime, found the Christian Church living and spreading there, as he has himself described it, in much the same form in which it now exists amongst ourselves? Does a man believe that there ever was such a person as the Emperor Trajan—that he succeeded to the throne on the death of Nerva, and was himself succeeded by Hadrian—that he carried on wars with the Dacians, and gained great victories over them, which are commemorated on the sculptures of that column which he himself erected at Rome in the Forum, which received his own name (*Forum Ulpium*),\* and that this column is still standing at Rome, 150 feet high, speaking to all who have inspected it, for the last 1700 years, of Trajan and his great achievements, though Pope Sixtus V. took down the Emperor's statue from it, and erected St. Peter's statue in its place? This standing and visible monument of Trajan's existence and his greatness is in no way a surer historical witness than the Emperor's letter to Pliny now cited, which shews that his attempts to suppress Christianity were as real a part of the history of his reign as his contest with the Dacians. Again, does a man believe that the historian Tacitus lived and wrote in Trajan's reign? The evidence for this fact is the very same in kind, and not different in degree, from that which shews that St. John was of the same age. The point, then, in the argument is this—that no one can read the history of those times carefully, looking not to the annals of courts and camps alone, but to the condition of the whole Roman empire, without a conviction forced upon him, that Christianity, the very system in which we now believe, burst upon the nations with so marvellous a power, that an impartial observer can scarcely doubt that it came, as it professes to have come, from heaven.

But, to return to the history, Bithynia, of which Pliny had been appointed governor by Trajan, was like Galatia to the churches of which St. Paul writes, one of those northern provinces of Asia Minor where the inhabitants were of very mixed descent. They were not essentially Asiatics, nor yet pure Greeks, and there were amongst them a great number of Jewish colonists. The province of Galatia, which touches Bithynia on its northern and western boundaries, derived its name from the Gallic or Celtic tribes, who, nearly four hundred years before

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\* Cf. Niebuhr's *Lectures*, vol. ii. lect. 68.

this time had descended upon the south-west of Europe, and passed from Europe into Asia. They overran Bithynia and the neighbouring countries, and settled in those parts.\* From the intermixture of Gallic and Grecian inhabitants, Galatia was called also Gallogræcia. As early as the reign of Augustus, so many Jews had settled in Galatia, that they were of sufficient importance to receive public assurances of protection from the Emperor. These Jews had probably made many proselytes among the earlier inhabitants. St. Paul visited† the country before he first passed over to Greece, and afterwards on a subsequent missionary journey;‡ and, that Christianity had made rapid progress amongst the mixed population of Galatia, but that the faith of the converts was not able to stand in its purity against the false doctrine introduced by Jewish teachers, is proved from St. Paul's language in his epistle. St. Paul had purposed to extend his preaching from Galatia into Bithynia, when he first visited these parts, but had been prevented by the more pressing calls of Greece. The effect, however, of his preaching in the neighbouring country must quickly have spread amongst the kindred population of Bithynia. Fifty years had now passed since St. Paul's visit, and the effect, meanwhile, in this province had been such as Pliny's letter intimates. Heathenism had almost completely gone down before the religion of Christ.

Pliny, it appears, had no intercourse with Christians before he came into the East. His letter gives us to understand that he was quite aware of the proceedings which had been instituted against Christians in Italy, though he had never been called personally to take part in them. Indeed, their name had been brought very prominently forward in Italy in his early childhood. He was four years old when Nero persecuted the Christians with the most inhuman tortures.¶ Pliny, too, had lived through the reign of Domitian, during which there had been accusations of Christianity, and punishments in consequence inflicted, even within the narrow circle of the Emperor's nearest relations.¶ But, though he had heard of these Christians, he knew as yet little of their real character—as little probably as his friend and correspondent the historian Tacitus, who speaks of them as the enemies of mankind. Pliny's days had been given principally to polite literature; nor was his general

\* Cf. Milman's *History of Christianity*, vol. ii. book ii. ch. 6. Olshausen, *Bibl. Com.*, Gal., *Einleit.* sec. 1.

† Acts xvi. 6.

‡ Acts xviii. 23.

¶ Cf. Clinton, *Fast Rom.* A.D. 61.

¶ Cf. the *History of Clemens and Domitilla*, Milman's *History of Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 60.

tone of mind such as was likely to have been attracted by the stern lessons which Christianity was teaching throughout the empire. He was without doubt a benevolent man, anxious to be useful in his generation, employing his large fortune in many acts of public and private beneficence; but these good qualities were much spoiled by his vanity. "The vanity," says Niebuhr, "with which Pliny speaks of his own good qualities and generosity is truly childish."\* Niebuhr says also that he bore a strong resemblance to the Parisian writers of the eighteenth century. Now, the accomplished man of letters, deficient certainly in earnestness, however generally well intentioned and benevolent, was hardly likely to form a true estimate of the depth of those strange feelings which Christianity was now stirring in men's hearts. If that sincere lover of truth, Tacitus, unable to overlook the existence and number of the Christians in this age, had erred so greatly in his estimate of their tenets and character, it was not likely that a man of Pliny's mould could judge of them aright. He had hitherto paid little attention to the rising sect. Now that he was brought into immediate contact with them in the discharge of the duties of his new office, his natural kindness of heart made him anxious if possible to spare them as misguided men: He feels against them none of the bigotry of the superstitious heathen multitude: He has found a difficulty in his province arising from a cause which is quite beyond his ordinary habits of thinking; but he judges of it as an amiable man of the world would naturally judge of religious feelings which he cannot understand. He evidently considers Christianity as one of those common delusions of a diseased fancy which notoriety serves to make contagious, and he has no doubt that, if treated with a wise mixture of firmness and mildness, it will speedily disappear. This is the tone of Pliny's letter.

Trajan's estimate of the rising religion is more important for us to ascertain. His answer to Pliny is too brief to give expression to any very clear view of his sentiments; but, brief as it is, it is of vast historical importance, for an answer of this kind, or rescript, as it would be called, coming from the Emperor had the force of law; and this letter of Trajan, in fact, became henceforward the law by which the magistrates were bound in their treatment of the Christians. It was soon remarked by Christian writers, that this letter or law of Trajan involved a manifest contradiction.† If Christianity in itself implied a crime,

\* Niebuhr's Lectures, vol. ii. lect. 68.

† Niebuhr's Ch. History, Tr. Edin., vol. i. p. 136, and the quotation there

why did the Emperor forbid inquiry to be made for those who were guilty of it? If it were not a crime, why did he command that punishment was to be inflicted upon Christians, when the informers forced them upon the notice of the magistrates? Such an inconsistency was not unlikely to be found in the brief decision of a soldier and able administrator of public business, whose mind could hardly be expected to understand the deep convictions and conscientious rights of souls awakened by God. He regards the matter as a soldier and politician naturally would. He cannot have the empire disturbed by these men's obstinacy; but still, if they can be spared without any mischief to the public service, he is willing that they should remain unmolested.

It will be found that this letter very well illustrates the position which Christianity occupied during all this half century. A change certainly took place in Trajan's time, and in consequence of this very letter. In the earlier period of its history Christianity, while growing silently, had not as yet become in the estimate of the wiser heathen, of sufficient public importance to call for the jealous interference of the Roman authorities. Indeed Gallio, the Governor of Achaia in the Acts, expresses the very general feeling of the educated Romans, as to the new sect when it first appeared among them. They deemed that it was concerned chiefly with questions of names and words, and of the Jewish law, and they refused to be judges of such matters. The persecutions, therefore, to which the first Christian teachers were exposed, were chiefly stirred up by their Jewish countrymen. Occasionally, even in very early times, as when St. Paul came into collision with the worshippers of Diana at Ephesus, the heathen multitude was exasperated against the Christian teachers because they felt their religious prejudices shocked, or their means of livelihood endangered. As time passed, and Christianity made progress, these violent outbreaks of fanatical or interested intolerance became every year more frequent; but still the great body of the educated classes among the Romans looked upon such violence with disgust. The general tone of the upper classes was at this time so decidedly sceptical, that, regarding all popular religions as equally false, they felt no desire forcibly to put down this new intruder. To a Roman of high station, priding himself on his philosophic indifference to what the vulgar prized as religion, the Apostles and their first followers seemed little distinguished from the common herd of fanatics, who could have no lasting influence except over the uneducated. A case might here and there occur of the new opinions creeping into families in the higher classes; and for a time this caused surprise and uneasiness among their friends.

deadly struggle was inevitable, for Christians had something higher and holier within them than Pliny or Trajan dreamed of, and it was not possible so to win them by kindness, or overawe them by severity, as to make them renounce the King whom they knew to be far greater than Cæsar, or join in rites from which He commanded them to abstain.

Mosheim\* is of opinion that it was under this law that Simeon, the son of Cleophas, Bishop of Jerusalem, was crucified, and Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, thrown to the wild beasts. It was within three years of the date of Trajan's answer to Pliny, that Simeon, the successor of James the Just in the Bishopric of Jerusalem, was denounced by certain heretics.† Tradition says that he was pointed out to the authorities, as the grandson of St. Jude had been in Domitian's reign, as sprung from the royal Jewish house.‡ They had been spared under the tyranny of Domitian; he fared very differently under the merciful Trajan. He is called the son of Cleophas, and is said to have been of a very advanced age. If this Cleophas were the same mentioned in the Gospel narrative, or if the age of Simeon were really as great as is related, then we must agree with the historian that it is reasonable to regard this venerable Bishop as an actual witness with St. John (whom he outlived by six or seven years) of the works of Christ, and a companion of the Apostles. The point, however, for our present consideration, is not his age or position with reference to the Apostles, but that such a man was cruelly put to death within a few years after Trajan's rescript. The name of the governor under whom he suffered is specified by Eusebius, who tells us also of the many protracted torments he endured, and his great constancy till he ended his sufferings on the cross. The kind of death by which a convicted Christian was in each instance to be punished, Mosheim remarks was left by the legislator to the discretion of the judge. The change produced, says Neander,|| by the rescript of Trajan, was this—Christianity, which hitherto had tacitly passed for an unlawful religion, was now condemned as such by an express law.

Trajan reigned twenty years, and it is the eighteenth year of his reign that is most famous in the annals of martyrdom.§ The death of Simeon of Jerusalem may have been a local act of violence, but Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was tried before the emperor himself. The whole of the East was now in an unsettled state. Trajan's attention was fixed on the East by the

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\* Hist. Eccles. Sæcl. ii. P. i. ch. ii. sec. 9.

† Clinton, F.R., A.D. 107.

‡ Euseb. E. H., iii. 32.

|| Eccl. Hist., Tr. Edin., vol. i. p. 137.

§ See Milman's History of Christianity, vol. ii. p. 150.

wars in which he engaged. The great colonies of Jews spread through these countries were too important an element to be overlooked in the contest which he was now waging with the Parthians. Jewish insurrections threatened in many places, in some they actually broke out with violence; and in the reign of Trajan's successor, there was a general rising of the oppressed people all through the empire. Trajan was now himself personally present at Antioch, the town in which the Christian Church first devoted itself to the conversion of the Gentiles. Being firmly convinced that the state of the East required at this time a very vigorous government, and that all symptoms of disaffection must be watched, he could not but be struck with the great influence of the Christian community, and its determined opposition to the old Roman institutions.

The history of Ignatius's trial seems well to illustrate the position of affairs. Trajan had secured his victories over the nations on the Danube, and was now, we have said, on his way to attack the Parthians. In the month of January or February of A.D. 115, the city of Antioch was visited by a terrific earthquake. It was probably in the early part of February that Ignatius was brought before Trajan.\* The emperor, says Milman, is represented as kindling to anger at the disparagement of those gods on whose protection he depended in the coming war.† "What," he exclaims, addressing the accused, "is our religion to be treated as senseless? Are the gods, on whose alliance we rely against our enemies, to be turned to scorn?" It is not improbable that on this, as on so many other occasions, the recent earthquake had been supposed to indicate the anger of the gods, because the Christians were allowed with impunity to slight or insult their worship. Certainly the Bishop of Antioch was ordered to be executed by the command of Trajan himself; and, that the whole empire, as it were, might be witness to the Emperor's zeal, the old man was not to be slain in his own city, but was ordered to be conducted to Rome, that he might there be torn to pieces in the amphitheatre. The severity of the whole proceeding seems to shew that Trajan's fear or indignation was now fully roused. He may not have been guilty of the many persecutions with which the exaggerating spirit of the sufferers has revenged itself by loading his memory; but still we can hardly suppose that Ignatius's death, with all the circumstances of its extreme severity, was the only instance in which the Emperor followed out the injunctions of

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\* *Acta Ignatii. Patres Apostolici* (Jacobson.) Oxford. Cf. *Clinton Fasti Romani*, A.D. 115.

† *History of Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 150.

his own rescript. Christianity had now certainly become a very formidable power: Trajan felt and feared its influence. But it is to be noticed, that the very steps which he took in this case of Ignatius to strike terror by the severity of the example, have secured for all ages abundant historical evidence proving how widely and how early Christianity had spread, and how nobly it fortified the hearts of those whom God strengthened to suffer for it.

Ignatius, who outlived St. John at the most by fifteen years, was his disciple and friend. He had not indeed seen Christ in the flesh, but had been brought up with the Apostles. Conducted from Antioch to Rome by slow journeys, he found Christian Churches at all the principal places where he stopped. His undisputed letters are quite sufficient to remind us how deeply rooted and far extended was Christianity, and how its Churches were organized through all countries. At Smyrna he had an affecting interview with Polycarp, who, though much younger, had sat with him at St. John's feet, and who, as we have said, lived fifty years longer to proclaim the truth, they had together learned from the Apostles before he followed his friend at last in the same path of martyrdom. We seem then to be here actually moving in the Apostles' age. Let a man study the history and the remains of this period carefully: What we read of St. John and his two disciples, and of Simeon the son of Cleophas, shews how near we are in all this history to the first origin of Christianity, while Pliny by his writings, and Trajan both by his writings and his acts, have secured that we shall not be left in ignorance, as to this first half of the second century, how widely the Church had already spread through the civilized world—how formidable it had become to the greatest earthly powers—how little it had ever received of any human support or encouragement, and how similar were its worship, doctrines, and government to what it has upheld ever since.

Hadrian succeeded his kinsman, Trajan, A.D. 117. He had been above twenty years of age at the beginning of the last reign, and was about forty-one when he himself became emperor. In Hadrian, therefore, as well as in his predecessor, we have a man who had lived a considerable portion of his life in the later times at least of the apostolic age. Jerusalem indeed was taken and destroyed six years before Hadrian was born, but this had only served to spread the Jews, and the Christians also, more widely through the Roman empire. Hadrian, when he became emperor, must have been quite aware of the existence and pretensions of the rising sect. It will be well now to examine the occasions

on which history tells us that he, like Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, was brought into immediate contact with Christianity.

Hadrian's is a very mixed character. A man of great capacity, energy, and versatility of talent, he was strangely capricious. Gibbon\* has said of him,—“His vast and active genius was equally suited to the most enlarged views and the minute details of civil policy. But the ruling passions of his soul were curiosity and vanity. As they prevailed and as they were attracted by different objects, Hadrian was by turns an excellent prince, a ridiculous sophist, and a jealous tyrant.” There is no doubt that on the whole his reign bore signs to shew that the chief power was in his hands wisely administered. He was usually just in his dealings with his subjects. He was very solicitous to promote the interests of the whole empire, and was the author of much valuable legislation. Unscrupulous in shedding blood at times when his bad passions got the better of him, he was still usually kind and humane. Yet at the close of his life when his health failed, and when threatened with consumption and dropsy, he began to brood bitterly on the impossibility of any longer following his former active employments, then he shut himself up a prey to hopeless discontent. Harsh to all about him, and disgusted with himself, he would in his retirement have committed suicide, had he not been prevented by his adopted son and successor, who afterwards, on his death, persuaded the outraged senate to allow him the accustomed honours, by urging that in his latter years he had been scarcely in his right mind.

No doubt Hadrian's is a strange character, but still it is not very difficult to comprehend. With great pretensions to be a philosopher he had no self-restraint. His licentiousness was disgraceful, tried even by the heathen standard, and when he gave way to it, so little did he regard propriety that he outraged the feelings of the whole civilized world by raising temples to the memory of Antinous, and commanding that the miserable partner of his degraded pleasures should be worshipped as a god. It seems to have probably been from the most unjustifiable cause, that, against the advice of all his well-wishers, attracted by mere personal beauty, he adopted an unworthy profligate, Aelius Verus, as his successor, and would have sacrificed the future welfare of the empire to this whim or passion, had not death providentially removed the object of his capricious attachment. Thus, pretending to be a philosopher, Hadrian was wanting in the very first requisite of the philosophic character. He was at times like a madman in his want of all self-control, while enslaved to his unworthy and fickle passions : When the fit left him he seemed

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\* Decline and Fall, ch. iii.

to return to a better mind : It is said that in the presence of childhood and innocence his bad nature was, as it were, exorcised.\* He had a pure and deep affection for Marcus Aurelius, when the boy was not more than six years old. "His bad and sinful habits," says Niebuhr, "left him in the moments when he looked upon that innocent child." Hence also, when death deprived him of the unworthy favourite whom he had before selected as his successor, now restored to his better self, he fixed his choice upon the most virtuous citizen of Rome. In fact, like a thousand other characters, he knew what was right and approved of it, and was glad to do it, when he was not hurried away by some strong excitement of his passions.

The point in his philosophical character on which he probably most prided himself was his love of investigation. There was almost no part of the empire which he did not visit. There was nothing in it anywhere worthy of note which he did not seek to examine with his own eyes. He mounted the pyramids of Egypt, and looked into the crater of Mount Etna, and was initiated into the most secret of the ineffable mysteries of heathenism. But when we consider his proceedings calmly, we are constrained to pronounce that he was actuated far more by a restless love of novelty than any pure love of truth.

He certainly had great ideas of benefiting the empire. He adorned it far and wide with innumerable buildings, many of which remain to this day. The very fact of his travelling so incessantly throughout the length and breadth of it must have given him an acquaintance with the habits and wants of every class of his subjects, such as very few princes can attain. He visited Gaul, Germany, Britain, Spain, Africa, Egypt, Asia, the islands of the Egean, Greece ; and was stationary in any one place only for a very short time of his whole reign, which lasted for twenty-one years. His life during these years was in fact one perpetual investigation of the state of his empire in all its parts. And his journeys were marked not only by the inscriptions of the coins which he issued in the different stations where he halted, or by the magnificent public works which he caused to be executed, but also by his salutary edicts for the good administration of each department of the state. In all this there was much real philanthropy and much of a true sense of the responsibility attaching to the great charge which providence had committed to him : But he exhibits also at every turn evident symptoms of a strange restless vanity. Almost morbidly active, he seems to have felt a keen pleasure in the applause which his activity and magnificence were sure to receive. We must decide with Gibbon

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\* Niebuhr's *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 277.

that vanity was certainly one of the most strongly developed features of his character. Hence his unworthy envy against any one who seemed likely to eclipse him in the popular estimation, which led him to put to death the architect, Apollodorus, who had the rashness to criticise his buildings.

Now, it will be obvious that a man like Hadrian is not very likely to have been attracted by the self-denying religion of Christ, or to have yearned with any really deep feeling for that insight into spiritual truths which was offered by Christianity alone of all the religious systems he surveyed. We should naturally expect that he would have opportunity in the course of his travels of knowing what this new religion was, and also that he would probably turn from it without any conviction of its divine claims. This opportunity was formally and deliberately afforded him in the ninth year of his reign.

Hadrian had been stationary at Athens from the month of October A.D. 124.\* He engaged in the investigation of the Eleusinian mysteries, and was admitted amongst the initiated. It was during this time that in the year 125 his attention was solemnly called to the examination of Christianity by Quadratus and Aristides, who presented to him written defences of their religion. Of the latter of these two writers we know very little. He is said to have been a philosopher of great eloquence, and was probably one of those inquiring spirits, who, like Justin Martyr, had been converted to Christianity through an ardent but unsatisfactory search for truth in human systems. Quadratus is called a disciple of the apostles. In the fragment of his address to the emperor which Eusebius† has preserved, he states that persons who had been the subjects of our Lord's miracles, having been cured by Him of diseases or raised from the dead, had survived even to his time. Into such close connexion does this incident in Hadrian's life bring us with the age of the Apostles. The works of both of these defenders of Christianity were extant in the fourth century.‡ The historian who records this fact tells us that he himself possessed a copy of the defence of Quadratus.

We have no exact means of knowing how the Emperor received these attempts to enlist his sympathy in the cause of truth. But it is certain that he was upon the whole humanely disposed towards the Christians. Persecution was breaking out at this time with violence, the natural result of the circumstances of the times.§ Serrenius Granianus, governor of the province of Asia, had found the same difficulties which caused Pliny twenty years earlier to have recourse to Trajan.|| He

\* *Vide* Clinton F. R. A.D. 125, with the quotations there given.

† Euseb. H. E., i. iv. c. iii.

‡ Euseb., *ut supra*.

§ *Vide* Neander, E. H., Tr. Edin., vol. i. p. 138.

|| Euseb. H. E., iv. 8, 9.

wrote to the Emperor respecting the injustice to which Christians were exposed, when dragged before the judgment-seats without any distinct crime laid to their charge; and he shewed how their lives were often sacrificed by the weakness of the Magistrates, who did not venture to resist the clamour of the multitude. Hadrian, in consequence, dispatched a letter or imperial rescript to Minucius Fundanus, who had succeeded Serrenius in the province.

This rescript has come down to us. It must be granted that its wording is somewhat vague, and its meaning therefore uncertain. The magistrate is enjoined not to punish Christians unless they be found to have violated the laws; but it does not appear whether he is to consider the very fact of the acknowledgment of Christianity as a violation of law. The rescript of Hadrian's predecessor had, we have seen, certainly decided that the deliberate profession of Christianity was an offence deserving punishment. The chief point in this rescript of Hadrian is its proof of a desire on the part of the Emperor to save Christians, if he can, from unjust violence—to put an end to such persecutions as were the result of popular clamour—and to recall the magistrates to the necessity of following a strictly legal course in the trial of each case. The last sentence also is doubtless intended to check fanatical or interested accusers, by denouncing summary vengeance on all who should make charges which they could not substantiate. We are told that, in after times, there were magistrates who took advantage of Hadrian's rescript to procure the acquittal of Christians.\*

Hadrian then, like the other Emperors we have mentioned, had his attention distinctly directed to the Christian body. He had been formally requested to investigate Christian doctrine, and he was so far interested in the fate of its professors that his sense of justice revolted against the violence to which they were exposed. He was, however, induced to stand their friend merely by his common feelings of humanity, not by any strong interest in the truths which the Christians believed. Another document exists which shews that in truth he regarded them with the indifference of the sneering sceptic. In the course of his travels he had, we have seen, visited Egypt, and a letter is extant written to the Consul Servianus,† in which he describes the religious state of that country.

The city of Alexandria, being a great centre of commerce, was naturally at this time the residence of persons of many dif-

\* Tertullian ad Scapulam, c. 5, quoted by Neander, vol. i. p. 139.

† Preserved in Flavius Vopiscus-Salurninus, in the *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ*. It is given by Milman. *History of Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 156; and Neander, Tr. Edin., vol. i. p. 140.

ferent races. In such a town there was sure to be a great variety of religious sects. Multitudes of Jews had long been settled there, and there were now many Christians in the town, as well as representatives also of most of the several heathen religions. Hadrian speaks of them all with the sarcastic indifference common amongst the educated Romans, who in that age so commonly mistook a shallow scepticism for philosophic impartiality. "I have now become acquainted," he writes, "with that Egypt which you praise so highly. I have found the people vain, fickle, and shifting with every breath of popular rumour. Those who worship Serapis are Christians, and those who call themselves Christian Bishops are worshippers of Serapis. There is no ruler of a Jewish Synagogue, no Samaritan, no Christian Bishop, who is not an interpreter of prodigies and an anointer. The Patriarch (of the Jews) himself, when he comes to Egypt, is compelled by one party to worship Serapis, by another, Christ. . . . They have but one God, (who is none;) him Christians, Jews, and Gentiles worship alike."

It may be difficult to decide what the exact meaning of this last sentence is—whether the Emperor means to say, that in truth all the disciples of the various religious sects in Alexandria worshipped no God at all but their own gain—or whether he is pointing in the last as in the earlier sentences to that strange compromise by which the higher classes in Alexandria, affecting great philosophic enlightenment, endeavoured to represent all religions as merely different forms of one system, which was essentially the same, all worshipping one God under different names. Alexandria was certainly celebrated in after times, for attempts thus to reconcile the Christian with the heathen systems, on some such basis of science falsely so called; and Hadrian may have been right in saying that there were Christians in his time in Alexandria, who thus adulterated Christianity. We cannot decide how far his letter notes what was certainly a real fact, that the simplicity of the gospel was in danger thus early of becoming corrupted by a compromise with heathenism. The passage is valuable for our present purpose, as showing not what Alexandrian Christianity was, but the tone in which Hadrian spoke of it and of the other religions he surveyed. His character was wanting in seriousness, without which no true religion can be understood. Christianity was, without doubt, brought distinctly under his attention. He found traces of it everywhere as he moved through his Empire; and he was disposed to act in a kindly spirit towards its professors, but he had not the heart to be affected by it. His lines addressed to his soul in the prospect of death, are well known.

They show a very different state of feeling from that earnest assurance of immortality which sustained Christians. His spirit, indeed, was hardly earnest enough to appreciate the hopes of a real immortality.

But it is not only with reference to his own personal intercourse with Christians, or his observation of them, that the reign of Hadrian deserves to be noted in the history of the Church. One of the greatest political events of his reign produced important consequences to Christianity.

Almost at the very time when Hadrian wrote the letter to Ser-  
vianus, and spoke in such disparaging terms of the Christians at Alexandria, as disposed to fraternize at one time with the worshippers of Serapis, at another with the Jews, their brethren in Judæa were exposed to severe persecutions from the zealots of the old religion. It was in 135 A.D., that the great Jewish revolt against the Romans was quelled, and Hadrian is said to have passed through Syria on his way from Alexandria, and to have attended the sale of the Jewish captives who were doomed to slavery at the end of this war.\* We are told that there was a great fair, and that it was under the very shadow of those terebinth trees of Mamre, which tradition rejoiced to honour as having once sheltered the tent of Abraham, that their heathen conquerors now held an auction to dispose of the remnant of his ill-fated descendants. The Jewish revolt ended by the capture of the town of Bither or Bether, after having raged with the utmost violence, in Judæa, for three years and a half.† The fall of this place is said to have been attended with the most dreadful slaughter, and the Rabbinical traditions exhaust every image of horror in describing how the sacred country was now reduced to a howling wilderness. The Romans were now resolved so to subjugate this troublesome race, that there might be no more cause to fear their insubordination. It is recorded that 580,000 Jews were slain by the sword, in this war, besides the victims of famine, pestilence, and other disasters. It was the harshness of Hadrian that had goaded the people into this rebellion; and he now returned from Alexandria through Syria to be a witness of their humiliation.

We have mentioned, that at the close of the reign of his predecessor, many uneasy symptoms of this approaching revolt were observed throughout the whole East. Hadrian, indeed, succeeded to a troubled throne.‡ The Jews, from their having many flourishing colonies in Africa and Cyprus, as well as to the

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\* Milman's *History of the Jews*, vol. iii. p. 124.

† Clinton F. R. Ann. 135.

‡ Clinton F. R. Ann. 117.

east of the Euphrates, and from their having found their way, without regular colonies, in large numbers, into almost every city of the empire, were still a very formidable race, notwithstanding the miseries they had suffered in the last century when their city was destroyed by Titus. And they were not disposed to endure patiently the state of degradation in which their conquerors wished to hold them. There had been, before Trajan's death, a violent outbreak of the thousands of Jews settled in Egypt, and the Roman generals had been, for a time, appalled before the fury of the insurgents. The Jews had risen also in great numbers in the island of Cyprus, and had massacred, it is said, nearly a quarter of a million of the other inhabitants.\* Hadrian, before he succeeded to the empire, had been employed to quell the insurrection in this quarter, and to expel the dangerous race altogether from the island. The very year before the death of Trajan, there had also been great disturbances raised by the Jews on the Euphrates. When, therefore, Hadrian became emperor, warned by his own experience in Cyprus, of the danger which must always threaten the Roman sway, till the spirit of this unquiet people was more thoroughly broken, he applied himself with great severity to the task of utterly annihilating their nationality. He issued edicts, forbidding the rite of circumcision, the reading of the Law, and the observance of the Sabbath;† and that he might quench for ever all their hopes of the restoration of the holy kingdom, he determined to build a Roman city on the ruins of Jerusalem, and erect a temple of Jupiter on Mount Zion.

It was this insult above all others which lashed the people into madness. Their desperate fanaticism was ready to brave any odds against their hated oppressors, and they only delayed to burst forth into open war, while they looked about for some chief to direct them. While their minds were in this state, a pretender appeared, who announced himself as the long expected Messiah. The deluded race, who a hundred years before had chosen Barabbas instead of Jesus, now ranged themselves eagerly under the banner of a robber, who announced himself as Barchobeb, the son of a star, whose very name seemed to them the fulfilment of ancient prophecy.‡

It was not till the 15th year of Hadrian's reign (A.D. 131) that the war in Judea openly burst out. But the Romans, notwithstanding all warnings of the coming storm, seem to have been but ill-prepared when the emergency actually arrived.

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\* Milman's History of the Jews, vol. iii. p. 112.

† *Ibid.* p. 114.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 118.

Everywhere throughout the land the insurgents had possessed themselves secretly of places of strength, where they collected arms and concealed themselves from their oppressors. Thousands of fugitives from the various suppressed rebellions in Egypt, Cyprus, and Mesopotamia, had no doubt gathered, unobserved, into the secret fastnesses of the Holy Land; and, when Barchobeb raised his standard, he found himself at the head of a large army. He marched upon Jerusalem, and appears to have overthrown the new city of *Ælia*,\* which Hadrian had erected upon the ruins of the ancient town. The Roman Præfect bent before the storm. The whole Jewish race looked to the pretender as their promised deliverer, and aid poured in upon him from every quarter of the world. It was with boundless exultation that the Jews saw the banner of the Messiah waving over their ancient home, and heard him proclaimed king upon the holy hill amidst the homage of adoring thousands.

But in the midst of all this national excitement, the Christian Jews refused to place any confidence in this man of blood.† They knew that the Messiah had long since come and been rejected by his countrymen—that His kingdom was not to be established by violence, and that whatever temporary success might attend the present outbreak, it must fail at last, since the sceptre was in truth departed from Judah. No wonder, therefore, that history should tell us how Barchobeb exercised the greatest cruelty towards the Christians. It was their hard fate, that, while the heathens and the Jews contended with one another, they agreed in one point, that the Christians deserved punishment. And thus, the temporary triumph of their Jewish countrymen in Hadrian's reign was for the Christians a time of great trial. Their sufferings, however, did not last long. The emperor, alarmed at the threatening aspect of affairs, deemed it high time to summon his best general from a distant province, and after a desperate resistance this formidable rebellion was quelled.

And now came the time of vengeance: the Roman city with its hated temple was restored, bearing the name of *Ælia*, in honour of the emperor, (*Ælius Hadrianus*), and that of *Capitolina*, to shew that it was dedicated to the Jupiter of the Roman Capitol;‡ the image of a swine was erected over the gate leading to Bethlehem, as if at once to insult and scare away the remnant of the old inhabitants; and all Jews were prohibited from approaching their ancient home under pain of death.

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\* Clinton, F. R. Ann. 131.

† Euseb. H. E., l. iv. c. vi., calls Barchobeb—*βασιλεὺς καὶ λεγεωνικός τις ἀνὴρ*.

‡ Milman's History of the Jews, vol. iii. p. 125.

These severe measures of vengeance against the Jews produced an important change in the circumstances of the Christian Church in Palestine. From the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus in the last century, the Jewish Christian Church of Jerusalem, consisting of disciples who followed, as far as they could, the ancient law of Moses, had been settled at the adjacent town of Pella,\* and their see had been presided over by fifteen Bishops in succession all of the pure Jewish race.† The atrocities of this last war seem to have made an irreparable breach between the Jew and the Christian. The community of Christians of pure Jewish descent now abandoned the observance of the Law, elected Marcus, a Gentile, to be their bishop, and returned to establish their Church in the new Gentile city at Jerusalem. Henceforward the Judaizing section of their body, who refused to abandon the Law and unite themselves with the Gentiles, were regarded as schismatics; and the breach between these two sections of the Christians became gradually wider, till these Judaizers, from schismatics, were soon regarded as altogether heretical. They continued for a time, under the name of Ebionites, to maintain themselves distinct both from the Church and from Judaism; and it was not till the fourth century that they were absorbed into the great mass either of the Christians on the one hand, or on the other of their Jewish brethren. The close then of this great struggle in the reign of Hadrian, is remarkable in the history of Christianity, as having destroyed the peculiar Jewish character of the ancient mother Church at Jerusalem. The persecution of the Christians by Barchobeb, and the re-establishment of the Church in Jerusalem under a Gentile Bishop, are as undoubted facts in the regular history of Hadrian's reign, as the erection of any of his great architectural structures—his journeys from place to place throughout his dominions—the constitutional changes which he accomplished in the machinery of government, or the edicts by which he guided the procedure of future emperors.

The reign of Antoninus Pius, who succeeded Hadrian in 138 A.D., is almost a blank.‡ It is a common remark that the happiest reigns are often those which afford fewest materials for history. But whatever were the events of the twenty-three years of Antoninus Pius, we have no good historical account of them. There is, however, no doubt as to the excellence of the

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\* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. ii. ch. xv. p. 277. London, 1820.

† Euseb. H. E., i. iv. c. v.

‡ *Vide* Niebuhr's *Lectures*. Lecture lxx. p. 275. Niebuhr points out that the 60th book of Dion Cassius, which treated of this period, was early lost.

Emperor's character, and he seems to have treated the Christians with the same mildness as his predecessor. "During a reign," says Milman,\* "in which human life assumed a value and a sanctity before unknown, in which the hallowed person of a senator was not once violated even by the stern hand of justice, under an Emperor who professed and practised the maxim of Scipio, that he had rather save the life of a single citizen than cause the death of a thousand enemies, who considered the subjects of the Empire as one family, of which himself was the parent, even religious zeal would be rebuked and overawed; and the provincial governments, which too often reflected the fierce passions and violent barbarities of the throne, would now in turn image back the calm and placid serenity of the imperial tribunal."

The quiet habits of Antoninus Pius offer a marked contrast to the restlessness of his predecessor; but it was not necessary that he should travel through his extensive dominions to become aware of the important position now everywhere assumed by the Christian church. There had been from the very first a flourishing community of disciples in Rome itself, which could not now escape the observation of the Emperor. It was probably in the year 151 that Justin Martyr wrote his first defence of Christianity addressed to Antoninus Pius; and we cannot suppose that so mild and just a prince refused to listen when solemnly invoked. The name of the Emperor stands in the dedication of this venerable work of Justin, and has thus been associated ever since in the minds of Christians, with one of the earliest and most valuable remains of the age which followed immediately after the death of the apostles. We cannot say with any distinctness what effect this Apology produced upon the Emperor's mind; but there is no doubt that he issued rescripts forbidding the persecution of Christians.† Various public calamities had, it appears, occurred, a famine, an inundation of the Tiber, earthquakes in Asia Minor and in the Island of Rhodes, and fires in several places. These, as usual, were regarded by the fanatical multitude as symptoms of the anger of the gods, and cries were raised demanding the blood of Christians. The Emperor wrote to various states in Greece, and to the Greeks generally, strictly forbidding any violent proceedings.

Antoninus Pius died in August 161, A.D., and this brings us back to the beginning of the period which we first examined,

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*History of Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 157.

*Journal of E. H.*, Tr. Edin. vol. i. p. 141.

the reign of the second Antonine. It has been now shewn that the greatness to which the Christian church was found to have risen in that reign, and which made it then feared and detested by the votaries of heathenism as a formidable rival, threatening the very existence of the false religion they upheld,—to check which both prince and people engaged in a course of inhuman persecution—was not the growth of the latter part of the second century. He then who would learn how the church grew, is driven back of necessity to the history and preaching of the apostles. It is in the period of their lifetime alone that the causes are to be found working to which it owed its greatness; and when an impartial reasoner examines these causes, he will soon be driven to confess that they are of such a nature as proclaim the Christian religion to have come direct from heaven.

It may be noted, in conclusion, that the first half of the second century produced some very important Christian writers. Hegesippus, the historian of the church, flourished in the reign of Antoninus Pius. His works have perished, but he supplied abundant materials, of which we have the use in the works of others.\* Eusebius states, that much of the early part of his own history rests on his authority. Two works of this period have come down to us entire; the Shepherd of Hermas, and the First Apology of Justin Martyr, (for his Second Apology, and his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew, were written later in his life.)† This first Apology well illustrates how completely the Christianity of those early days was the very same system of doctrine based on the facts of our Lord's history, on which Christians have rested their hopes of salvation ever since. Whoever takes the trouble to read this defence of Justin, will find it full of explicit statements to this effect.

Justin in this Apology professes his belief in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, who, being the eternal Word of God, was made man for our sakes,‡—whose coming to earth had been foretold by Isaiah, and David, and all the prophets,||—whose birth was announced to his virgin mother by an angel of God, when he was conceived in her of the Holy Ghost,—who was born in Bethlehem—suffered under Pontius Pilate and was crucified,—who rose again from the dead on the third day—conversed after his resurrection with his disciples—commanded

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\* Euseb. H. E., l. iv. c. 8.

† C. 5.

‡ Cf. Clinton, F. R. Ann. 151.

|| C. 32, 38, 42, 54.

them to preach the gospel to all nations—and then went up into heaven,—whose teaching of a wonderfully pure morality, Justin quotes at length from the Sermon on the Mount, and who, he says, uttered many prophecies which were being fulfilled before men's eyes in those days, and which were a guarantee that he who spoke them came from God—who will finally take vengeance on all spirits of evil. Justin also continually declares his belief in the Holy Spirit—he tells how all the faithful of the church, however they may have hated one another in their unconverted state, are united in a communion or fellowship of holy love, and deeds of charity and prayer,—he speaks often of the promises of forgiveness of sins in Jesus Christ, and declares his hope of a blessed resurrection\* in the body to a life everlasting.

Thus Justin almost goes through and amplifies what we call the Apostles' Creed. The Christianity which was handed on from the age of St. John and that of his immediate successors—which boldly demanded in this Apology that the Roman Emperor, and Senate, and the whole people,† should investigate its claims—which we find thus early spread through every quarter of the vast Roman Empire, in spite of all the efforts of Jews and heathens to oppose it—was certainly in all essential points of its worship, doctrine, and rules of practice, the very same by which we hold fast to the present hour.

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\* C. 18.

† Cf. beginning of the Apology, c. i.

- ART. V.—1. *Henry Pestalozzi, and his Plan of Education; being an Account of his Life and Writings.* By E. BIBER, Ph. D. London, 1831.
2. *Language as a means of Mental Culture and International Communication; or a Manual of the Teacher and the Learner of Languages.* By C. MARCEL, Knt. Leg. Hon., French Consul. 2 vols. London, 1853.
3. *Education Reform, &c.* By THOMAS WYSE, Esq., M.P. London, 1836.
4. *Principles of Elementary Teaching, &c.* By JAMES PILLANS, F.R.S.E. London, 1828.
5. *Rudimentary Art-Instruction—Free-Hand Outline.* Part I. By JOHN BELL, Sculptor. London, 1852.

THERE cannot fail to be a relationship between the successive systems of education, and the successive social states with which they have co-existed. Having a common origin in the national mind, the institutions of each epoch, whatever be their special functions, must have a family likeness. It was natural when men received their creed and its interpretations from an infallible authority deigning no explanations, that the teaching of children should be purely dogmatic. Whilst “believe and ask no questions” was the maxim of the Church, it was fitly the maxim of the school. Conversely, now that Protestantism has established for adults a right of private judgment—has introduced the practice of appealing to reason—we may comprehend the change that has made the instruction of the young a process of explanation addressed to the understanding. Along with political despotism, stern in its commands, ruling by force of terror, visiting trifling crimes with death, and implacable in its vengeance on the disloyal, there necessarily grew up an academic discipline similarly harsh—a discipline of multiplied injunctions and blows for every breach of them—a discipline of unlimited autocracy upheld by rods, and ferules, and the black-hole. On the other hand, the increase of political liberty, the abolition of laws restricting individual action, and the amelioration of the criminal code, have been accompanied by a kindred progress towards non-coercive education; the pupil is hampered by fewer restraints, and other means than punishments are used to govern him. In those ascetic days when men, acting on the greatest misery principle, held that the more gratifications they denied themselves, the more virtuous they were, it was to be expected that they should regard that as the best education which most

thwarted the desires of their children, and cut short all spontaneous activity with—"You mustn't do so." Whilst, on the contrary, now that happiness is coming to be considered a legitimate aim—now that hours of labour are being shortened and popular recreations provided, parents and teachers are beginning to see that most childish desires may rightly be gratified, that childish sports should be encouraged, and that the tendencies of the growing mind are not altogether so diabolical as was supposed. The age in which mankind thought that trades must be established by bounties and prohibitions, that manufacturers needed their materials, and qualities, and prices to be prescribed, and that the value of money could be determined by law, was an age which unavoidably cherished the notions that a child's mind could be made to order, that all its powers were to be imparted by the schoolmaster, that it was a receptacle into which knowledge was to be put and there built up after its teacher's ideal. In this free-trade era, however, when we are learning that there is much more self-regulation in things than was supposed; that labour, and commerce, and agriculture, and navigation can do better without management than with it; that national governments, to be efficient, must be evolved from within and not imposed from without; we are also beginning to see that there is a natural process of mental evolution which is not to be disturbed without injury; that we may not force on the unfolding mind our artificial forms; but that Psychology also, discloses to us a law of supply and demand, to which, if we would not do harm, we must conform. Thus alike in its oracular dogmatism, in its harsh discipline, in its multiplied restrictions, in its professed asceticism, and in its faith in the devices of men, the old educational regime was akin to the social systems with which it was contemporaneous; and similarly, in the converse of these characteristics our modern modes of culture correspond to our more liberal religious and political institutions.

But there remain further parallelisms to which we have not yet adverted: that, namely, between the processes by which these respective changes have been wrought out, and that between the several states of heterogeneous opinion to which they have led. Some centuries ago there was uniformity of belief—religious, political, and educational. All men were Romanists, all were Monarchists, all were disciples of Aristotle, and no one thought of calling in question that grammar-school routine under which all were brought up. The same agency has in each case replaced this uniformity by a constantly increasing diversity. That tendency towards assertion of the individuality, which after contributing to produce the great Protestant move-

ment, has since gone on to produce an ever increasing number of sects—that tendency which initiated political parties, and out of the two primary ones has, in these modern days, evolved a multiplicity to which every year adds—that tendency which led to the Baconian rebellion against the schools, and has since originated here and abroad sundry new systems of thought—is a tendency which, in education also, has caused division and the multiplication of methods. As external consequences of the same internal change, these processes have necessarily been more or less simultaneous. The decline of authority, whether papal, philosophic, kingly, or tutorial, is essentially one phenomenon; in each of its aspects a leaning towards free action is seen alike in the working out of the change itself, and in the new forms of theory and practice to which the change has given birth.

Whilst many will regret this multiplication of schemes of juvenile culture, the catholic observer will discern in it an efficient means of ensuring the ultimate evolution of a rational system. Whatever may be thought of theological dissent, it is clear that dissent in education practically results in facilitating inquiry by the division of labour. Were we in possession of the true method, divergence from it would, of course, be prejudicial; but the true method having to be found, the efforts of numerous independent seekers carrying out their researches in different directions, constitute a better agency for finding it than any that could be devised. Each of them struck by some new thought which probably contains more or less of basis in facts—each of them zealous on behalf of his plan, fertile in expedients to test its correctness, and untiring in his efforts to make known its success—each of them merciless in his criticism, on the rest—there cannot fail, by composition of forces, to be a gradual approximation of all towards the right course. Whatever portion of the normal method any one of them has discovered, must, by the constant exhibition of its results, force itself into adoption; whatever wrong practices he has joined with it must, by repeated experiment and failure, be exploded; and by this aggregation of truths and elimination of errors, there must eventually be developed and established a correct and complete body of doctrine. Of the three phases through which human opinion passes—the unanimity of the ignorant, the disagreement of the inquiring, and the unanimity of the wise—it is manifest that the second is the parent of the third. They are not sequences in time only; they are sequences in causation. However impatiently, therefore, we may witness the present conflict of educational systems, and however much we may regret its accompanying evils, we must recognise it as a

transition stage needful to be passed through, and beneficent in its ultimate effects.

Meanwhile may we not advantageously take stock of our progress? After fifty years of discussion, experiment, and comparison of results, may we not expect a few steps towards the goal to be already made good? Some old methods must by this time have fallen out of use; some new ones must have become established; and many others must be in process of general abandonment or adoption. Probably we may see in these various changes when put side by side, similar characteristics—may find in them a common tendency; and so, by inference, may get a clue to the direction in which experience is leading us, and gather hints how we may achieve yet further improvement. Let us then, as a preliminary to a deeper consideration of the matter, glance at the leading contrasts between the education of the past and of the present.

The suppression of every error is commonly followed by a temporary ascendancy of the contrary one; and so it happened, that after the ages when physical development alone was aimed at, there came an age when culture of the mind was the sole solicitude—when children had lesson-books put before them at between two and three years old—when school-hours were protracted, and the getting of knowledge was thought the one thing needful. As, further, it commonly happens, that after one of these reactions the next advance is achieved by co-ordinating the antagonist errors, and perceiving that they are opposite sides of one truth; so we are now coming to the conviction that body and mind must both be cared for, and the whole being unfolded. The forcing system has been more or less abandoned, and precocity is discouraged. People are beginning to see that the first requisite to success in life, is to be a good animal. The best brain is found of little service, if there be not enough vital energy to work it; and hence, to obtain the one by sacrificing the source of the other, is now considered a folly—a folly which the eventual failure of juvenile prodigies constantly illustrates. Thus we are beginning to appreciate the saying, that one secret in education is “to know how wisely to lose time.”

The once universal practice of learning by rote, is daily falling more into discredit. All modern authorities condemn the old mechanical way of teaching the alphabet. The multiplication table is now frequently taught experimentally. In the acquirement of languages, the grammar-school plan is being superseded by plans based on the spontaneous process followed by the child in gaining its mother tongue. Describing the methods there used, the “Reports on the Training School at Battersea” say:—“The instruction in the whole preparatory

course is chiefly oral, and is illustrated as much as possible by appeals to nature." And so throughout. The rote-system, like other systems of its age, made more of the forms and symbols than of the things symbolized. To repeat the words correctly was everything; to understand their meaning nothing; and thus the spirit was sacrificed to the letter. It is at length perceived, that in this case as in others, such a result is not accidental but necessary—that in proportion as there is attention to the signs, there must be inattention to the things signified; or that, as Montaigne long ago said—*Sçavoir par cœur n'est pas sçavoir.*

Along with rote-teaching, is declining also the nearly allied teaching by rules. The particulars first, and then the generalization, is the new method—a method, as the Battersea School Reports remark, which, though "the reverse of the method usually followed which consists in giving the pupil the rule first," is yet proved by experience to be the right one. Rule-teaching is now condemned as imparting a merely empirical knowledge—as producing an appearance of understanding without the reality. To give the net product of inquiry, without the inquiry that leads to it, is found to be both enervating and inefficient. General truths to be of due and permanent use, must be earned. "Easy come easy go," is a saying as applicable to knowledge as to wealth. Whilst rules, lying isolated in the mind—not joined to its other contents as outgrowths from them—are continually forgotten, the principles which those rules express piecemeal, become, when once reached by the understanding, enduring possessions. Whilst the rule-taught youth is at sea when beyond his rules, the youth instructed in principles solves a new case as readily as an old one. Between a mind of rules and a mind of principles, there exists a difference such as that between a confused heap of materials, and the same materials organized into complete whole, with all its parts bound together. Of which types this last has not only the advantage that its constituent parts are better retained, but the much greater advantage, that it forms an efficient agent for further inquiry, for independent thought, for discovery—ends for which the first is utterly useless. Nor let it be supposed that this is a simile only; it is the literal truth. The union of facts into generalizations is the organization of knowledge, whether considered as an objective phenomenon, or a subjective one; and the mental grasp may be measured by the extent to which this organization is carried.

From the substitution of principles for rules, and the necessarily co-ordinate practice—the leaving abstractions untaught until the mind has been familiarized with the facts from which

they are abstracted—has resulted the postponement of some once early studies to a late period. This is exemplified in the abandonment of that intensely stupid custom, the teaching of grammar to children. As M. Marcel says :—“ It may without hesitation be affirmed, that grammar is not the stepping-stone, but the finishing instrument.” As Mr. Wyse argues :—“ Grammar and Syntax are a collection of laws and rules. Rules are gathered from practice ; they are the results of induction to which we come by long observation and comparison of facts. It is, in fine, the science, the philosophy of language. In following the process of nature, neither individuals nor nations ever arrive at the science *first*. A language is spoken, and poetry written, many years before either a grammar or prosody is even thought of. Men did not wait till Aristotle had constructed his logic, to reason.” In short, as grammar was made after language, so ought it to be taught after language—an inference which all who recognise the relationship between the evolution of the race and of the individual, will see to be unavoidable.

Of the new practices that have grown up during the decline of the old ones, the most important is the systematic culture of the powers of observation. After long ages of blindness men are at last seeing that the spontaneous activity of the observing faculties in children has a meaning and a use. What was once thought mere purposeless action, or play, or mischief, as the case might be, is now recognised as the process of acquiring a knowledge on which all after-knowledge is to be based. Hence the well-conceived but ill-conducted system of *object-lessons*. The saying of Bacon, that physics is the mother of the sciences, has come to have a meaning in education. Without an accurate acquaintance with the visible and tangible properties of things our inferences must be erroneous, our operations unsuccessful, and our general conceptions more or less fallacious. “ The education of the senses neglected, all after education partakes of a drowsiness, a haziness, an insufficiency which it is impossible to cure.” Indeed, if we consider it, we shall find that exhaustive observation is an element in all great success. It is not to artists, naturalists, and men of science only, that it is needful ; it is not only that the skilful physician depends on it for the correctness of his diagnosis, and that to the good engineer it is so important that some years in the workshop are prescribed for him ; but we may see that the philosopher also is fundamentally one who *observes* relationships of things which others had overlooked, and that the poet, too, is one who *sees* the fine facts in nature which all recognise when pointed out, but did not before remark. Nothing requires more to be insisted on than that vivid and complete impressions are all

essential. No sound fabric of wisdom can be woven out of a rotten raw-material.

Whilst the old method of presenting truths in the abstract has been falling out of use, there has been a corresponding adoption of the new method of presenting them in the concrete. The rudimentary facts of exact science are now being learnt by direct intuition, as textures, and tastes, and colours are learnt. The use of the ball-frame for first lessons in arithmetic exemplifies this. It is well illustrated, too, in Professor De Morgan's mode of explaining the decimal notation. M. Marcel, rightly repudiating the old system of tables, teaches weights and measures by the use of the actual yard and foot, pound and ounce, gallon and quart; and lets the discovery of their relationships be experimental. The use of geographical models and of models of the regular bodies, &c. as introductory to geography and geometry respectively, are facts of the same class. Manifestly a common characteristic of these methods is, that they carry each child's mind through the same process which the mind of humanity at large has gone through. The truths of number, of form, of relationship in position, were all originally drawn from objects; and to present these truths to the child in the concrete is to let him learn them as the race learnt them. By and by, perhaps, it will be seen that he cannot possibly learn them in any other way; for that if he is made to learn them as abstractions, the abstractions can have no meaning for him, until he has of himself found that they are simply statements of what he intuitively discerns.

But of all the changes taking place, the most significant is the growing desire to make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable rather than painful—a desire based on the more or less distinct perception that the intellectual action which a child at each age finds agreeable, is a healthful one for it; and conversely. There is a spreading opinion that the existence of an appetite for any kind of knowledge implies that the unfolding mind has become fit to assimilate it, and needs it for the purposes of growth; and that on the other hand, the disgust felt towards any kind of knowledge is an index either that it is prematurely presented, or that it is presented in an indigestible form. Hence the efforts to make early education amusing, and all education interesting. Hence the lectures on the value of play. Hence the defence of nursery rhymes, and fairy tales. Daily we more and more conform our plans to juvenile opinion. Does the child like this or that kind of teaching? does he take to it? we constantly ask. "His natural desire of variety should be indulged," says M. Marcel; "and the gratification of his curiosity should be combined with his improvement." "Lessons," he again remarks, "should cease before the child evinces symptoms of weariness."

And so with later education. Short breaks during school-hours, excursions into the country, amusing lectures, choral songs—in these and many like traits, the change may be discerned. Asceticism is disappearing out of education as out of life; and the usual test of political legislation—its tendency to promote happiness—is beginning to be, in a great degree, the test of legislation for the school and the nursery.

What now is the common characteristic of these several changes? Is it not an increasing conformity to the methods of nature? The relinquishment of early forcing against which nature ever rebels, and the leaving of the first years for exercise of the limbs and senses, show this. The superseding of rote-learnt lessons by lessons orally and experimentally given, like those of the field and play-ground, shows this. The disuse of rule-teaching, and the adoption of teaching by principles—that is, the leaving of generalizations until there are particulars to base them on—show this. The system of object-lessons shows this. The teaching of the rudiments of science in the concrete instead of the abstract, shows this. And above all, this tendency is shown in the variously-directed efforts to present knowledge in attractive forms, and so to make the acquirement of it pleasurable; for as it is the order of nature in all creatures that the gratification consequent on the fulfilment of needful functions serves as a stimulus to their fulfilment—as during the self-education of the young child, the delight taken in the biting of corals, and the pulling to pieces of toys, becomes the prompter to actions which teach it the properties of matter—it follows that, in choosing the succession of subjects and the modes of instruction which most interest the pupil, we are fulfilling nature's behests, and adjusting our proceedings to the laws of life.

Thus, then, we are in the highway towards the doctrine long ago enunciated by Pestalozzi, that alike in its order and its methods, education must conform itself to the natural process of mental evolution—that there is a certain sequence in which the faculties spontaneously develop, and a certain kind of knowledge which each requires during its development; and that it is for us to ascertain this sequence, and to supply this knowledge. All the improvements above alluded to are partial applications of this general principle. A nebulous perception of it now prevails amongst teachers; and it is daily more insisted on in educational works. "The method of nature is the archetype of all methods," says M. Marcel. "The vital principle in the pursuit is to enable the pupil rightly to instruct himself," writes Mr. Wyse. The more science familiarizes us with the constitution of things the more do we see in them an inherent self-sufficingness. A higher knowledge tends continually to limit our interference with the

processes of life. As in medicine the old "heroic treatment" has given place to mild treatment, and often no treatment save a normal regimen—as we have found that it is not needful to mould the bodies of babes by bandaging them in papoose fashion or otherwise—as in gaols it is being discovered that no cunningly devised discipline of ours is so efficient in producing reformation as the natural discipline, the making prisoners maintain themselves by productive labour—so in education we are finding that success is to be achieved only by rendering our measures subservient to that spontaneous unfolding which all minds go through in their progress to maturity.

Of course, this fundamental principle of tuition, that the arrangement of matter and method must correspond with the order of evolution and mode of activity of the faculties—a principle so obviously true, that once stated, it seems almost self-evident—has never been wholly disregarded. Teachers have unavoidably made their school-courses coincide with it in some degree, for the simple reason, that education is possible only on that condition. Boys were never taught the rule-of-three until after they had learnt addition. They were not set to write exercises before they had got into their copy-books. Conic sections have always been preceded by Euclid. But the error of the old methods consists in this, that they do not recognise in detail what they are obliged to recognise in the general. Yet the principle applies as fully in the one case as in the other. If from the time when a child is able to conceive two things as related in position, years must elapse before it can form a true concept of the earth as a sphere made up of land and sea, covered with mountains, forests, rivers, and cities, revolving on its axis, and sweeping round the sun—if it gets from the one concept to the other by degrees—if the intermediate concepts which it forms are consecutively larger and more complicated—is it not manifest that there is a general succession through which only it can pass; that each larger concept is made by the combination of smaller ones, and presupposes them; and that to present any of these compound concepts before the child is in possession of its constituent ones, is only less absurd than to present the final concept of the series before the initial one? In the mastering of every subject some course of increasingly complex ideas has to be gone through. The evolution of the corresponding faculties essentially consists in the assimilation of these; which, in any true sense, is impossible, without they are put into the mind in the normal order. And when this order is not followed, the result is, that they are received with apathy or disgust; and that unless the pupil is intelligent enough to eventually fill up the gaps himself, they lie in his memory as dead facts, capable of being turned to little or no use.

"But why trouble ourselves about any *curriculum* at all?" it may be asked. "If it be true that the mind like the body has a predetermined course of evolution,—if it unfolds spontaneously,—if its successive desires for this or that kind of information arise when these are severally required for its nutrition,—if there thus exists in itself a prompter to the right species of activity at the right time,—why interfere in any way? Why not leave children *wholly* to the discipline of nature?—why not remain quite passive and let them get knowledge as they best can?—why not be consistent throughout?" This is an awkward looking question. Plausibly implying as it does, that a system of complete *laissez-faire* is the logical outcome of the doctrines enunciated, it seems to furnish a disproof of them by *reductio ad absurdum*. In truth, however, they do not when rightly understood commit us to any such untenable position. A glance at the physical analogies will clearly shew this. It is a general law of all life that the more complex the organism to be produced, the longer the period during which it is dependent on a parent organism for food and protection. The contrast between the minute, rapidly-evolved, and self-moving spore of a conferva, and the slowly-developed seed of a tree, with its multiplied envelopes and large stock of concentrated nutriment laid by to nourish the germ during its first stages of growth, illustrates this law in its application to the vegetable world. Amongst animal organisms we may trace it in a series of contrasts from the monad whose spontaneously-divided halves are as self-sufficing at the moment of their separation as was the original whole, up to man, whose offspring not only passes through a protracted gestation, and subsequently long depends on the breast for sustenance, but after that must have its food artificially administered; must, after it has learned to feed itself, continue to have bread, clothing, and shelter provided; and does not acquire the power of complete self-support until a time varying from fifteen to twenty years after its birth. Now this law applies to the mind as to the body. For mental pabulum also, every higher creature, and especially man, is at first dependent on adult aid. Lacking the ability to move about, the babe is as powerless to get materials on which to exercise its perceptions as it is to get supplies for its stomach. Unable to prepare its own food, it is in like manner unable to reduce many kinds of knowledge to a fit form for assimilation. The language through which all higher truths are to be gained it wholly derives from those surrounding it. And we see in such an example as the Wild Boy of Aveyron the complete arrest of development that results when no help is received from parents and nurses. Thus, in providing at successive periods the right kind of facts, prepared in the right manner,

and in administering these in due abundance at appropriate intervals, there is as much scope for active ministration to a child's mind as to its body. In either case it is the main function of parents to see that the *conditions* requisite to growth are maintained. And, as in providing aliment, and clothing, and shelter, they may fulfil this function without at all interfering with the spontaneous development of the limbs and viscera either in their order or mode, so they may supply sounds for imitation, objects for examination, books for reading, problems for solution, and, providing they use neither direct nor indirect coercion, may do this without in any way disturbing the normal process of mental evolution; or rather, may greatly facilitate that process. Hence the admission of the doctrines enunciated does not, as some might argue, involve the abandonment of all teaching, but leaves ample room for an active and elaborate course of culture.

Passing from generalities to special considerations it is to be remarked that in practice, the Pestalozzian system seems scarcely to have fulfilled the promise of its theory. We hear of children not at all interested in its lessons,—disgusted with them rather; and, so far as we can gather, the Pestalozzian schools have not turned out any unusual proportion of distinguished men,—if even they have reached the average. We are not surprised at this. The success of every appliance depends mainly upon the intelligence with which it is used. It is a trite remark, that, having the choicest tools, an unskilful artisan will botch his work; and bad teachers will fail even with the best methods. Indeed, the goodness of the method becomes in such case a cause of failure; as, to continue the simile, the perfection of the tool becomes in undisciplined hands a source of imperfection in results. A simple, unchanging, almost mechanical routine of tuition may be carried out by the commonest intellects, with such small beneficial effect as it is capable of producing; but a complete system,—a system as heterogeneous in its appliances as the mind in its faculties,—a system proposing a special means for each special end, demands for its right employment powers such as few teachers possess. The mistress of a dame-school can hear spelling-lessons; any hedge-schoolmaster can drill boys in the multiplication-table; but to teach spelling rationally by using the powers of the letters instead of their names, or to instruct in numerical combinations by experimental synthesis, a modicum of understanding is needful: and to pursue a like rational course throughout the entire range of studies, asks an amount of judgment, of invention, of intellectual sympathy, of analytical faculty, which we shall never see applied to it whilst the tutorial office is held in such small esteem. The true educa-

tion is practicable only to the true philosopher. Judge, then, how little prospect a philosophical method now has of being acted out! Knowing so little as we yet do of Psychology, and ignorant as our teachers are of that little, what chance has a system which requires Psychology for its basis?

Further hindrance and discouragement has arisen from confounding the Pestalozzian principle with the forms in which it has been embodied. Because particular plans have not answered expectation, discredit has been cast upon the general doctrine associated with them; no inquiry being made whether these plans truly conform to such general doctrine. Judging as usual by the concrete rather than the abstract, men have blamed the theory for the bunglings of the practice. It is as though Papin's futile attempt to construct a steam-engine had been held to prove that steam could not be used as a motive power. Let it be constantly borne in mind that whilst right in his fundamental notions Pestalozzi was not therefore right in all his applications of them: and we believe the fact to be that he was often wrong. As described even by his admirers, Pestalozzi was a man of partial intuitions, a man who had occasional flashes of insight, rather than a man of systematic thought. His first great success at Stantz was achieved when he had no books or appliances of ordinary teaching, and when "the only object of his attention was to find out at each moment what instruction his children stood peculiarly in need of, and what was the best manner of connecting it with the knowledge they already possessed." Much of his power was due, not to calmly reasoned-out plans of culture, but to his profound sympathy, which gave him an instinctive perception of childish needs and difficulties. He lacked the ability to logically co-ordinate and develop the truths which he thus from time to time laid hold of; and had in great measure to leave this to his assistants, Kruesi, Tobler, Buss, Niederer, and Schmid. The result is that in their details his own plans, and those vicariously devised, contain numerous crudities and inconsistencies. His nursery-method, described in "The Mother's Manual," beginning as it does with a nomenclature of the different parts of the body, and proceeding next to specify their relative positions, and next their connexions, may be proved not at all in accordance with the initial stages of mental evolution. His process of teaching the mother tongue by formal exercises in the meanings of words and in the construction of sentences, is quite needless, and must entail on the pupil loss of time, labour, and happiness. His proposed mode of teaching geography is utterly unpestalozzian. And often where his plans are essentially sound they are either incomplete or vitiated by some remnant of the old regime. Whilst, therefore, we would

defend in its entire extent the general doctrine which Pestalozzi inaugurated, we think great evil likely to result from an uncritical reception of his specific devices. That tendency which mankind constantly exhibit to canonize the forms and practices, and all the adjuncts along with which any great truth has been bequeathed to them,—their liability to prostrate their intellects before the prophet, and swear by his every word,—their proneness to mistake the clothing of the idea for the idea itself, renders it needful to insist strongly upon the distinction between the fundamental principle of the Pestalozzian system and the set of expedients devised for its practice; and to suggest that whilst the one may be considered as established, the other is probably nothing but an adumbration of the normal course. Indeed, on looking at the state of our knowledge we may be quite sure that this is the case. Before our educational methods can be made to harmonize in character and arrangement with the faculties in their mode and order of unfolding, it is first needful that we ascertain with some completeness how the faculties do unfold. At present our knowledge of the matter extends only to a few general notions. These general notions must be developed in detail,—must be transformed into a multitude of specific propositions, before we can be said to possess that *science* on which the *art* of education must be based. And then when we have definitely made out in what succession, and in what combinations the mental powers become active, it remains to choose out of the many possible ways of exercising each of them, that which best conforms to its natural mode of action. Evidently, therefore, it is not to be supposed that even our most advanced modes of teaching are the right ones, or nearly the right ones.

Bearing in mind then this important distinction between the principle and the practice of Pestalozzi, and inferring from the grounds assigned that the last must necessarily be very defective, the reader will rate at its true worth the dissatisfaction with the system which some have expressed; and will see that the due realization of the Pestalozzian idea remains to be achieved. Should he argue, however, from what has just been said that no such realization is at present practicable, and that all effort ought to be devoted solely to the preliminary inquiry, we reply, that though it is not possible for a scheme of culture to be perfected either in matter or form until a rational Psychology has been established, it is possible for us, with the aid of certain leading principles, to make empirical approximations towards a perfect scheme. To prepare the way for further research we will now specify these principles. Most of them have already been more or less distinctly stated in the foregoing pages; but it will be well here to look at them *seriatim*.

1. That in education we should proceed from the simple to the complex is a truth which has always been to some extent acted upon; not professedly, indeed, nor by any means consistently. The mind grows: like all things that grow it progresses from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; and a normal training system being an objective counterpart of this subjective process, must exhibit the like progression. Moreover, regarding it from this point of view, we may see that this formula has much wider applications than at first appears. For its *rationale* involves not only that we should proceed from the single to the combined in the teaching of each branch of knowledge, but that we should do the like with knowledge as a whole—that as the mind, consisting at first of but few active faculties, has its later-completed faculties successively awakened, and ultimately comes to have all its faculties in simultaneous action, it follows that our teaching should begin with but few subjects at once, and successively adding to these, should finally carry on all subjects abreast—that not only in its details should education proceed from the simple to the complex, but in its *ensemble* also.

2. To say that our lessons ought to start from the concrete and end in the abstract, may be considered as in part a repetition of the foregoing. Nevertheless it is a maxim that needs to be stated—if with no other view, then with the view of shewing in certain cases what are truly the simple and the complex. For unfortunately there has been much misunderstanding on this point. General formulas which men have devised to express groups of details, and which have severally simplified their conceptions by uniting many facts into one fact, they have supposed must simplify the conceptions of the child also; quite forgetting that a generalization is simple only in comparison with the whole mass of particular truths it comprehends—that it is more complex than any one of these truths taken singly—that only after many of these single truths have been acquired does the generalization ease the memory and help the reason—and that to the child not possessing these single truths it is necessarily a mystery. Thus confounding two kinds of simplification, teachers have constantly erred by setting out with “first principles”—a proceeding essentially, though not apparently, at variance with the primary rule; which involves that the mind should be introduced to principles through the medium of examples, and so should be led from the particular to the general—from the concrete to the abstract.

3. The education of the child must accord both in mode and arrangement with the education of mankind as considered historically; or in other words, the genesis of knowledge in the individual must follow the same course as the genesis of knowledge

in the race. To M. Comte we believe society owes the enunciation of this doctrine—a doctrine which we may receive in full without at all committing ourselves to his theory of the genesis of knowledge either in its causes or its order. In support of this doctrine two reasons may be assigned, either of them sufficient to establish it. One is deducible from the law of hereditary transmission as considered in its wider consequences. For if it be true that men exhibit likeness to ancestry both in aspect and character—if it be true that certain mental manifestations, as insanity, will occur in successive members of the same family at the same age—if, passing from individual cases in which the traits of many dead ancestors mixing with those of a few living ones greatly obscure the law, we turn to national types, and remark how the contrasts between them are persistent from age to age—if we remember that these respective types came from a common stock, and that hence the present marked differences between them must have gradually arisen from the action of modifying circumstances upon successive generations who severally transmitted the accumulated effects to their descendants—if we find the differences to be now organic, so that the French child grows into a French man even when brought up amongst strangers—and if the general fact thus illustrated is true of the whole nature, intellect inclusive—then it must follow that if there exists an order in which, during civilisation, the human race has mastered its various kinds of knowledge, there will arise in every child an aptitude to acquire these kinds of knowledge in the same order. So that even were the order intrinsically indifferent, it would facilitate education to lead the individual mind through the steps traversed by the general mind. But the order is *not* intrinsically indifferent; and hence the fundamental reason why education should be a repetition of civilisation in little. It is alike proveable that the historical sequence was, in its main outlines, a necessary one, and that the causes which determined it apply to the child as to the race. Not to specify these causes in detail, it will suffice here to point out that as the mind of humanity placed in the midst of phenomena and striving to comprehend them, has, after endless comparisons, speculations, experiments, and theories, reached its present knowledge of each subject by a specific route, it may be rationally inferred that the relationship between mind and phenomena is such as to prevent this knowledge from being reached by any other route; and that as each child's mind stands in this same relationship to phenomena, they can be accessible to it only through the same route. Hence in deciding upon the right sequence of subjects in education, an inquiry into their sequence during the process of civilisation will help to guide us.

4. One of the conclusions to which such an inquiry leads is,

that in each branch of instruction we should proceed from the empirical to the rational. A leading phenomenon in human progress is, that every science is evolved out of its corresponding art. It results from the necessity we are under, both individually and as a race, of reaching the abstract by way of the concrete, that there must be practice and an accruing experience with its empirical generalizations, before there can be science. Science is organized knowledge; and before knowledge can be organized, some of it must first be possessed. Every study, therefore, should have a purely experimental introduction; and only after an ample fund of observations has been accumulated, should reasoning begin. As illustrative applications of this rule, we may instance the modern course of placing grammar, not before language, but after it; or the ordinary custom of prefacing perspective by practical drawing. By and by further applications of it will be indicated.

5. A second corollary from the foregoing general principle, and one which cannot be too strenuously insisted upon, is, that in education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the greatest extent possible. Children should be led to make their own investigations and to draw their own inferences. They should be put in the way of solving their own questions. They should be *told* as little as possible, and induced to *discover* as much as possible. Humanity has progressed solely by self-instruction; and that to achieve the best results, each mind must progress somewhat after the same fashion, is continually proved by the marked success of self-made men. Those who have been brought up under the ordinary school-drill, and who have carried away with them the idea that education is practicable only in that style, will think it hopeless to make children, to any great extent, their own teachers. If, however, they will call to mind that the all-important knowledge of surrounding objects which a child gets in its early years is got without help—if they will remember that the child is self-taught in the use of its mother tongue—if they will estimate the amount of that experience of life, that out-of-school wisdom, which every boy gathers for himself—if they will mark the unusual intelligence of the uncared-for London *gamin*, as shewn in all the directions in which his faculties have been tasked—if further, they will think how many minds have struggled up unaided, not only through the mysteries of our irrationally-planned *curriculum*, but through hosts of other obstacles besides—they will see it to be a not unreasonable conclusion, that if the subjects be put before him in right order and right form, any pupil of ordinary capacity, will surmount his successive difficulties with but little assistance. Who indeed can watch

the ceaseless observation, and inquiry, and inference going on in a child's mind, or listen to the acute remarks it makes on matters within the range of its faculties, without perceiving that these powers which it manifests, if brought to bear systematically upon any studies *within the same range*, would readily master them without help? This need for perpetual telling is the result of our stupidity, not of the child's. We drag it away from the facts in which it is interested, and which it is actively assimilating of itself; we put before it facts far too complex for it to understand, and therefore distasteful to it; finding that it will not voluntarily acquire these facts, we thrust them into its mind by force of threats and punishment; by thus denying the knowledge it craves, and cramming it with knowledge which it cannot digest, we produce a morbid state of its faculties, and a consequent disgust for knowledge in general; and when, as a result partly of the indolence and stolidity we have brought on, and partly as a result of unfitness in its studies, the child can understand nothing without explanation, and becomes a mere passive recipient of our instruction, we infer that education must necessarily be carried on thus. Having by our method induced helplessness, we straightway make the helplessness a reason for our method. Clearly then the experience of pedagogues cannot rationally be quoted against the doctrine we are defending. And whoever sees this will see that we may safely follow the method of nature throughout—may, by a skilful ministration, make the mind self-developing in its later stages as in its earlier ones; and that only by doing this can we produce the highest power and activity.

6. As a final test by which to judge of any plan of culture, should come the question,—Does it create a pleasurable excitement in the pupils? When in doubt whether a particular mode or arrangement is or is not more in harmony with the foregoing principles than some other, we may safely abide by this criterion. Even when, as considered theoretically, the proposed course seems unobjectionable, yet if it produce no interest, or less interest than another course, we should relinquish it; for a child's intellectual instincts are more trustworthy than our reasonings. In respect to the knowing faculties, we may confidently abide by the general law, that under normal conditions, healthful action is pleasurable, whilst action which produces pain is not healthful. Though at present very incompletely conformed to by the emotional nature, yet by the intellectual nature, or at least by those parts of it which the child exhibits, this law is almost wholly conformed to. The repugnances to this and that study which vex the ordinary teacher, are not innate, but result from his unwise system. Fellenberg says,

"Experience has taught me that *indolence* in young persons is so directly opposite to their natural disposition to activity, that unless it is the consequence of bad education, it is almost invariably connected with some constitutional defect." And the spontaneous activity to which children are thus prone, is simply the pursuit of those pleasures which the healthful exercise of the faculties gives. It is true that some of the higher mental powers as yet but little developed in the race, and congenitally possessed in any considerable degree only by the most advanced, are indisposed to the amount of exertion required of them. But these, in virtue of their very complexity, will, in a normal course of culture, come last into exercise, and will therefore have no demands made upon them until the pupil has arrived at an age when ulterior motives can be brought into play, and an indirect pleasure made to counterbalance a direct displeasure. With all faculties lower than these, however, the direct gratification consequent on activity is the normal stimulus; and under good management the only needful stimulus. When we are obliged to fall back upon some other, we must take the fact as evidence that we are on the wrong track. Experience is daily shewing with greater clearness that there is always a method to be found productive of interest—even of delight; and it ever turns out that this is the method proved by all other tests to be the right one.

With most, the guiding principles we have thus stated will weigh but little if left in this abstract form. Partly, therefore, with a view to exemplify their application, and partly with a view of making sundry specific suggestions, we propose now to pass from the theory of education to the practice of it.

It was the opinion of Pestalozzi—an opinion which has ever since his day been gaining ground—that education of some kind should begin from the cradle. Whoever has watched with any discernment, the wide-eyed gaze of the infant at surrounding objects, knows very well that education *does* begin thus early, whether we intend it or not; and that these fingerings and suckings of everything it can lay hold of, these open-mouthed listenings to every sound, are the first steps in the series which ends in the discovery of unseen planets, the invention of calculating engines, the production of great paintings, or the composition of symphonies and operas. This activity of the faculties from the very first being spontaneous and inevitable, the question is whether we shall supply in due variety the materials on which they may exercise themselves; and to the question so put, none but an affirmative answer can be given. As before said, however, agreement with Pestalozzi's theory

does not involve agreement with his practice; and here occurs a case in point. Treating of instruction in spelling he says:—

“ The spelling-book ought, therefore, to contain all the sounds of the language, and these ought to be taught in every family from the earliest infancy. The child who learns his spelling-book ought to repeat them to the infant in the cradle, before it is able to pronounce even one of them, so that they may be deeply impressed upon its mind by frequent repetition.”

Joining this with the suggestions for “ a nursery-method,” as developed in his “ Mother’s Manual,” in which he makes the names, positions, connexions, numbers, properties, and uses of the limbs and body his first lessons, it becomes clear that Pestalozzi’s notions on early mental development were too crude to enable him to devise judicious plans. Let us inquire into the course which Psychology dictates.

The earliest impressions which the mind is capable of assimilating, are those given to it by the undecomposable sensations—resistance, light, sound, &c. Manifestly, decomposable states of consciousness cannot exist before the states of consciousness out of which they are composed. There can exist no idea of form until some familiarity with light in its gradations and qualities, or resistance in its different intensities, has been acquired; for, as has been long known, we recognise visual form by means of varieties of light, and tactual form by means of varieties of resistance. Similarly, no articulate sound can be appreciated until the inarticulate sounds which go to make it up have been learned. And thus must it be in every other case. Following, therefore, the necessary law of progression from the simple to the complex, it should be our aim during infancy to provide a sufficiency of objects presenting different degrees and different kinds of resistance, a sufficiency of objects reflecting different amounts and qualities of light, and a sufficiency of sounds contrasted in their loudness, their pitch and their *timbre*. How completely this *à priori* conclusion is confirmed by infantine instincts as daily shewn, all will see on being reminded of the delight which every young child has in biting its toys, in feeling its brother’s bright jacket-buttons, and pulling papa’s whiskers—how absorbed it becomes in gazing at any gaudily painted object to which it applies the word “ pretty,” when it can pronounce it, wholly in virtue of the bright colours—and how its face broadens into a laugh at the tattlings of its nurse, the snapping of a visitor’s fingers, or at any sound which it has not before heard. Fortunately, the ordinary practices of the nursery fulfil these early requirements of education to a considerable degree. Much, however, remains to be done; and it is

of more importance that it should be done than at first appears. It is a law of every faculty that during the period of its greatest activity—the period in which it is spontaneously evolving itself—it is capable of receiving more vivid impressions than at any other period. Moreover, it may be observed that as these simplest elements must eventually be mastered, and as the mastery of them whenever achieved must take time, it becomes an economy of time to occupy this first stage of childhood, during which no other intellectual action is possible, in gaining a complete familiarity with them in all their modifications. Add to which, that temper, and consequently health, will be improved by the continued gratification resulting from a due supply of these impressions which every child so greedily assimilates. Space, could it be spared, might here be well occupied by some suggestions towards a more systematic ministration to these simplest of the perceptions. But it must suffice to point out that any such ministration ought to be based upon the general principle, that in the development of every faculty, markedly contrasted impressions are the first to be appreciated; that hence sounds greatly differing in loudness and pitch, colours very remote from each other, and substances widely unlike in hardness or texture, should be the first supplied; and that in each case the progression must be by slow degrees to impressions more nearly allied.

Passing on to object-lessons, which manifestly form a natural continuation of this primary culture of the senses, it is to be remarked, that the system commonly pursued is altogether at variance with the method of nature, as alike exhibited in infancy, in adult life, and in the course of civilisation. "The child," says M. Marcel, "must be *shewn* how all the parts of an object are connected, &c.;" and the various manuals of these object-lessons severally contain lists of the facts which the child is to be *told* respecting each of the things put before it. Now it needs but a glance at the daily life of the infant to show that the whole of the knowledge of things which is gained before the acquirement of speech, is self-gained—that the properties of hardness and weight associated with certain visual appearances, the possession of certain forms and colours by particular persons, the production of special sounds by animals of special aspects, are phenomena which it observes for itself. In manhood too, when there are no longer teachers at hand, the observations and inferences required for daily guidance, must be made unhelped; and success in life depends upon the accuracy and completeness with which they are made. Is it probable then, that whilst the process exhibited to us in the evolution of humanity at large, is repeated alike by the infant and the man, a reverse process must

be followed during the period between infancy and manhood? and that too, even in so simple a thing as learning the qualities and structures of objects? Is it not obvious, on the contrary, that one method must be pursued throughout? And is not nature perpetually thrusting this method upon us, if we had but the wit to see it, and the humility to adopt it? What can be more manifest than the desire of children for intellectual sympathy? Mark how the infant sitting on your knee thrusts into your face the toy it holds, that you too may look at it. See when it makes a creak with its wet finger on the table, how it turns and looks at you; does it again, and again looks at you; thus saying as clearly as it can,—“Hear this new sound.” Watch how the elder children come into the room exclaiming—“Mamma, see what a curious thing,” “Mamma, look at this,” “Mamma, look at that,” and would continue the habit, did not the silly mamma tell them not to tease her. Observe how, when out with the nurse-maid, each little one runs up to her with the new flower it has gathered, to show her how pretty it is, and to get her also, to say it is pretty. Listen to the eager volubility with which every urchin describes any novelty he has been to see, if only he can find some one who will attend with any interest. Does not the induction lie on the surface? Is it not clear that we must conform our course to these intellectual instincts—that we must just systematize the natural process—that we must listen to all the child has to tell us about any object, must induce it to say everything it can think of about such object, must occasionally draw its attention to facts it has not yet observed with the view of leading it to notice them itself whenever they recur, and must go on by and by to indicate or supply new series of things for a like exhaustive examination? See the way in which, on this method, the intelligent mother conducts her lessons. Step by step she familiarizes her little boy with the names of the simpler properties, hardness, softness, colour, taste, size, shape, &c., in doing which she finds him eagerly help by bringing this to show her that it is red, and the other to make her feel that it is hard, as fast as she gives him words for these properties. Each additional property, as she draws his attention to it in some fresh thing which he brings her, she takes care to mention in connexion with those he already knows; so that by the natural tendency to imitate, he may get into the habit of repeating them one after another. Gradually as there occur cases in which he omits to name one or more of the properties he has become acquainted with, she introduces the practice of asking him whether there is not something more that he can tell her about the thing he has got. Probably he does not understand. After letting him puzzle

awhile she tells him ; perhaps laughing at him a little for his failure. A few recurrences of this and he perceives what is to be done. When next she says she knows something more about the object than he has told her, his pride is roused ; he looks at it intently ; he thinks over all that he has heard ; and the problem being easy, presently finds it out. He is full of glee at his success, and she sympathizes with him. In common with every child, he delights in the discovery of his powers. He wishes for more victories ; and goes in quest of more things about which to tell her. As his faculties unfold she adds quality after quality to his list : progressing from hardness and softness to roughness and smoothness, from colour to polish, from simple bodies to composite ones—thus constantly complicating the problem as he gains competence, constantly taxing his attention and memory to a greater extent, constantly maintaining his interest by supplying him with new impressions such as his mind can assimilate, and constantly gratifying him by new conquests over such small difficulties as he can master. In doing this she is manifestly but following out that spontaneous process that was going on during a still earlier period—simply aiding self-evolution ; and is aiding it in the mode suggested by the boy's instinctive behaviour to her. Manifestly, too, the course she is pursuing is the one best calculated to develop that faculty of exhaustive observation which it is the professed aim of these lessons to produce. To *tell* a child this and to *show* it the other, is not to teach it how to observe, but to make it a mere recipient of another's observations—a proceeding which tends to weaken rather than to strengthen its powers of self-instruction ; which deprives it of the pleasures resulting from successful activity ; which presents this all-attractive knowledge under the aspect of formal tuition ; and which thus generates that indifference and even disgust with which these object-lessons are not unfrequently regarded. On the other hand, to pursue the course above described is simply to guide the intellect to its appropriate food ; to join with the intellectual appetites their natural adjuncts—*amour propre* and the desire for sympathy ; to induce by the union of all these an intensity of attention which insures perceptions alike vivid and complete ; and to habituate the mind from the very beginning to that practice of self-help which it must ultimately follow.

Object-lessons should not only be carried on after quite a different fashion from that commonly pursued, but should be extended to a range of things far wider, and continued to a period far later, than now. They should not be limited to the contents of the house ; but should include those of the fields and the hedges, the quarry and the sea-shore. They should not cease

with early childhood; but should be so kept up during youth as insensibly to merge into the investigations of the naturalist and the man of science. Here again we have but to follow nature's leadings. Where can be seen an intenser delight than that of children picking up new flowers and watching new insects, or hoarding pebbles and shells? And who is there but perceives that by sympathizing with them they may be led on to any extent of inquiry into the qualities and structures of these things? Every botanist who has had children with him in the woods and the lanes must have noticed how eagerly they joined in his pursuits, how keenly they searched out plants for him, how intently they watched whilst he examined them, how they overwhelmed him with questions. The consistent follower of Bacon—the "servant and interpreter of nature," will see that we ought modestly to adopt the course of culture thus indicated. Having gained due familiarity with the simpler properties of inorganic objects, the child should by the same process be led on to a like exhaustive examination of the things it picks up in its daily walks—the less complex facts they present being alone noticed at first: in plants, the colour, number, and forms of the petals and shapes of the stalks and leaves: in insects, the numbers of the wings, legs, and antennæ, and their colours. As these become fully appreciated and invariably observed, further facts may be successively introduced: in the one case, the numbers of stamens and pistils, the forms of the flowers, whether radial or bilateral in symmetry, the arrangement and character of the leaves, whether opposite or alternate, stalked or sessile, smooth or hairy, serrated, toothed, or crenate; in the other, the divisions of the body, the segments of the abdomen, the markings of the wings, the number of joints in the legs, and the forms of the smaller organs—the system pursued throughout being that of making it the child's ambition to say respecting everything it finds, all that can be said. Then when a fit age has been reached, the means of preserving these plants which have become so interesting in virtue of the knowledge obtained of them, may as a great favour be supplied; and eventually, as a still greater favour, may also be supplied the apparatus needful for keeping the larvæ of our common butterflies and moths through their transformations—a practice which, as we can personally testify, yields the highest gratification; is continued with ardour for years; when joined with the formation of an entomological collection, adds immense interest to Saturday-afternoon rambles; and forms an admirable introduction to the study of physiology.

We are quite prepared to hear from many that all this is throwing away time and energy; and that children would be

much better occupied in writing their copies or learning their pence-tables, and so fitting themselves for the business of life. We regret that such crude ideas of what constitutes education and such a narrow conception of utility, should still be generally prevalent. Saying nothing on the need for a systematic culture of the perceptions and the value of the practices above inculcated as subserving that need, we are prepared to defend them even on the score of the knowledge gained. If men are to be mere cits, mere porers over ledgers, with no ideas beyond their trades—if it is well that they should be as the cockney whose conception of rural pleasures extends no further than sitting in a tea-garden smoking pipes and drinking porter; or as the squire who thinks of woods as places for shooting in, of uncultivated plants as nothing but weeds, and who classifies animals into game, vermin, and stock—then indeed it is needless for men to learn anything that does not directly help to replenish the till and fill the larder. But if there is a more worthy aim for us than to be drudges—if there are other uses in the things around us than their power to bring money—if there are higher faculties to be exercised than acquisitive and sensual ones—if the pleasures which poetry and art and science and philosophy can bring are of any moment—then is it desirable that the instinctive inclination which every child shows to observe natural beauties and investigate natural phenomena should be encouraged. But this gross utilitarianism which is content to come into the world and quit it again without knowing what kind of a world it is or what it contains, may be met on its own ground. It will by and by be found that a knowledge of the laws of life is more important than any other knowledge whatever—that the laws of life include not only all bodily and mental processes, but by implication all the transactions of the house and the street, all commerce, all politics, all morals—and that therefore without a due acquaintance with them neither personal nor social conduct can be rightly regulated. It will eventually be seen too, that the laws of life are essentially the same throughout the whole organic creation; and further, that they cannot be properly understood in their complex manifestations until they have been studied in their simpler ones. And when this is seen, it will be also seen that in aiding the child to acquire the out-of-door information for which it shows so great an avidity, and in encouraging the acquisition of such information throughout youth, we are simply inducing it to store up the raw material for future organization—the facts that will one day bring home to it with due force those great generalizations of science by which actions may be rightly guided.

The spreading recognition of drawing as an element of education, is one amongst many signs of the more rational views on

mental culture now beginning to prevail. Once more it may be remarked that teachers are at length adopting the course which nature has for ages been pressing upon their notice. The spontaneous efforts made by children to represent the men, houses, trees, and animals around them—on a slate if they can get nothing better, or with lead-pencil on paper, if they can beg them—are familiar to all. To be shown through a picture-book is one of their highest gratifications; and as usual, their strong imitative tendency presently generates in them the ambition to make pictures themselves also. This attempt to depict the striking things they see is a further instinctive exercise of the perceptions—a means whereby still greater accuracy and completeness of observation is induced. And alike by seeking to represent us in their discoveries of the sensible properties of things, and by their endeavours to draw, they solicit from us just that kind of culture which they most need.

Had teachers been guided by nature's hints not only in the making of drawing a part of education, but in the choice of their modes of teaching it, they would have done still better than they have done. What is it that the child first tries to represent? Things that are large, things that are attractive in colour, things round which its pleasurable associations most cluster—human beings from whom it has received so many emotions, cows and dogs which interest by the many phenomena they present, houses that are hourly visible and strike by their size and contrast of parts. And which of all the processes of representation gives it most delight? Colouring. Paper and pencil are good in default of something better; but a box of paints and a brush—these are the treasures. The drawing of outlines immediately becomes secondary to colouring—is gone through mainly with a view to the colouring; and if leave can be got to colour a book of prints, how great is the favour! Now, ridiculous as such a position will seem to drawing-masters, who postpone colouring and who teach form by a dreary discipline of copying lines, we believe that the course of culture thus indicated is the right one. That priority of colour to form, which, as already pointed out, has a psychological basis, and in virtue of which psychological basis arises this strong preference in the child, should be recognised from the very beginning; and from the very beginning also the things imitated should be real. That greater delight in colour which is not only conspicuous in children but persists in most persons throughout life, should be continuously employed as the natural stimulus to the mastery of the comparatively difficult and unattractive form—should be the prospective reward for the achievement of form. And these instinctive attempts to represent interesting actualities should be all along

encouraged ; in the conviction that as, by a widening experience, smaller and more practicable objects become interesting, they too will be attempted ; and that so a gradual approximation will be made towards imitations having some resemblance to the realities. No matter how grotesque the shapes produced : no matter how daubed and glaring the colours. The question is not whether the child is producing good drawings : the question is, whether it is developing its faculties. It has first to gain some command over its fingers, some crude notions of likeness ; and this practice is better than any other for these ends ; seeing that it is the spontaneous and the interesting one. During these early years, be it remembered, no formal drawing-lessons are possible : shall we therefore repress, or neglect to aid, these efforts at self-culture ? or shall we encourage and guide them as normal exercises of the perceptions and the powers of manipulation ? If by the supply of cheap woodcuts to be coloured, and simple contour-maps to have their boundary lines tinted, we can not only pleasantly draw out the faculty of colour, but can incidentally produce some familiarity with the outlines of things and countries, and some ability to move the brush steadily ; and if by the supply of temptingly-painted objects we can keep up the instinctive practice of making representations, however rough, it must happen that by the time drawing is commonly commenced there will exist a facility that would else have been absent. Time will have been gained ; and trouble both to teacher and pupil, saved.

From all that has been said, it may be readily inferred that we wholly disapprove of the practice of drawing from copies ; and still more so of that formal discipline in making straight lines and curved lines and compound lines, with which it is the fashion of some teachers to begin. We regret to find that the Society of Arts has recently, in its series of manuals on "Rudimentary Art-Instruction," given its countenance to an elementary drawing book, which is the most vicious in principle that we have seen. We refer to the "Outline from Outline, or from the Flat," by John Bell, sculptor. As expressed in the prefatory note, this publication proposes "to place before the student a simple, yet logical mode of instruction ;" and to this end sets out with a number of definitions thus :—

"A simple line in drawing is a thin mark drawn from one point to another.

"Lines may be divided, as to their nature in drawing, into two classes :—

"1. *Straight*, which are marks that go the shortest road between two points, as A B.

"2. Or *Curved*, which are marks which do not go the shortest road between two points, as C D."

And so the introduction progresses to horizontal lines, perpendicular lines, oblique lines, angles of the several kinds, and the various figures which lines and angles make up. The work is, in short, a grammar of form, with exercises. And thus the system of commencing with a dry analysis of elements, which, in the teaching of language, has been exploded, is to be re-instituted in the teaching of drawing. The abstract is to be preliminary to the concrete. Scientific conceptions are to precede empirical experiences. That this is an inversion of the normal order, we need scarcely repeat. It has been well said concerning the custom of prefacing the art of speaking any tongue by a drilling in the parts of speech and their functions, that it is about as reasonable as prefacing the art of walking by a course of lessons on the bones, muscles, and nerves of the legs; and much the same thing may be said of the proposal to preface the art of representing objects by a nomenclature and definitions of the lines which they yield on analysis. These technicalities are alike repulsive and needless. They render the study distasteful at the very outset; and all with the view of teaching that, which, in the course of practice, will be learnt unconsciously. Just as the child incidentally gathers the meanings of ordinary words from the conversations going on around it, without the help of dictionaries; so, from the remarks on objects, pictures, and its own drawings, will it presently acquire, not only without effort but even pleasurably, those same scientific terms, which, if presented at first, are a mystery and a weariness.

If any dependence is to be placed upon the general principles of education that have been laid down, the process of learning to draw should be throughout continuous with those efforts of early childhood described above, as so worthy of encouragement. By the time that the voluntary practice thus initiated has given some steadiness of hand, and some tolerable ideas of proportion, there will have arisen a vague notion of body as presenting its three dimensions in perspective. And when, after sundry abortive, Chinese-like attempts to render this appearance on paper, there has grown up a pretty clear perception of the thing to be achieved, and a desire to achieve it, a first lesson in empirical perspective may be given by means of the apparatus occasionally used in explaining perspective as a science. This sounds formidable; but the experiment is both comprehensible and interesting to any boy or girl of ordinary intelligence. A plate of glass so framed as to stand vertically on the table, being placed before the pupil, and a book, or like simple object laid on the other side of it, he is requested, whilst keeping the eye in one position, to make ink dots upon the glass, so that they may coincide with, or hide the corners of this object. He is then told to join these

dots by lines; on doing which he perceives that the lines he makes hide, or coincide with, the outlines of the object. And then, on being asked to put a sheet of paper on the other side of the glass, he discovers that the lines he has thus drawn represent the object as he saw it. They not only look like it, but he perceives that they must be like it, because he made them agree with its outlines; and by removing the paper he can repeatedly convince himself that they do agree with its outlines. The fact is new and striking; and serves him as an experimental demonstration, that lines of certain lengths, placed in certain directions on a plane, can represent lines of other lengths, and having other directions, in space. Subsequently, by gradually changing the position of the object, he may be led to observe how some lines shorten and disappear, whilst others come into sight and lengthen. The convergence of parallel lines, and, indeed, all the leading facts of perspective may, from time to time, be similarly illustrated to him. If he has been duly accustomed to self-help, he will gladly, when it is suggested, make the attempt to draw one of these outlines upon paper, by the eye only; and it may soon be made an exciting aim to produce, unassisted, a representation, as like as he can, to one subsequently sketched on the glass. Thus, without the unintelligent, mechanical practice of copying other drawings, but by a method at once simple and attractive—rational, yet not abstract, a familiarity with the linear appearances of things, and a faculty of rendering them, may be, step by step, acquired. To which advantages add these:—that even thus early the pupil learns, almost unconsciously, the true theory of a picture,—namely, that it is a delineation of objects as they appear when projected on a plane placed between them and the eye; and that when he reaches a fit age for commencing scientific perspective he is already thoroughly acquainted with the facts which form its logical basis.

As exhibiting a rational mode of communicating primary conceptions in geometry, we cannot do better than quote the following passage from Mr. Wyse:—

“ A child has been in the habit of using cubes for arithmetic; let him use them also for the elements of geometry. I would begin with solids, the reverse of the usual plan. It saves all the difficulty of absurd definitions, and bad explanations on points, lines, and surfaces, which are nothing but abstractions. . . . A cube presents many of the principal elements of geometry; it at once exhibits points, straight lines, parallel lines, angles, parallelograms, &c. &c. These cubes are divisible into various parts. The pupil has already been familiarized with such divisions in numeration, and he now proceeds to a comparison of their several parts, and of the relation of these parts to each other. . . . From thence he advances to globes, which furnish

him with elementary notions of the circle, of curves generally, &c. &c.

"Being tolerably familiar with solids, he may now substitute planes. The transition may be made very easy. Let the cube, for instance, be cut into thin divisions, and placed on paper; he will then see as many plane rectangles as he has divisions; so with all the others. Globes may be treated in the same manner; he will thus see how surfaces really are generated, and be enabled to abstract them with facility in every solid.

"He has thus acquired the alphabet and reading of geometry. He now proceeds to write it.

"The simplest operation, and therefore the first, is merely to place these planes on a piece of paper, and pass the pencil round them. When this has been frequently done, the plane may be put at a little distance, and the child required to copy it, and so on."

A stock of geometrical conceptions having been obtained, in some such manner as this recommended by Mr. Wyse, a further step may, in course of time, be taken, by introducing the practice of testing the correctness of all figures drawn by the eye; thus alike exciting an ambition to make them exact, and continually illustrating the difficulty of fulfilling that ambition. There can be little doubt that geometry had its origin (as, indeed, the word implies) in the methods discovered by artisans and others, of making accurate measurements for the foundations of buildings, areas of inclosures, and the like; and that its truths came to be treasured up, merely with a view to their immediate utility. They should be introduced to the pupil under analogous relationships. In the cutting out of pieces for his card-houses, in the drawing of ornamental diagrams for colouring, and in those various instructive occupations which an inventive teacher will lead him into, he may be for a length of time advantageously left, like the primitive builder, to tentative processes; and will so gain an abundant experience of the difficulty of achieving his aims by the unaided senses. When, having meanwhile undergone a valuable discipline of the perceptions, he has reached a fit age for using a pair of compasses, he will, whilst duly appreciating these as enabling him to verify his ocular guesses, be still hindered by the difficulties of the approximative method. In this stage he may be left for a further period: partly as being yet too young for any thing higher; partly because it is desirable that he should be made to feel still more strongly the want of systematic contrivances. If the acquisition of knowledge is to be made continuously interesting; and if, in the early civilisation of the child, as in the early civilisation of the race, science becomes attractive only as ministering to art; it is manifest that the proper preliminary to geometry is a long practice in those construc-

tive processes which geometry will facilitate. Observe that here, too, nature points the way. Almost invariably, children show a strong propensity to cut out things in paper, to make, to build—a propensity which, if duly encouraged and directed, will not only prepare the way for scientific conceptions, but will develop those powers of manipulation in which most people are so deficient.

When the observing and inventive faculties have attained the requisite power, the pupil may be introduced to empirical geometry; that is—geometry dealing with methodical solutions, but not with the demonstrations of them. Like all other transitions in education, this should be made not formally but incidentally; and the relationship to constructive art should still be maintained. To make a tetrahedron in cardboard, like one given to him, is a problem which will alike interest the pupil, and serve as a convenient starting-point. In attempting this, he finds it needful to draw four equilateral triangles, arranged in special positions. Being unable in the absence of an exact method to do this accurately, he discovers, on putting the triangles into their respective positions, that he cannot make their sides fit, and that their angles do not properly meet at the apex. He may now be shown how, by describing a couple of circles, each of these triangles may be drawn with perfect correctness and without guessing; and after his failure he will duly value the information. Having thus helped him to the solution of his first problem, with the view of illustrating the nature of geometrical methods, he is in future to be left altogether to his own ingenuity in solving the questions put to him. To bisect a line, to erect a perpendicular, to describe a square, to bisect an angle, to draw a line parallel to a given line, to describe a hexagon, are problems which a little patience will enable him to find out. And from these he may be led on step by step to questions of a more complex kind; all of which, under judicious management, he will puzzle through unhelped. Doubtless, many of those brought up under the old regime, will look upon this assertion sceptically. We speak from facts, however, and those neither few nor special. We have seen a class of boys become so interested in making out solutions to these problems, as to look forward to their geometry-lesson as a chief event of the week. Within the last month, we have been told of one girls' school, in which some of the young ladies voluntarily occupy themselves with geometrical questions out of school-hours; and of another, in which they not only do this, but in which one of them is begging for problems to find out during the holidays,—both which facts we state on the authority of the teacher. There could indeed be no stronger proofs than are thus afforded of the practicability and the immense advantage of self-develop-

ment. A branch of knowledge which as commonly taught is dry and even repulsive, may, by following the method of nature, be made extremely interesting and profoundly beneficial. We say profoundly beneficial, because the effects are not confined to the gaining of geometrical facts, but often revolutionize the whole state of mind. It has repeatedly occurred, that those who have been stupified by the ordinary school-drill—by its abstract formulas, by its wearisome tasks, by its cramming—have suddenly had their intellects roused, by thus ceasing to make them passive recipients, and inducing them to become active discoverers. The discouragement brought about by bad teaching having been diminished by a little sympathy, and sufficient perseverance induced to achieve a first success, there arises a revulsion of feeling affecting the whole nature. They no longer find themselves incompetent; they too, can do something. And gradually as success follows success, the incubus of despair disappears, and they attack the difficulties of their other studies with a courage that insures conquest.

This empirical geometry which presents an endless series of problems, and should be continued along with other studies for years, may throughout be advantageously accompanied by those concrete applications of its principles which serve as its preliminary. After the cube, the octahedron, and the various forms of pyramid and prism have been mastered, may come the more complex regular bodies—the dodecahedron, and the icosahedron—to construct which out of single pieces of cardboard requires considerable ingenuity. From these, the transition may naturally be made to such modified forms of the regular bodies as are met with in crystals—the truncated cube, the cube with its dihedral as well as its solid angles truncated, the octahedron and the various prisms as similarly modified; in imitating which numerous forms assumed by different metals and salts, an acquaintance with the leading facts of mineralogy will be incidentally gained. After long continuance in exercises of this kind, rational geometry, as may be supposed, presents no obstacles. Constantly habituated to contemplate relationships of form and quantity, and vaguely perceiving from time to time the necessity of certain results as reached by certain means, the pupil comes to regard the demonstrations of Euclid as the missing supplements to his familiar problems. His well disciplined faculties enable him easily to master its successive propositions, and to appreciate their value; and he has the occasional gratification of finding some of his own methods proved to be true. Thus he enjoys what is to the unprepared a dreary task. It only remains to add, that his mind will presently arrive at a fit condition for that most valuable of all exercises for the reflective faculties—the

making of original demonstrations. Such theorems as those appended to the successive books of the Messrs. Chambers' Euclid, will soon become practicable to him; and in proving them the process of self-development will be not intellectual only, but moral.

To continue much further these suggestions would be to write a detailed treatise on education, which we do not purpose. The foregoing outlines of plans for exercising the perceptions in early childhood, for conducting object-lessons, for teaching drawing and geometry, must be considered as roughly-sketched illustrations of the method dictated by the general principles previously specified. We believe that on examination they will be found not only to progress from the simple to the complex, from the concrete to the abstract, from the empirical to the rational; but to satisfy the further requirements that education shall be a repetition of civilisation in little, that it shall be as much as possible a process of self-evolution, and that it shall be pleasurable. That there should be one type of method capable of satisfying all these conditions, tends alike to verify the conditions, and to prove that type of method the right one. And when we add that this method is the logical outcome of the tendency, characterizing all modern systems of instruction—that it is but an adoption in full of the method of nature which they adopt partially—that it displays this complete adoption of the method of nature, not only by conforming to the above principles, but by following the suggestions which the unfolding mind itself gives, facilitating its spontaneous activities, and so aiding the developments which nature is busy with—when we add this, there seems abundant reason to conclude, that the mode of procedure above exemplified, closely approximates to the true one.

A few paragraphs must be appended in further inculcation of the two general principles, alike the most important and the least attended to: we mean the principle that throughout youth, as in early childhood and in maturity, the process shall be one of self-instruction; and the obverse principle, that the mental action induced by this process shall be throughout intrinsically grateful. If progression from simple to complex, and from concrete to abstract, be considered the essential requirements as dictated by abstract psychology, then do these requirements that knowledge shall be self-mastered, and pleasurable mastered, become the tests by which we may judge whether the dictates of abstract psychology are being fulfilled. If the first embody the leading generalizations of the *science* of mental growth, the last are the chief canons of the *art* of fostering mental growth. For mani-

festly if the steps in our *curriculum* are so arranged that they can be successively ascended by the pupil himself with little or no help, they must correspond with the stages of evolution in his faculties; and manifestly if the successive achievements of these steps are intrinsically gratifying to him, it follows that they require no more than a normal exercise of his powers.

But the making education a process of self-evolution has other advantages than this of keeping our lessons in the right order. In the first place, it guarantees a vividness and permanency of impression which the usual methods can never produce. Any piece of knowledge which the pupil has himself acquired, any problem which he has himself solved, becomes by virtue of the conquest much more thoroughly his than it could else be. The preliminary activity of mind which his success implies, the concentration of thought necessary to it, and the excitement consequent on his triumph, conspire to register all the facts in his memory in a way that no mere information heard from a teacher, or read in a school-book, can be registered. Even if he fails, the tension to which his faculties have been wound up insures his remembrance of the solution when given to him, better than half a dozen repetitions would. Observe again, that this discipline necessitates a continuous organization of the knowledge he acquires. It is in the very nature of facts and inferences, assimilated in this normal manner, that they successively become the premisses of further conclusions,—the means of solving still higher questions. The solution of yesterday's problem helps the pupil in mastering to-day's. Thus the knowledge is turned into faculty as soon as it is taken in, and forthwith aids in the general function of thinking,—does not lie merely written in the pages of an internal library, as when rote-learned. Mark further, the importance of the moral culture which this constant self-help involves. Courage in attacking difficulties, patient concentration of the attention, perseverance through failures,—these are characteristics which after-life specially requires; and these are characteristics which this system of making the mind work for its food specially produces. That it is thoroughly practicable to carry out instruction after this fashion we can ourselves testify; having been in youth thus led to successively solve the comparatively complex problems of Perspective. And that leading teachers have been gradually tending in this direction is indicated alike in the saying of Fellenberg, that "the individual, independent activity of the pupil is of much greater importance than the ordinary busy officiousness of many who assume the office of educators;" in the opinion of Horace Mann, that "unfortunately education amongst us at present consists too much in *telling*, not in *training*;" and in

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the remark of M. Marcel, that "what the learner discovers by mental exertion is better known than what is told to him."

Similarly with the co-relative requirement, that the method of culture pursued shall be one productive of an intrinsically happy activity,—an activity not happy in virtue of extrinsic rewards to be obtained, but in virtue of its own healthfulness. Conformity to this requirement not only guards us against thwarting the normal process of evolution, but incidentally secures positive benefits of importance. Unless we are to return to an ascetic morality, the maintenance of youthful happiness must be considered as in itself a worthy aim. Not to dwell upon this, however, we go on to remark that a pleasurable state of feeling is far more favourable to intellectual action than one of indifference or disgust. Every one knows that things read, heard, or seen with interest, are better remembered than those read, heard, or seen with apathy. In the one case the faculties appealed to are actively occupied with the subject presented; in the other they are inactively occupied with it; and the attention is continually drawn away after more attractive thoughts. Hence the impressions are respectively strong and weak. Moreover, the intellectual listlessness which a pupil's lack of interest in any study involves, is further complicated by his anxiety, by his fear of consequences, which distract his attention, and increase the difficulty he finds in bringing his faculties to bear upon these facts that are repugnant to them. Clearly, therefore, the efficiency of any intellectual action will, other things equal, be proportionate to the gratification with which it is performed. It should be considered also, that important moral consequences depend upon the habitual pleasure or pain which daily lessons produce. No one can compare the faces and manners of two boys—the one made happy by mastering interesting subjects, and the other made miserable by disgust with his studies, by consequent failure, by cold looks, by threats, by punishment—without seeing that the disposition of the one is being benefited, and that of the other greatly injured. Whoever has marked the effect of intellectual success upon the mind, and the power of the mind over the body, will see that in the one case both temper and health are favourably affected; whilst in the other there is danger of permanent moroseness, of permanent timidity, and even of permanent constitutional depression. To all which considerations we must add the further one, that the relationship between teachers and their pupils is, other things equal, rendered friendly and influential, or antagonistic and powerless, according as the system of culture produces happiness or misery. Human beings are at the mercy of their associated ideas. A daily minister of pain cannot fail to be regarded with a secret dislike; and if he

causes no emotions but painful ones will inevitably be hated. Conversely, he who constantly aids children to their ends, hourly provides them with the satisfactions of conquest, hourly encourages them through their difficulties and sympathizes in their successes, cannot fail to be liked; nay, if his behaviour is consistent throughout, must be loved. And when we remember how efficient and benign is the control of a master who is felt to be a friend, when compared with the control of one who is looked upon with aversion, or at best indifference, we may infer that the indirect advantages of conducting education on the happiness principle do not fall far short of the direct ones. To all who question the possibility of acting out the system here advocated, we reply as before, that not only does theory point to it, but experience commends it. To the many verdicts of distinguished teachers who since Pestalozzi's time have testified this, may be here added that of Professor Pillans, who asserts that, "where young people are taught as they ought to be they are quite as happy in school as at play seldom less delighted, nay, often more, with the well-directed exercise of their mental energies, than with that of their muscular powers."

As suggesting a final reason for making education a process of self-instruction, and by consequence a process of pleasurable instruction, we may advert to the fact that, in proportion as it is made so, is there a probability that education will not cease when school-days end. As long as the acquisition of knowledge is rendered habitually repugnant, so long will there be a prevailing tendency to discontinue it when free from the coercion of parents and masters. And when the acquisition of knowledge has been rendered habitually gratifying, then will there be as prevailing a tendency to continue, without superintendence, that same self-culture previously carried on under superintendence. These results are inevitable. Whilst the laws of mental association remain true,—whilst men dislike the things and places that suggest painful recollections, and delight in those which call to mind bygone pleasures,—painful lessons will make knowledge repulsive, and pleasurable lessons will make it attractive. The men to whom in boyhood information came in dreary tasks along with threats of punishment, and who were never led into habits of independent inquiry, are unlikely to be students in after years; whilst those to whom it came in the natural forms, at the proper times, and who remember its facts as not only interesting in themselves, but as the occasions of a long series of gratifying successes, are likely to continue through life that self-instruction commenced in youth.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Stones of Venice*. Vol. II. *The Sea Stories*.  
By JOHN RUSKIN. London, 1853.  
2. *The Stones of Venice*. Vol. III. *The Fall*. By JOHN  
RUSKIN. London, 1853.

OUR Railway Stations are, for the most part, curious and not un instructive spectacles. They constitute the one field which has been opened, of late years, for the display of some originality of architectural and decorative resource. Our new streets, club-houses, palaces, and bridges, are naturally not unlike other edifices of the same kind which have preceded them; but in Railway Stations there arose a new necessity, and we had a right to expect from them a new result. The expectation has been only partially disappointed. All Railway travellers who trouble themselves with "trifles" of this kind will agree with us when we declare, that, as a general rule, whenever artistic effect has been attempted in the places in question, the result has been a display of almost hopeless imbecility; but, on the other hand, where no such effect has been sought, it has often been obtained. The subject is hardly one that would have called for attention, had it not been for the vast sums which have been, and are still being, expended to no purpose in the world, but that of declaring to the world our national incapacity for doing anything but make ourselves ridiculous when we attempt to be artistical. We can be artistical if we do not try too hard, as the Crystal Palace, London Bridge, the unfinished and unnoticed Record Office near Fetter Lane, and some few other recent works may prove; but as soon as we set our minds seriously upon some development of the "sublime and beautiful," we become Dogberrys upon a disastrous scale, and insist upon proclaiming our inefficiency, in durable brick and mortar, stone, or oak, or iron, or at very least in lath and plaster.

"Variety is charming," is a very good maxim when properly applied, but a very bad one otherwise; and this maxim *falsely applied*, is the only principle of art of which our Railway architects seem to have been cognizant. A solemn Greek portico, raised, perhaps, at an expense which would have paid for the Bishop of Manchester's cathedral, introduces us to a long iron shed, under which engines are for ever hissing and whistling, luggage trucks for ever rumbling, and innumerable sights and sounds for ever going on, all of a character decidedly unclassic. We are presently whirled of, and by way, perhaps, of a poetical and hyperbolical allusion to the speed of travelling, we find our-

selves far away from Greece, despatching a cup of coffee under a modest Gothic porch. When we have arrived at our journey's end we have been transported through the places and times of Chinese, Ninevite, Cinque-cento, Tudor, and Moresque art, and, unless we have more wit than our betters, the architects, we have also arrived at the conclusion that art in general, and architecture in particular, is rank humbug, and the less we know of it the better. The furniture of the Railway Stations is, of course, in keeping with the architecture; that is to say, it is out of keeping with itself, and with everything else. And, be it remarked, no cost is spared to make all this absurdity as glaring as possible. For one example out of a thousand, take the refreshment rooms at the Tunbridge Station; two meanly proportioned apartments, with shabby counters, floor-cloth, and wretched French papering, all in the most disapproved modern taste, and, by way of startling relief, two mirrors and two side tables in oak, the carving of which, though vile in quality, is enough in elaboration, costliness, and quantity to furnish forth a suite of rooms in an antique palace! Really such sights are too humiliating for laughter. One's stomach revolts against the jam puffs and ginger beer which have decorative concomitants like these.

Railway directors, and rising young architects, and contracting upholsterers, may very likely open their innocent eyes at such denunciations, and ask what we would have them to do. Do nothing but your *business* is the answer; give us safe lines, punctual times; roofs of zinc, iron, wood, or what you will, so they be competent to keep out the rain and let in the light; leave "style" to take care of itself, as it always will, if you trust it; make your furniture strong and unpretending, as befits rough and hasty usage; do with your "artistic effects" of all kinds, what the song recommends little "Bo-peep" to do with her sheep; "leave them alone, and they'll come home," and bring their decorative appendages behind them. Wherever mechanical operations are carried on upon a large scale, as in the Railway, there is sure to be enough to amuse and delight the eye. What can be more pleasing, in its place, than the light iron roof, with its simple, yet intricate supports of spandrels, rods, and circles, at Euston Square; or the vast transparent vault and appropriate masses of brick-work at King's Cross? What "fine art" that we could have time to understand on a Railway journey could equal the beauty of the throbbing engines, or the admirably calculated reticulation and intersection of the iron lines at some great junction?

It is with these objects, and the like, that passengers will amuse themselves if they have a disengaged moment on their

way, and not with miserable imitations of defunct and inappropriate architectures, or insane oak carving.

The architecture of the British metropolis, with its three or four suburban Florences, all raised within the last twenty years, if less extravagantly absurd than that of the comparatively unimportant department above noticed, is not less hopelessly imbecile.

Several great new streets are in the process of formation, and several others are talked about, and it greatly concerns the public generally, that, if possible, these new streets should be utterly unlike any of the two or three hundred miles of street which have been added to the metropolis since "some dæmon whispered 'London have a taste'" in street architecture—that is to say, since about the commencement of the second quarter of this century, before which time men had long exhibited a humble and wholesome sense of their present inability to do more than adhere, in their domestic architecture, to the simple type of the baked mud-hut, namely, four bare brick walls, in their magnitude, and in the number of their apertures, proportioned to the tenant's wealth or necessities. The mud-hut style is that of the whole heart of the metropolis, with the exception of some few groups of houses which have survived to remind us that our great-great-grandfathers were not quite the ignoramuses in house-building which their undutiful great-great-grandchildren, among other libellous suppositions, would willingly think them to have been. The mud-hut style is unquestionably a melancholy one; for it is the architectural expression of the melancholy truth that the builders were incapable of doing anything better. But it is, we repeat, the expression of a truth, although a sad one, and, as such, this style has a decided claim to our respect. Not so with the insane "flare-up" in domestic architecture which took place a few years ago, beginning with the magnificences of Regent Street and the Regent's Park, and, alas! we fear, not ending with Mr. Moses's clothes' shops and New Oxford Street, that *reductio ad superbum* of the architectural problem. For want of a better name we must call this the slop-shop style, a title quite justified by its associations, though not pleasing perhaps to the ears polite of the professional architects who have brought into existence this new thing under the sun. We cannot admit that this style is in any way respectable, or comparable to the pure mud-hut style, which we earnestly recommend our modern "Iniquity Jones's" of street edification, to do their best to study and restore without further delay, unless they find it in them to give their architectural repentance a still nobler direction, by considering and re-producing the works of those who lived in the ancient times, before the birth of the mud-hut style.

We are quite aware of the difficulty of all kinds of repentance, and artistical repentance, we know, is of all kinds, the most difficult. Indeed, it is a business so rarely undertaken in sincerity that we can call to mind, in the whole history of art, but one unquestionable example of it. This, however, is an example which gives us good hope of the possibility, and even probability of the particular instance of repentance which we are now recommending. Our church architects have really reformed; they have really cast behind them the pagan abominations which, for two centuries or more, have defiled the holy places of their art, and, as is always the case after true repentance, the sin is now more difficult and out of the question than the virtue was before. Now if our church builders have seen their misery and abandoned it, why may not our street builders do the same?

It must, however, be confessed, that the whole weight of the responsibility of the evil we have been complaining of, does not rest with the house-builders. The conditions under which they are obliged to build are almost enough to have made them what they are, and we are rather surprised that Mr. Ruskin should not have placed greater emphasis than he has, on certainly the most fertile source of the meanness of urban domestic architecture. The following passage is part of a letter, signed C. K. P., recently printed in the "Times" newspaper. We entirely agree with it:—

"There has lately been a great deal of plausible talking and writing about the wretched taste displayed in modern house-architecture, but it seems to me that the taste of the people and the architects in this matter has been needlessly vilified. The fact is, that 'taste' has had little or nothing to do with the business. We have been doing the 'domestic architecture' of our own day too much honour in seeking so far for the cause of its nullity. Mr. Ruskin (*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. page 2) sets before our imaginations an ancient thoroughfare of Rouen or Nuremberg, and bids us bethink ourselves of Harley Street, or Gower Street, and weep over what the *renaissance* school has gradually brought us to. But the *renaissance* school has been guiltless in this matter, whatever else it may be chargeable with. Harley Street and Gower Street, with a hundred miles of other streets just like them, have written on their fronts their fatal sentence—to fall in 99 years after the time of edification. Surely that is enough to frighten all architectural expression out of the face of a house, without help from the *renaissance*.

"It was very well for the old gables of Nuremberg to put on countenances of beauty and fun, wooden and recklessly hung in the air, as most of them were, they had centuries to look forward to, and a day's labour more or less laid out on the grin of a corbel head, and the wave of a moulding was not to be grudged when the investment was for the lifetime of a nation and not of a man. When we consider

for what time our London houses are meant to exist, I think we should wonder that their architects are so lighthearted and jocular as they sometimes seem to be. Look at the broad suburban cincture of 'cottages of gentility,' in white compo. Here, indeed, the *renaissance* is in its glory; but far from declaiming against it, we ought thankfully to accept the recognition, such as it is, of humanity's repugnance to the bare sublimity of square brick walls with holes in them. I happened to be in one of the handsomest of the new houses in St. John's Wood the other day, when the housekeeper entered the room, bearing in her arms an enormous hollow bracket in lath and plaster, which, weary of even seeming to support the palladian cornice, had just fallen down. 'Please, ma'am, all the finery's coming off' was the woman's naive expression of regret. Now I think that under the present system of building for 99 years, the most that Mr. Ruskin, or any one else can expect of house-builders, is that their lath and plaster brackets, volutes, pendants, and other 'finery,' should stick on until the house fall in with the land lease. To ask them to carve the same in stone, or to task their wits to discover new modes of architectural loveliness, appears to me to be an injustice and a patent absurdity."

Another great aid and abettor of bad architecture, and of bad art generally, is the wonderful and most discouraging indifference of the people. This indifference is, no doubt, in great part owing to their habitual life among buildings not worth looking at, but there have lately been a few remarkable exceptions to the usual architectural nullity, and these ought to have attracted more attention than they have. The chief of these exceptions is the *Legislative Palace at Westminster*.

The money which has been, and is to be spent, upon the New Houses of Parliament, is of an amount sufficient alone to awaken a sensible interest in the mind of all taxable persons, as to the result which has been obtained by so serious a call upon their purses. In a matter of a few tens of thousands, we can afford to "suppose that it is all right," although we may not be quite able to understand, at a glance, whether or not, the article given in exchange is worth as many pence. Even when, as in Buckingham Palace, and the New Royal Exchange, the cost amounts to a very considerable fraction of a million, the sum, if spread over the nation, would not be very alarming, and if the Queen is satisfied with her house, and the merchants are content to meet among the mystic symbols of the "Renaissance" Architecture, it is no great matter to the bulk of the people, who feel quite as little interested as Her Majesty or the merchants can be, in the artistical merits or demerits of the Exchange and the Palace. But when the money spent counts by *millions*, it is a different matter. Were Her Majesty and all the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled to declare their complete satisfaction in the result of Mr. Barry's labours, we could

scarcely afford to let the matter rest there. Parliamentary majorities may be tolerably safe upon most social questions, but in any large company of ordinary men, the truth upon a question of taste in art, would almost certainly be the mind of the minority.

In the case of such a work as the New Palace at Westminster, the people are bound to take a great deal more interest than they do, and the particular instance in point would certainly repay them for taking a little trouble to think, and, through thinking, to *feel* about the matter; for, with all its faults, this building is a most splendid work, and if it had but the good fortune to be a middle-age ruin, instead of a brand new nineteenth century production, it would be scarcely second in fame to the Cathedral of Cologne itself—less certainly from the rivalry of its merit, than by reason of its unparalleled magnificence, both in size and richness of detail, and on account of certain effects which are almost inseparable from Gothic architecture on a great scale.

We are going to astonish the professional architects by our presumption; it consists in offering them a piece of advice, which carried out, would, we are confident, very materially add to the already superb effect of the Houses of Parliament, by removing faults so glaring that it is difficult to conceive how they come to be committed by the designers of other parts of the building.

We fancy that most persons would agree with us, that it would be highly desirable if, happily, it were possible, to remedy the grand defect of the river-front—want of height. What an inestimable addition to the effect of this, the grand façade of the building, would be the increase of its height by only ten or fifteen feet! Considering what has already been spent upon this edifice, half a million more might well be devoted to the remedy of this defect. Our readers, particularly the architects, will smile when we assure them that the work is to be done at the cost of *less than one fiftieth of that sum*. The face of the stone basement that rises from the water, and now carries the building, without forming a part of it, has only to be worked into shallow Gothic panels or arcades, to become incorporated with the building, and to raise it, to all artistic intents and purposes, by the requisite number of feet. And not only is this process expedient in order to remedy the defect of altitude, but it is quite necessary in order to preserve the integrity of the Gothic character, which, in an elaborate building like the present, is utterly repugnant to the neighbourhood of any spaces of clear wall. This plain, unpanelled basement, is an unmitigated eye-sore and inconsistency, without reference to the height of the building it carries. The

idea of a separate basement—an essential part of a pagan, or “Renaissance” edifice,—is wholly contrary to the character of a Gothic building, which ought to spring from the earth itself as naturally as a tree or a crag. We defy Mr. Barry and his advisers to point out to us a single authority in the whole circle of mediæval art, to justify the kind of basement upon which the Houses of Parliament are raised. The plainest village church, or town-hall, had it been built by the mediæval architects in a situation like that of these Houses, would certainly have been raised upon a basement, but the basement character would have been carefully concealed, by various expedients of buttresses, panelling, arcades, &c. It is no answer to our proposition, to say that when the tide is very high, these arcades, &c., would be nearly hidden. It is far better that the river-front should look handsome, if it were only for half its time, than that it should never look so; but the fact is, that well-managed arcades, if only the arched heads of them were out of the water, would suggest the submerged portions to the imagination; and the effect would become even more pleasing at high tide than at low.

We would willingly say more upon this nationally important matter, but we have already exhausted the patience of our readers, most of whom must be anxious to know something about the contents of a work, which, although fitted to be one of the most popular ever written, is limited to a small class of readers by its enormously, and we must think, unnecessarily high price.

Mr. Ruskin has now been long enough before the public to enable us to make as fair an estimate as can ever ordinarily be made, in such a case, of the nature and amount of the influence of his mind and eloquence upon the world of art in particular, and taste in general. This influence is a phenomenon worth considering. We do not remember anything in the history of art in England, at all corresponding in suddenness and extent to the effect which the works of Mr. Ruskin have already exercised upon the popular taste *directly*, and through popular taste, on the taste and theories of artists themselves. It may seem somewhat paradoxical to affirm, that the indirect influence has been upon those who are usually supposed to be mediums of the transmission of new views between their promulgators and the people.

The facts of the case are these. Mr. Ruskin has not done so much by the enunciation of new views, as by the enforcement, with magnificent eloquence, of views which were already parts and parcels of artistical criticism, but which had as yet found no advocate of sufficient vigour and ability to cause their full practical recognition in the face of the immense opposition of the great majority of artists, who felt that their occupation was gone

if these views were admitted. The late Mr. Pugin had insisted, long before Mr. Ruskin arose, upon Mr. Ruskin's leading architectural positions, namely, the nullity and comparative baseness of Greek architecture, and its late Roman and Italian corruptions, for modern uses; the essential poverty of these styles when compared with mediæval Gothic; the dependence of Gothic, and all other architectures, for their excellence, upon truth and reality of construction, and upon development of decoration from the nature and peculiar requirements of construction. Thousands of people had learned to feel, and scores of writers had learned to express their feelings, to readers who possessed technical knowledge, concerning the various loveliness and unmatched excellence of Gothic art. Turner had a large and intelligent school of admirers, long before Mr. Ruskin became its mouth-piece; the Pre-Raphaelites had their little circle of appreciators—ourselves among them—who heard nothing but a corroboration of their views in Mr. Ruskin's opportune advocacy of the principles and practice of "these young giants of art." All the doctrines, in fact, by the preaching of which Mr. Ruskin has raised his vast popular name, were well established among a select order of thinkers and feelers, before Mr. Ruskin uttered a word in their defence. Indeed, but for the previous admission of those doctrines by the little aristocracy of true taste, even Mr. Ruskin's eloquence would have made but little impression in the first instance. The people never believe any truth the first time they hear it; they insult and tread it under foot when it first confronts them, and tells them that they have been wrong; but in time this despised truth receives a sort of unrecognised recognition in their hearts; they learn to forget and to deny its original promulgators, and to class it with their own instinctive apprehensions; and when a great and eloquent writer, like Mr. Ruskin, utters this truth anew, the people despise it no longer, but *worship* it,—not in nine cases out of ten, as truth, but as *their* truth; the truth, at least, which they had learned to think their own; and their applause is not "how new!" but, "~~we knew that before!~~" Who has not observed that it is not a new joke which gets laughed at, in an ordinary society, or at the play, but an old one in some new costume. If so innocent and inoffensive a thing as a new joke must knock twice for admission, it is not to be wondered at if new truth, which always calls for the expulsion of some old prejudice, should be received with blank stares of amazement at its impertinence.

• Even new beauty in poetry, music, painting, though harmless as a joke, and infinitely more deserving of the world's welcome, is always snubbed and neglected at first sight. "We never saw you before—don't know anything about you—where's your

character from your last place?" Such is the sort of reception which all really original worth meets with, whether in art, criticism, or philosophy. Let no one suppose that we mean to attack Mr. Ruskin's claims to originality as a critical discoverer. His discoveries are many, profound, and important, and on these his fame must ultimately depend, when his great popularity, which is the result of his brilliant re-declaration of truths which he had learned from others, is no more. Of Mr. Ruskin's real discoveries we hear little or nothing, even from the critics who have been loudest in his praise. One great "organ of popular opinion" glorifies Mr. Ruskin as the discoverer of the venerable architectural doctrine of the distinction of Greek and Gothic by lintel and gable; another newspaper, which piques itself upon being a particularly sharp and well-informed critic of art, crowns Mr. Ruskin with laurels, for having declared that art and morality have a common ground,—a fact with which the readers of this Review must have been familiar years ago; but none of these critics have noticed, or at least set any price upon the really great artistical discoveries which are to be found in the various writings of the author of "*Modern Painters*,"—and if these discoveries are not altogether despised and overlooked, it is because Mr. Ruskin's comparative commonplaces have won him some degree of credit for anything he may choose to say.

In our opinion—and we have made no light study of architecture and its related arts—the most important piece of criticism as yet produced by Mr. Ruskin, is his account and justification of the church of St. Mark's, Venice, an edifice which, up to the time of the publication of "*The Stones of Venice*," was a stumblingblock and a mystery to all persons, architects or amateurs, who beheld it. It violates the laws of all admitted schools of architecture, just as Shakespeare's plays violate all preceding dramatic rules. It is now proved clearly to constitute, as Shakespeare's dramas do, an art by itself, with laws no less severe than those of other schools, but perfectly independent of them; and Mr. Ruskin's great criticism of this great work of art, not only teaches us to feel that work—for we moderns are too far gone in criticism to be able to feel what we cannot in some measure understand—but it reveals to us certain hitherto unknown laws of art which may henceforth be applied, not only to the explication of still anomalous works, but to the development of similar beauty.

We are about to give our readers a sketch of Mr. Ruskin's account of the cathedral, but must prepare the way by a few more general glimpses of the strange and wonderful Venetian art as contrasted with our Northern styles. Mr. Ruskin very well reminds us that—

"The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage-dream, which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that 'Bridge of Sighs,' which is the centre of the Byronic idea of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as one of his great ancestors, was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero's death; and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered within the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo, or Francis Foscari, could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal, that renowned entrance, the painters' favourite subject, the novelists' favourite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps of the church La Salute, the mighty Doges would not know in what spot of the world they stood, would literally not recognise one stone of the great city, for whose sake, and by whose ingratitude, their grey hairs had been brought down with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidden behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court, and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them for ever. It must be our task to glean and gather them forth, and restore out of them some faint image of the lost city: more gorgeous a thousandfold than that which now exists, yet not created in the day dream of the prince, nor by the ostentation of the noble, but built by iron hands and patient hearts, contending against the adversity of nature and the fury of man, so that its wonderfulness cannot be grasped by the indolence of imagination, but only after frank inquiry into the true nature of that wild and solitary scene, whose restless tides and trembling sands did indeed shelter the birth of the city, but long denied her dominion."

Mr. Ruskin has performed the task which he here proposes to himself with a rare union of enthusiasm and patience, eloquence and accuracy. His work, which, perhaps, a century or two hence, will be all that remains of Venice, had it no other present or prospective merit than that of having embalmed in plates and letter-press the main existing features of her ancient glories, would never be forgotten. But it has claims of a different kind, which place it in the same category of excellence with that of the works which it describes. The power of imagination which is displayed in certain passages render them works of art, of no mean pretensions in themselves. Here is a pair of glorious descriptions which we give by way of preface to our abstract of the account of the art of St. Mark's:—

"And now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St.

Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time, in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of its towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables, warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which shew here and there among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front, on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nursery-maids, and so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars, where there were statues once, and where the fragment here and there of a stately figure, is still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps, indeed, a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up, to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and whirling winds, into yet unseenlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above, that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees, like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh, and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

"Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded continuous drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sure and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet, for centuries, and on all who have seen their rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river."

Here is the worthy companion-piece of the above otherwise incomparable description :—

“Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great squares seem to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away : a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered in a long low pyramid of coloured light ; a treasure-heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture, fantastic and involved, of palm leaves, and lilies and grapes, and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes, and in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded, long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper, and porphyry, and deep green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, their ‘ bluest veins to kiss,’—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing hue after hue of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand, their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross ; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and life—angels and signs of heaven and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth, and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches, edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion lifted on a blue field, covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the archer break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky, in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethysts.

“Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval ! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them ; for instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.”

We now proceed to give our readers the heads of a piece of *artistical analysis*, which, as we have already said, entitles Mr. Ruskin to rank with the very highest in that class of writing.

Mr. Ruskin begins by observing that the Venetian architects were at a great distance from any available quarries of stone, and that their materials were brought to them in vessels of small burthen, propelled by oars, rather than sails. The cost of carriage was, of course, the same, whether the load was of freestone or jasper, it was therefore natural to choose a costly material where the carriage was in any case highly paid. This consideration, coupled with the recollection that the Venetians had been accustomed, in their old country, to build much with fine marbles, the remains of ancient edifices, gives some clue to their adoption of marble as their building material. Having once made this selection, it follows that the buildings were of necessity comparatively small. Setting cost aside, it is impossible to procure blocks of marble above a certain size. It is also natural that the builders should be glad to save carriage, by getting, where it was possible, columns ready sculptured.

The architect of Venice had then to build of precious blocks of coloured marbles, and shafts and capitals ready sculptured, taken from foreign buildings. It remained for him either to place his blocks of marble here and there, (for it was impossible that the whole edifice should be marble,) and to fashion his sculptures anew, or to split his marble, and use it as a mere surface covering to his walls, and adopt such a style of architecture as would admit his foreign sculptures where their beauty might be seen, and still allow of their admixture with new ornamentation. The architect of St. Mark's caring more for beauty, though existing in the works of others, than his own fame, and seeking by every means to embellish his building, chose the latter alternative. And this style, adopted at first partly from necessity, and partly from old association, became dear to the Venetians, and it was customary in their times of prosperity to spoil conquered nations of their marbles, and to crowd the front of their cathedral, not only with these, but with offerings of miscellaneous wealth.

These considerations are put forth by way of justification of the style adopted by the Venetians; but Mr. Ruskin proceeds at once to show the grounds upon which rest the merits of this style, the adoption of which, like that of all other styles, more or less, was guided by circumstances of time and place.

He begins by quoting a remark made by Mr. Wood, to the effect, that the chief thing remarkable in the Cathedral of St. Mark's is its ugliness; this same Mr. Wood prefers the paintings of Caracci to those of the Venetian school, shewing thereby, says Mr. Ruskin, a total want of perception for colour. As it is on the whole a piece of "perfect and unchangeable colour," it rests the whole claim of St. Mark's upon our ad-

miration, he protests against its being in any way criticised by such judges, "who have no more right to discourse of colour than the deaf man of music." He then proceeds to show that, "the school of incrustated architecture is the only one in which perfect and permanent chromatic decoration is possible," and that when once it is understood that the solid masonry in this style is to be of brick, with an outer surface of marble, like the muscles and bones, covered with a fair skin, the whole edifice becomes amenable to a self-consistent code of laws which are given in the following order :—

I. "That the plinths and cornices used for binding the armour are to be light and delicate." Marble used as a mere surface, requires only a thickness of two or three inches; but this thickness will make something more than cement requisite for its support; cornices and string-courses must be used, to bind the marble to the brickwork, and the different plates of marble must be firmly rivetted together. These plinths and string-courses should not be of such proportions as to allow of a mistake as to their purpose, they must therefore be slender.

II. "Science of inner structure is to be abandoned." The inner mass of the building being avowedly of common material, and used as a mere framework to the beautiful surface, it would be absurd to call attention to it by any display of construction. All that is required of it is, that it should be of sufficient bulk to give an idea of security. This bulk is further useful, as offering a greater surface for that adornment on which the beauty of the style depends. The framework must therefore consist of simple massive walls and piers, and any display of construction must be directed to the support of the marble where, as in arches, it is more difficult to give an appearance of security to its connexion with the brickwork.

III. "All shafts are to be solid." When once the system of incrusting is abandoned, it must be abandoned entirely. In most cases it would be cheaper to make the shaft solid than to fit marble round it. It will then be generally *supposed* that the shaft is solid, and as it is essential that there shall be no doubt as to what is solid and what veneered, all shafts must, without exception, be solid. Moreover, as the incrusting of the walls makes the observer suspicious, the shafts must not even be jointed, but in single blocks. This is the easier, as from the latitude given in the size of the walls and piers, it is not necessary that the shafts should do much work, nor be of great size. In Norman or Gothic, where the shaft is an important supporting member, any such rule would be impossible, there, the workman may, without blame, construct a column of broken flint, or cemented stones; but here, where little or no employment is given

to the shafts, it is reasonable to demand that they shall consist of single blocks; the more so from the economy of the walls. The builder has an opportunity offered him of showing by the beauty and solidity of his columns, that his arrangement of the walls is not prompted by niggardliness, but rather by the absurdity of inserting large blocks of beautiful marbles into brickwork, where their thickness could not even be known, and could therefore afford neither pleasure nor profit to the beholder.

IV. "The shafts may sometimes be independent of construction." These blocks of precious marble may be regarded as jewels, which, indeed, they are, upon a large scale; and as such, may be introduced for the sake of their intrinsic beauty, even where they are only of nominal service. They are too lovely to be hidden in crowded groups, or imbedded in walls, or thrust into dark corners, where arches may chance to abut; their chief business is "to catch the sunshine on their polished sides, and lead the eye into delighted wanderings among the mazes of their azure veins."

V. "The shafts may be of variable size." As it is impossible, and manifestly so, that the Venetian architect, in his sea-bound home, could either change his marbles, as a jeweller would his diamonds, till they were all of one size, or let the unmatched blocks lie about his buildings till their fellows should chance to arrive from the quarries, it would affect the eye painfully to see a perfect symmetry maintained among the columns. It would be manifest that the larger blocks had been broken down to the size of the smaller, to the great loss of labour and of beauty. Each piece of marble should be treated as a precious stone, which it indeed is, and cut away as little as possible. In the case of a shrine or a small chapel, where peculiar effect is sought, care may be taken to make the columns symmetrical, but in such cases the beauty gained will be more conventional than real, as is the case with a set of diamonds or pearls of equal size.

VI. "The decoration must be shallow in cutting." It is obvious that, on a mere coating of marble, the sculptures must be in very shallow relief. This circumstance alone, is sufficient to account for the great dissimilarity between the sculptures of the marble-covered churches and the churches of the North. Not only does this difference consist in the actual depth allowed to the sculptors of the North and South—the one having full power to carve his whole substance into bold relief, and dark recesses, while the other may not cut more than an inch or two into his surface—but in the former there is no curb to the fancy which may flow on impetuously without damage to the material, while in the latter, the sculptor must never forget his material, nor for a single moment be allowed to go faster than science and

prudence dictate, lest in a moment of enthusiasm, the prescribed limits should be overstepped, and the pierced marble should expose the unseemly brickwork.

A peculiar style of sculpture, suited to the capacities of an incrust wall, was soon developed. The human form requiring strong relief for its perfect delineation, gave place gradually to flowers, or the lower animals, or appeared only in subordinate positions, and even these were often replaced by mere intricacies of waving lines, drawn, as if it were, upon the surface; beautiful mazes, which often leave us in doubt as to their meaning, whether or not a natural object is represented, and yet so perfect, that not one line could be added or taken away, without injury to the general effect; as a means of relieving the eye from this lightness of handling, a hole is drilled here and there, entirely through the marble, either into the outer air, or a dark hollow in the masonry. It is also observable that the northern sculptor, who might carve his figure in bold relief, was often tempted to bestow on it more finish than its situation in the building warranted; the Venetian, on the contrary, had no such temptation, and his sculptures are consequently always executed so as to produce the best possible effect from the distance.

Exactly in proportion as the sculpture became less important, colour became necessary. While on this subject Mr. Ruskin makes some valuable remarks on the subject of colour, the love of which he affirms to be an unmistakable sign of life in a school of art, the Renaissance being the only school that has entirely despised it; but these remarks, though so excellent in themselves, are not essential to our immediate subject, and for want of space we must pass over them and proceed to the last rule.

VII. "That the impression of the architecture is not dependent on size." It has been shown that the beauty of this style consists in its delicate designs, its perfect, though in many instances, subdued colouring, its precious materials, and the legendary interest attached to some of them. It is then self-evident that all these beauties must be seen to be appreciated. We must therefore "be grateful and not disappointed, when we find all the best work of the building concentrated within a space comparatively small, and that, for the great cliff-like buttresses, and mighty piers of the North, shooting up into indiscernible height, we have here, low walls spread before us, like the pages of a book, and shafts whose capitals we may touch with our hand."

To conclude with St. Mark's:

"It was in the hearts of the old Venetian people far more than a place of worship. It was at once a type of the Redeemed Church of God, and a scroll for the written word of God. It was to be to them

both an image of the Bride, 'all glorious within, her clothing of wrought gold;' and the actual table of the Law and the Testimony, written within and without. And whether honoured as the Church or the Bible, was it not fitting that neither the gold nor the crystal should be spared in the adornment of it; that as the symbol of the Bride, the building of the wall thereof should be of jasper, and the foundations of it garnished with all manner of precious stones; and that as the channel of the word, that triumphant utterance of the Psalmist should be true of it, 'I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches?' And shall we not look with changed temper down the long perspective of St. Mark's Place, towards the sevenfold gates and glowing domes of the temple, when we know with what solemn purpose the shafts of it were lifted above the populous square? Men met there from all countries of the earth, for traffic and for pleasure; but above the crowd swaying for ever to and fro, in the restlessness of avarice, or thirst of delight, was seen perpetually the glory of the temple, attesting to them, whether they would hear, or whether they would forbear, that there was one treasure which the merchant man might buy without a price, and one delight better than all others, in the word and the statutes of God. Not in the wantonness of wealth, not in vain ministry to the desire of the eyes, or the pride of life, were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven. 'He shall return to do judgment and justice.' The strength of Venice was given her so long as she remembered this; her destruction found her when she had forgotten this; and it found her irrevocably, because she forgot it without excuse. No city ever had a more glorious Bible."

We have no space to enter into Mr. Ruskin's account of other traces of the ancient Venetian art. The Doge's Palace occupies a large section of the entire work, and although it is impossible not to feel much surprised and somewhat disgusted at discovering what a mine of precious beauty has been hitherto wholly disregarded in this building, we scarcely think that Mr. Ruskin has made out his case in favour of the pre-eminence of that edifice over every other work of architecture in the world. A large part of the second volume is taken up with an account of the allegorical representations of the Virtues and Vices employed in the decoration of this building, and in a comparison of them with similar allegories, especially in Dante and Spenser. We think that Mr. Ruskin would have done well if he had made a separate publication of this inquiry, which is not of architectural importance proportioned to the space it engages. As is the case with other works of Mr. Ruskin on special subjects, a large portion of the present work is taken up by considerations of very

general application to art and morals. We have been particularly struck by his remarks upon the effect, or rather the absence of effect, of real art upon most persons of a practical and consistent religious character, although we are glad to say that our personal experience has not been such as to lead us to an unqualified acceptance of Mr. Ruskin's sentence.

"The more I have examined the subject the more dangerous I have found it to dogmatize respecting the character of the art which is likely, at a given period, to be most useful to the cause of religion. One great fact first meets me. I cannot answer for the experience of others, but I never yet met with a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and, so far as human judgment could pronounce, perfect and right before God, who cared about art at all. I have known several very noble Christian men who loved it intensely; but in them there was always traceable some entanglement of the thoughts with the matters of this world, causing them to fall into strange distresses and doubts, and often leading them into what they themselves would confess to be errors of understanding, or even failures in duty. I do not say that these men may not be, in very deed, nobler than those whose conduct is more consistent; they may be more tender in the tone of all their feelings, and further sighted in soul, and for that very reason exposed to greater trials and fears than those whose hardier frame, and naturally narrower vision, enable them, with less effort, to give their hands to God, and walk with Him. But still the general fact is indeed so, that I have never known a man who seemed altogether right and calm in faith, who seriously cared about art; and when casually moved by it, it is quite impossible to say beforehand by what class of art this impression will, on such men, be made. Very often it is by a theatrical commonplace; more frequently still, by false sentiment. I believe that the four painters who have had, and still have, the most influence, such as it is, on the ordinary Protestant Christian mind, are Carlo Dolci, Guercino, Benjamin West, and John Martin. Raphael, much as he is talked about, is, I believe, in very fact, rarely looked at by religious people; much less his master, or any of the truly great religious men of old. But a smooth Magdalen of Carlo Dolci, with a tear on each cheek, or a Guercino Christ or St. John, or a Scripture illustration of West's, or a black cloud with a flash of lightning in it, of Martin's, rarely fails of being verily, often deeply, felt for the time."

Mr. Ruskin tries to account for this curious phenomenon by remarking that a person of really religious feeling sees in art chiefly a suggestion of a fact or feeling too familiar to him to require full representation. The picture recalls an incident, an air, a feeling, all the accessories of which are in his own mind: he supplies every deficiency, and, perhaps, even the highest art does not equal his own idea, which is called forth indifferently, by the production of the real artist, and the mere living machine.

The capacity of true emotion, when joined to a childlike faith, is still more easily satisfied. We can all remember the glories with which, in our childish days, we invested the glaring red Joseph, with his blue, yellow, and purple brethren lowering him into the rugged brown pit. Could we now see the picture that then filled our eyes with tears, we should scarcely believe in its identity. Joseph's face would no longer be that of an angel, his brethren would no longer frown with fierce but awfully handsome faces; the beautiful flowers by the pit's mouth would be mere daubs of red and blue. The change would, however, be in ourselves; and this same difference exists between the reverent gazer of the old time, and the connoisseur of the nineteenth century. Since the Renaissance, religious pictures have been regarded, not as *representations* of certain facts, but as the *painter's conception* of these facts; and they are looked at with the cold eye of criticism, in place of the simple faith which welcomed the productions of the old Italian school. All noble schools have been, and ever must be, *cradled* in "artless utterance" on the part of the artist, and "simple acceptance" on that of the beholders. Religious feeling partly gives the latter, and it is impossible to calculate what we lose by almost banishing the former, by our determination that all art shall be *learned*, and so, in certain respects, perfect. Unpolished power is completely cast aside. A man must understand the rules of perspective, or he must not draw; he must have studied counterpoint, or he may not compose an air; and no man may carve figures, who has not mastered the mysteries of anatomy. The consequence is, that many a true artist who would see "more with the glance of a moment than he could learn by the labour of a thousand hours," is forbidden to paint, and we who withhold from him the pencil are the losers.

Mr. Ruskin investigates the ill-understood question of the nature and extent of finish and polish in art in a very conclusive manner, and as it is one which it is important that all should understand, we give the leading points of the inquiry. To commence with his own words:—

"The Greek gave to the lower workman no subject which he could not perfectly execute. The Assyrian gave him subjects which he could only execute imperfectly, but fixed a legal standard for his imperfection. The workman was, in both systems, a slave.

"But in the mediæval, or especially Christian system of ornament, this slavery is done away with altogether; Christianity having recognised in small things as well as in great the individual value of every soul. But it not only recognises its value, it confesses its imperfection in only bestowing dignity upon the acknowledgment of unworthiness. That admission of lost power and fallen nature,

which the Greek or Ninevite felt to be intensely painful, and, as far as might be, altogether refused, the Christian makes daily and hourly, contemplating the fact of it without fear, as tending in the end to God's greater glory. Therefore, to every spirit which Christianity summons to her service, the exhortation is, Do what you can, and confess frankly what you are unable to do. Neither let your effort be shortened for fear of failure, nor your confession silenced for fear of shame. And it is, perhaps, the principal admirableness of the Gothic schools of architecture that they thus receive the results of the labour of inferior minds; and, out of fragments full of imperfections, and betraying that imperfection in every touch, indulgently raise up a stately and unaccusable whole.

“But the modern English mind has this much in common with that of the Greek, that it intensely desires in all things the utmost completion or perfection compatible with their nature. This is a noble character in the abstract, but becomes ignoble when it causes us to forget the relative dignities of that nature itself, and to prefer the perfectness of the lower nature to the imperfection of the higher; not considering that, as judged by such a rule, all the brute animals would be preferable to man, because more perfect in their functions and kind, and yet are always held inferior to him; so also in the works of man, those which are more perfect in their kind are always inferior to those which are in their nature liable to more faults and shortcomings. For the finer the nature the more flaws it will shew through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form.”

We must, therefore, always expect that the noblest things should be least perfect, and it is important that we should remember, while aiming at high polish, and even perfection, never to count the higher performance of a lower thing as more noble than the lower performance of the higher thing; nor may we shun a great undertaking for fear of failure, but rather esteem honourable defeat above “mean victory.” This applies with peculiar force to our dealings with the subordinate workman. By insisting on too much mechanical precision we narrow the thoughts and stifle the ideas which would otherwise force their way into his works. Leave him to himself, and though his lines may be more or less uneven, though his proportions may be faulty, you will find life and feeling in his work which will more than atone for these defects. The slavery of the man who spends his life in making perfectly round holes in needles, perfect points to pins, or perfectly smooth stones, is more real than that of the negro who submits to the lash. It is the slavery of the mind, from which it is the boast of the other that he is exempt. Set the same man to fashion pins with various shaped heads,—needles entire, upon which he may make trial of any new plan for improvement of his manufacture, or in the method of producing it,—or to carve stones into arbitrary forms, and he is a different

creature. Before he was a living machine, now he is a human being, exercising his powers of invention, and delighting in the results of his labours. The far-famed plan of dividing labour is guilty of dooming men to the position of machines, and in so doing, though it gains the desirable object of making vast quantities of pins and buttons in a given time, it brings about more serious evils than we are apt to dream of. It is the enemy of moral freedom, and the parent of most of the ill-feeling between the rich who permit, and the poor who suffer from this bondage. Let those who would not participate in bringing about these results bear in mind the following rules:—

1. "Never demand an exact finish for its own sake, but only for some practical or noble end."

2. "Never encourage imitation or copying of any kind, except for the sake of preserving record of great works."

It must not be supposed that finish is not to be desired, or appreciated where it exists; but we must remember that none but the very highest artists can give us delicate finish and fine thought in the same work. From those who are unable to do this, ask for the thought, and be satisfied to do without the finish, rather than by demanding the finish, cramp the artist's power of rendering his thought. Here is the simple rule:—

"Always work for invention first, and after that, for such execution as will help the invention, and as the inventor is capable of, without painful effort, and *no more*. Above all, demand no refinement of execution where there is no thought, for that is slave's work, unredeemed. Rather choose rough work than smooth work, so only that the practical purpose be answered, and never imagine there is reason to be proud of anything that may be accomplished by patience and sand-paper."

We moderns are careful to cut sharp edges to our glass, and to make it brilliantly clear. The Venetians left their edges rough, and cared little for clearness; but no two cups were of the same form, and though some were void of grace, many, very many, were so exquisite as to be priceless. This is one example of what we see in a thousand manufactures, which lack their ancient beauty, and cannot recover it, in spite of all our modern enlightenment. We forget that the workman's soul would bring more light with it than the most learned treatise by which we can direct and cramp his efforts.

Here one objection presents itself. "If the workman can design beautifully, I would not have him kept at the furnace. Let him be taken away, and made a gentleman, and have a studio, and design his glass there, and I will have it blown for him by common workmen, and I will have my design and my finish too."

This notion is founded on two mistakes, first, "that one man's thoughts can, or ought to be rendered by another man's hands;" secondly, "that manual labour is a degradation when governed by intellect."

In certain large works, as the formation of a tower, a clear-story, or a pyramid, which can be measured by line and rule, and the labour of which would exceed one man's power, the thoughts of one man may be worked out by another. Mr. Ruskin has defined the best architecture as "the expression of the mind of manhood, carried out by the hands of childhood,"—but in smaller work, the carving of separate stones, mouldings, and capitals, and the like, the originator of the idea, and no other, ought to be the worker. The difference between the work of an originator and that of a copyist, is the difference between a fine and a worthless work of art. If not, why have we not a thousand Apollos of Belvidere, and Medician Venuses, all so much alike that it is difficult to pick out the originals?

We are perpetually trying to separate the workman and the work. We like one man to think and another to do; but the two will never really flourish apart; thought must govern action, and action must stimulate thought, or the mass of society will always be, as it is now, composed of "morbid thinkers, and miserable workers." It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy.

It would be an unspeakable boon to society if the distinction between "liberal" and "illiberal" professions, between "gentlemen" and "operatives" as judged by employment or idleness, could be done away with, and new terms substituted which should rather suppose that all men were "operatives"—the distinctions lying between such as worked with, and such as worked without thought and invention. Many a "gentleman" would feign work hard, on some handicraft to his taste, but he is restrained by the foolish trammels of society, which would call him a "common man," so soon as his idle limbs should bestir themselves and do work. Women are better off. Few would deny that the lady of the house should be a good nurse, should be able to wash her child, better than a servant can wash it, should make the best pastry, and, if requisite, do all domestic work in a manner superior to her handmaids, and show skill in dress and cap-making, that might vex her milliner,—few would respect the woman less, who should own to these accomplishments, and even give proof of having practised them successfully; yet, forsooth, the man must grow weak and languid for want of the very work he would delight in, lest his neighbours overlooking his garden or shed, should call him a "common man," because he could excel his men-servants and tradesmen

in their several departments. And it is a curious fact, that a man who should resolve to work for work's sake, might save himself from the stigma, if only he could show himself to be an awkward mechanic. Let his chair, box, or any piece of manufacture whatsoever, either turn out to be unintentionally faulty, or let him choose an object of labour that shall be intentionally useless, and his character as a "gentleman" is preserved; but once let him sit upon his chair without falling, or make good use of his box, and he has lost caste—the better the articles, the worse for him—he is a "common workman."

The very imperfection which caused the word "Gothic" to be used as a term of reproach, signifying uncouthness, or rudeness, arose from the practice among Gothic architects of joining *thought* and *work*, by allowing both their best men to work, and their lowest men to think. All aimed alike at the production of beauty; no one rested content in narrow perfection for fear of falling short of his high ideal.

"Accurately speaking, no good work can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art." First, because no great man ever stops working till he has reached his point of failure. His conception will always be beforehand with his power of execution, and he will sometimes fail to keep up with it. And again, he will give less care to the subordinate portions of his work, and he will, at times, be so dissatisfied, even with his best performances, that he will not care to make them satisfactory to the beholders. Only one man, Mr. Ruskin observes, strove always to reach perfection, that was Leonardo, and he, after labouring for ten years at a picture, would leave it unfinished. If, therefore, great men are to work, and lesser men are to do their best, we must be satisfied with imperfect works. The Elgin marbles, which are so often quoted as perfect, have serious defects. "The draperies are unfinished, the hair and wool of the animals are unfinished, the entire bas-reliefs of the frieze are roughly cut."

Secondly, the demand for perfection is a sign of misunderstanding the ends of art, because "imperfection in some sort is essential to all that we know of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change." Nothing in nature is perfect—part of it is decaying, and part nascent, like the fox-glove blossom, "a third-part bud, a third-part past, a third-part in full blossom." In all living things there are irregularities, which in their inanimate imitations we should at once call life-like, and which are practically, though not theoretically, beauties. We know that no two hands, no two sides of a face, are exactly alike, nor would we wish that they should be so; for though we cannot fully understand the effect of these slight imperfec-

tions, we feel the want of them in the symmetrical wax image, and Greek marble, which seem dead from their absolute regularity.

From arguments to this effect, Mr. Ruskin deduces the law, that "neither architecture, nor any other noble work, can be good unless it be imperfect," and he attributes the fall of art, in the Renaissance period, to the relentless requirement of perfection, which was neither capable of "being silenced by veneration for greatness, nor softened into forgiveness of simplicity."

In his third volume Mr. Ruskin enlarges upon the faults lying at the bottom of RENAISSANCE Art. He characterizes them in the first place as pride and infidelity, and then subdivides the former into pride of science, pride of state, and pride of system. Under the head of pride of science, we have a crowd of valuable ideas, some of which we must try to render intelligible without their context, to such of our readers as have not access to the book itself.

The first characteristic of the Renaissance school is its craving for perfect science in all its works, large or small. All sculpture must be perfect in anatomy, all painting in perspective, in shade and in outline, or it cannot be admitted. If this science had been sought as the handmaid of art, and not as its essence, no great harm would have accrued; but the fault lay in mistaking it for art, and preferring scientific perfection to artistic beauty.

Our readers must bear in mind here the distinction between science and art. Science knows; art changes, produces or creates. Science deals with "things as they are in themselves." Art with things "as they affect the human senses, and the human soul;" or in other words, "science has to do with facts, art with phenomena. To science, phenomena are of use only as they lead to facts; to art, facts are of use only as they lead to phenomena." The fine arts alone are included in these definitions, which will not, of course, apply to the lower arts of mechanical production.

The work of science is to substitute facts for phenomena, and "demonstrations for impressions;" while art represents things only as they appear, and ignores natural causes. It is then evident that the artist has no need of science, but depends for his greatness upon perception and feeling. All that he knows, he must learn directly from nature; no middleman must come between them, to lessen the bountiful reward paid by his glorious teacher, to those who seek to know her.

It is not then requisite that an artist should be acquainted with the laws of science, but that he possess such tenderness and sensitiveness of organization and feeling, as will enable him to see every hue, shadow, line, and fleeting expression of the ob-

jects around him, and to appreciate the finest and most subtle feeling of humanity ; and that he shall have the power of expressing the same in painting, sculpture, poetry, or music, as the case may be. It is commonly supposed that knowledge opens the eyes that they may perceive, and the ears that they may hear ; but this is the case only with those who lack the artist's power. He who is born an artist, requires no teaching to perceive and feel.

"The labours of the geological society for the last fifty years, have but now arrived at the ascertainment of those truths respecting mountain form which Turner saw and expressed with a few strokes of a camel's-hair pencil fifty years ago, when he was a boy. The knowledge of all the laws of all the planetary system, and of all the curves of the motion of projectiles, will never enable a man of science to draw a waterfall or a wave ; and all the members of the Surgeons' Hall helping each other, could not, at this moment, see, or represent the natural movement of a human body in vigorous action, as a poor dyer's son (Tintoret) did two hundred years ago."

It is possible that, in some cases, knowledge may help the sight. "In watching a sunrise, the knowledge of the true nature of the orb may lead the painter to feel more profoundly, and express more fully, the distance between the bars of cloud that cross it, and the sphere of flame that lifts itself slowly beyond them into the infinite heavens ;" but as a rule, the effect is the reverse.

Each of our readers must have experienced the surprise of finding, on awaking from a reverie, that the supposed fly on the window pane, through which he had been gazing at vacancy, is a workman in a distant field, or *vice-versa* ; and must know how impossible it is when once he *knows* the dark object is a workman, to see it look so small again. All persons first attempting to sketch from nature, must have wished a thousand times that they did not know the sizes of distant objects, nor their relative positions ; this intrusive knowledge constitutes their chief difficulty.

The various colourings of different artists are another proof of the same thing. All flowers of the same species, and under the same conditions, are of one tint ; all men of the same race, and under the same conditions, have one common colour ; and nature generally wears the same face to one man as to another. Yet how is it that the colouring of one painter is brilliant, another subdued, a third hazy, and a fourth dark and dusky—and this to such a degree that one may recognise the pictures of each from a distance by its general colour, before one can so much as distinguish the subject ? Are the colours of nature dark to one, bright to

another, subdued to a third, and hazy to a fourth? This cannot be; the more so, as we know the result would be the same, were the several artists to copy the same thing, from the same spot, and at the same hour. It must be then, that each has from books, or hearsay, or habit, some pre-conceived notion of what colour men, trees, and flowers ought to be, and of this supposed knowledge he is unable to divest himself when he looks at nature herself, and tries to see her as she is. Either the pre-Raphaelite, with his dazzling red, blue, and yellow flowers, his trees so green and bright, that one fancies the sunbeam has forced its way through some crevice to shine upon them, and his water in which clouds are clearly reflected, must be right, or the painters of dim flowers, subdued greens, and opaque water—it is not now a question of which—one must go straight to nature and paint what he really sees, and the other must be blinded by knowledge, till he cannot trust his eyes. If all could throw aside pre-conceived ideas of what colours things ought to have, we should see only such inequalities of colour as would arise from greater or less skill.

We conclude our account of the “Stones of Venice” with a passage, which, while it beautifully and truly explains much hitherto mysterious architectural diversity, contains a poetical picture which, once contemplated, can never be forgotten.

“The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen any one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between northern and southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fulness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world’s surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us for a moment try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun: here and there an angry spot of thunder, a grey stain of storm, moving upon the burning field; here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but, for the most part, a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with their grey-green shadows, the burning of the marble rocks, and the ledges of porphyry,

sloping under lucent sand. Then let us pass further towards the north, until we see the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians, stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in grey swirls of rain cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low among the pasture lands; and then, further north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heather moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bite their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, death-like, its white teeth against us, out of the polar twilight. And having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of the animal life: the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the southern zone; striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistening serpents, and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of colour, and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of paradise with the osprey; and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth, and all that it bears, are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest in the statutes of the land that gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smooths with soft-sculpture, the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky; but not with less reverence let us stand by him, when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air, the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea; creations of an ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeful as the clouds that shade them."

In bringing to a close this review of one of the most valuable books of our day, we hoped to have been able to speak of some of the many important works which have appeared on Gothic architecture since our last general notice of that subject, but we have space only to name Mr. Sharpe and Mr. E. A. Freeman, as having contributed works of permanent value on the extremely curious and interesting subject of Gothic tracery. Mr. Free-

man's *Essay on the Origin and Development of Window Tracery in England* is written *con amore*, and we do not know a better volume to recommend to students who desire to acquire something more than a smattering of architectural knowledge. Mr. Freeman errs occasionally by an excess of enthusiasm for his subject, as when in his *Principles of Church Restoration* he speaks of "that noblest conception of human genius, the western portico of Peterborough Cathedral;" but this amiable superfluity of admiration does not mislead him in any important respect. His writings have gained in clearness and condensation since we had first to speak of his *History of Architecture*. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Sharpe are, however, only two of a host of writers who have lately written on this unaccountably popular subject of mediæval art. The popularity of such works, in recent years, is a very curious sign, attended as it is with a singular absence of real feeling for any kind of art, on the part of the people generally. Britain, indeed, seems to be entering upon the first stage in the amendment of its architectural deficiencies, namely, that which consists in being ashamed of them.

If we English still stand second to other nations in matters of taste and art, it is no longer for want of will, but of knowing how to set about to be otherwise. Schools of Design, Museums of Practical Art, and Mechanic Æsthetic Conferences, are common phenomena, and, alas! are almost as commonly failures. The reason seems to be, that, with all our complimentary dinners, speeches, and conversaziones, we do not award to the Fine Arts the honour due to them. We are in our treatment of them too much of tradespeople. The rock upon which we are likely to split in our attempted voyage towards the bourne of an artistic culture, is the tendency which is manifested among us to subordinate the Fine Arts to the lower kind of utility. We must not endeavour to raise the manufacturer and mechanic into the artist; for the chances of failure are at least ten thousand to one against success in any individual case. We ought rather to give the artistic temperament the most ample means of developing itself into the artist, who, if he is sound in his training and views of art, will not be slow to aid the mechanic and the manufacturer with his rare inspiration. There is this great peculiarity in all that has as yet been publicly done in England in connecting art with education. That connexion with it is always special and technical, instead of being also, as it certainly might and ought to be, popular and universal. Our schools of design—almost the only governmental interference upon any considerable scale with artistical education—are wholly special in their purposes; we have no Æsthetic Lectureships at our Universities, and in our private schools and colleges, art is never introduced

with a more serious intention than that of providing the pupil with a harmless or graceful accomplishment which may happen, in future days, to banish *ennui* from an otherwise vacant hour. Indeed, even this mockery of education in art is confined almost entirely to females, being very justly esteemed a hindrance and a waste of time and labour in the more serious preparation which is ordinarily made for the fulfilment of the duties of a man.

Here, then, is a field of real education, which might be worked by a wise legislature with excellent results, and without any noticeable obstruction from sectarian jealousies. The man who had received a thorough training in any one of the Fine Arts would be extremely unlikely to make a bad citizen. It is because artists seldom receive such training that they are not famous, as a body, for orderly habits. The artistic mind is, in its essence, nothing more nor less than an unusually vivid apprehension and love of universal order; and if the lives of artists have often seemed to contradict this doctrine, it is because artists by profession are seldom artists by nature, but are men who have been forced to adopt some art as a means of livelihood, their parents having neglected to bring them up to any other handicraft or calling.

Perhaps the main cause, however, of our indifference in England to artistic education, is the very imperfectly defined position which the Fine Arts occupy in our minds with respect to other sources of human knowledge or enjoyment. The English people are divided upon the question of the Fine Arts into two main parties. One, and that immeasurably the most erroneous, regards the exercise and productions of the imaginative faculties as beneath serious consideration—as somewhat lower than chess or whist, and about on a par with the tight-rope dancing and Vauxhall theatricals. The other party falls just as far into the other extreme: Art is its religion; nature is its divinity; artists are its prophets, priests, and apostles. The true interests of art are misunderstood and damaged even more by its idolaters than by its contemners, and, indeed, the ranks of the latter are greatly swelled by the dread with which many naturally and justly regard the heresy of the former.

A single serious effort on the part of Government, or of any large and influential association of private persons, to institute some mode and motive of a true artistic training, would do away with much of this erroneous kind of thinking—that is, provided the training in question were expressly conducted as a means of education, and not as a mere preparation for the artists' life and calling; and we are persuaded that the political and social results of a full development of the system would be more various and valuable than can easily be imagined by those who have not given the matter much consideration.

- AET. VII.—1. *Norway and its Glaciers visited in 1851; followed by Journals of Excursions in the High Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy.* By JAMES D. FORBES, D.C.L., F.R.S., Sec. R.S., Edin., corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and of other Academies; and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 1 vol. Royal 8vo. Edinburgh, 1853.
2. *Scandinavian Adventures, during a Residence of upwards of twenty years, representing Sporting Incidents, and Subjects of Natural History, and Devices for Entrapping Wild Animals, with some Account of the Northern Fauna.* By L. LLOYD, author of "Field Sports of the North." 2 vols. Royal 8vo. London, 1854.

A WORK on "Norway and its Glaciers" by the most original and successful expositor of the ice-world of the central mountains of Europe, cannot be otherwise regarded than with lively interest. The volume now before us is a worthy successor of those remarkable "Travels in the Alps of Savoy," in which we have the true theory of glacier motion discussed and determined, and a great mass of valuable information presented to us regarding the natural attributes of that magnificent mountain chain. Although much has been done by several native observers, the physical geography of Norway is by no means so fully known, and we doubt not that the Scandinavians themselves will heartily welcome this great addition to their stores by our adventurous countryman, Professor Forbes. We have perhaps been heretofore rather too much in the yacht-sailing and salmon-fishing line to draw the attention, or deserve the gratitude, of the higher and more accomplished classes of that kingdom, who derive no pecuniary benefit from the liberality of John Bull, with the exception of such as may now enjoy an increase of rent for the sporting uses of their rivers. But, on the whole, we fear, that notwithstanding an occasional Forester, or other pleasant and instructive writer, the majority of our tourists were not of a class greatly to raise us in the intellectual estimation of "Gamlé Norgé." We may now, however, regard with both pride and pleasure this latest addition to our knowledge of a country so deeply interesting, and in many ways so little known.

Professor Forbes's excellent powers of observation, and acquired experience as an Alpine traveller, enable him to judge accurately of what he sees, and he describes natural objects as they exist upon the earth, and meet the eye of a rational and reflecting being, who deeply feels their serene and simple majesty, and so

does not require to affect a wild frenzy, more becoming a fool than a philosopher. It is this truthfulness even in those descriptive portions of the work, where mental impressions rather than physical facts are the objects of record, that constitutes their value, and distinguishes them from the great mass of modern inflations. They may be *relied upon*, simply because the author is a person not merely of philosophical observation, but of sound sense and sagacity, who knows not alone how delicate and transient is the "belle couleur de rose" upon the snowy summits of the resplendent Alps, but also feels how nature even in her lowliest forms is too delightful to stand in need of those ornamental exaggerations which a multitude of readers regard as proof of "fine imagination." We believe it to be a fact, that those who are unfortunately gifted with this so-called fine imagination, seldom or never see the simple truth, and so cannot be expected to communicate it to their friends and fellow-creatures. But of the making of books there is no end.

Our author sighted the coast of Norway on the 24th of June 1851, and his first impression was rather one of disappointment while nearing the headland of Lindesnaes,—the hills being low and devoid of boldness, and the general character of the scenery monotonous. Our own western islands of Tyree and Coll, both equally belonging to the gneiss formation, were recalled to mind, although the abundance of pine-wood, descending almost to the shore, distinguishes the northern land. The same well-wooded undulations prevail all the way to Christiania, whose famous fiord he thinks is overrated.

"The monotony of the forms, the continuity of the woods, the absence of almost the smallest sea-cliff or sandy bay, weary the eye even though the scene is continually changing, and the shores ever verdant. An exception must be made, however, in favour of the immediate environs of Christiania, where the fiord expands into an exceedingly irregular basin, the coasts are steeper, and, at the same time, varied by the aspect of cultivation and of deciduous trees, where numerous detached houses enliven the low grounds, and the more distant hills have a bolder character.

"Christiania itself is seen to advantage from the fiord, as well as from many places in its environs. It is built on an agreeable slope, facing the south. Its suburbs are intermingled with wood. The old castle of Aggershuus, picturesque in form, adorned with fine trees, and standing on a bold promontory, commanding at once the fiord, and the greater part of the town, has a striking effect. The city graduates into the country by means of innumerable villas, built usually in commanding situations, which remind one of the environs of Geneva. Indeed, there is something in the entire aspect of the town and surroundings which is exceedingly pleasing and peculiar. Those who are acquainted with the aspects of middle

and southern Europe finds himself at a loss to draw a comparison. The clearness of the air, the warmth of the sun, and a certain intensity of colour which clothes the landscape, involuntarily recall southern latitudes, and even the shores of the Mediterranean. But the impression is counteracted by the background of pine forest, which reminds him of some of the higher and well-wooded cantons of Switzerland, to which the varied outline of the fiord—which may compare in irregularity with the lake of the Four Cantons—lends an additional resemblance; yet again we miss the background of Alpine peaks and perpetual snows.”—P. 3.

We have pleasure in finding our attention frequently directed to the fact, that a great resemblance exists between many of the coast features of Norway, and those of the west and north of Scotland, and its isles, but we cannot quite coincide in the conclusion come to by a splenetic tourist, who, after comparing Kirkwall and Christiania, assigns the palm of beauty to the Orcadian capital. The noble cathedral of the latter constitutes its only point of superiority, but alas! for its lowly heights, its woodless fields, and the restricted glories of the Peerie sea! Many of the natural characters of southern Norway certainly recall to mind those of the northern parts of Britain, but the climate of that portion of Scandinavia is so vastly superior, and correspondingly productive, that our bare and barren isles, with their treeless cliffs, and dark morasses, present also very different features from those of the environs of Christiania, verdant not only with superabundant forests of unvaried spruce and pine, but rejoicing in the oak, ash, and elm, in planes, sycamores, and beeches, all of lofty stature and luxuriant growth—to say nothing of those fruit trees, shrubs, and “bright consummate flowers,” whose golden lustre makes this earth a paradise. But in our northern isles the things by courtesy called trees, have a bad habit of resembling large shaving brushes, very much the worse of wear on one side.

The social and civil state, and advanced condition of science and learning, in such far northern cities as Christiania, Bergen, and Trondhiem, (the last named being nearly under the 64th degree,) indicate, according to Professor Forbes, a concurrence of circumstances favourable to civilisation, such as are not to be found at the same distance from the equator in any other portion of the globe, and are striking consequences of those laws of physical geography which produce many of the phenomena purely natural, and which it is one of the objects of our author to illustrate and explain.

Our traveller journeyed by carriage across the country to Trondhiem, taking eight days, two of which were partially devoted to repose, and another to an exploration of the Dovre-field.

The distance is 330 English miles, 80 of which, however, are performed by steam on the lakes Miösen and Losna. He lauds the civility and honesty of both postmasters and peasants. The scenery throughout is nowhere characterized by Alpine sublimity, though certain parts are almost grand. The Miösen lake forms the receptacle of the noble river Lougen, which has already run a course of 130 miles before it finds its haven of repose at Lillehammer. This lake is deficient in lofty background, and its banks are monotonous. "We miss those lateral *vistas* through which the eye may wander and the fancy speculate, until the receding ranges of mountains are confounded with the clouds." Further on we pass through the ravine of Kringelen, interesting to our countrymen as the fatal spot where Colonel Sinclair, who commanded a body of troops raised in Scotland in 1612, for service under Gustavus Adolphus, was cut off with almost all his men. Along this line, as indeed everywhere else in Norway, a marked peculiarity consists of the absence of villages, which, except it may be sparingly along the western coast, are scarcely known. The view of the Dovre-field is dreary enough even in summer, and when winter "rages loud and long," must be wild indeed. It consists of a table-land of an average height of rather more than 3000 feet above the sea, with loftier mountains rising from it, some of them, as Snee-hätten, attaining to an elevation of 7000 feet or more. But the greater portion is of much lower height, and the summits being rounded, and the bases of great extent, the picturesque effect is inferior to that of most mountain chains of the same magnitude. The drive from Fogstuen (a solitary farm-house) across the table-land, is nearly level, and resembles the moorland scenery of some of our own wild highland wastes. The hollows are filled up by desolate tarns or dreary swamps, while the drier spots bear a stunted brushwood. The last station on the ascent of the Dovre-field is Jerkind, a substantial dwelling, possessed by people of some wealth, and standing at a height 3100 feet above the sea. For the occupation of travellers, who often pass this way, a separate building has been erected on the opposite side of the road, where, however, our philosopher found the management not so good as he had anticipated from previous report.

Snee-hätten rises from an already lofty base, about 14 English miles from Jerkind. The country is nearly trackless, and the traveller, or rather his sagacious pony, (we think again of Shetland, and its sure-footed *shelties*,) must "pursue the Arimasian," through swamps and heather, amongst holes and shingle, dangerous for man or beast; he must ford rapid streams, nearly ice-cold; and, worst of all, must pass over many large patches of treacherous snow, in which his pony will often flounder up to

the saddle. Although it requires about four hours' toilsome scramble to reach the base, the ascent of this *field* is so gradual, that an elevation of not more than 1900 feet is gained in that time, after a ride of not less than 14 miles. The ascent of the mountain itself is both disagreeable and dangerous, the foot sinking among interstices at every step, "threatening dislocation or broken bones." There is firmer footing near the summit, but the wind is very cold. The form of the mountain, as observed from the top, is that of a ridge running nearly east and west, precipitously broken towards the south, and sloping steeply in other directions.

"The chasm on the south side has been compared to a crater—the mountain ridge bending partly round it like the cliffs of Monta Somma, with which in steepness it may compare; whilst the elevation is much greater. It has been stated that a lake exists in the hollow, but at this time it was no doubt frozen, and concealed by beds of snow. The ridge itself is wildly serrated, and like the entire mountain is composed of a rather friable mica slate. The part on which we stood was a cone of pure snow, cleft vertically on the side of the precipice."—P. 21. "On our return to Jerkind, we supped on rein-deer soup, and found it excellent."—P. 26.

The chiefest discomfort connected with Norwegian travel, arises from the melting of the snow at certain seasons. Not enough of it remains for sledges—too much for carriages. The roads become snow-pits, not broad enough for carriage-wheels, and retaining pools of ice-cold water. In places where the snow is still deep, it has become incapable of bearing the weight of a horse, and the animal sinks to the girths or more, while the traveller, left to his own resources, endeavours to advance on foot, and plunges first one leg and then another into the chill abyss, and is only relieved by finding himself sitting astride upon a more compacted piece of snow, his extremities dangling in a too-refreshing stream of running water. The end of April and beginning of May are therefore the worst times to travel in Norway.

The passes of the Vaarstige, in the Dovre-field, present some noble scenery, scarcely Alpine, but comparable to the finest parts of the Scottish Highlands. The summit-level is soon after gained, and the onward journey is by descent to Drivstuen, a small hamlet basking on a sunny spot among productive meadows, overhung on both sides by precipitous mountains, and presenting fine views of the ravine and lower valley of the Driva, adorned by the sweet tracery of birch woods, and their silvery stems. Here a large collection of country people had assembled for some object of local interest.

"We had consequently a good opportunity of observing the characteristics of the male inhabitants of this district of Norway. The opinion of a passing traveller ignorant of the language, is, perhaps, hardly worth stating; but having some faith in physiognomy, I will venture to record my impression at the time, that I had never in any country seen so fine a peasantry, in point both of general appearance and of expression, as on this journey, and more particularly on the north descent of the Dovre. The younger men are tall and muscular, and their deportment unites manliness with gentleness in a remarkable degree. As the hair is worn long at all ages, the appearance of the aged men is venerable, and occasionally highly striking. The costume is extremely becoming, being of pale brown home-manufactured woollen cloth slightly embroidered in green, with a belt, curiously jointed with leather and brass, from which hangs a knife (also made in the rural districts) with a carved handle, which is used in eating. A hanging red woollen cap completes the dress. Some travellers declaim against the slowness and stupidity of the Norwegians. Slow they may be as regards the deliberateness of their actions, but, so far as the experience of this journey extends, I should describe them as in general more than commonly intelligent and courteous."—P. 32.

In addition to this favourable testimony, and preceding it, we need scarcely refer to the well-known opinions of Mr. Laing.

Spruce and pine trees reappear in the valley of the Oerkel, the higher and preceding forest vegetation being birch. Those more sombre woods clothe the precipitous banks of a noble river, but a mountainous ridge must be crossed to the Guul, *en route* to Trondhiem. This town, though wide, regular, and well kept, is almost entirely built of wood. It is interesting as the most northern city of civilisation, latitude 63° 26'. Although the oak has ceased to grow, and few fruits come to perfection, it is a cheerful and pleasant place, and the culture of flowers, so strong an affection with Norwegians, is carried on with great success. Fine natural terraces, or "raised beaches," may be here examined, and have been well described by Mr. Robert Chambers, and other recent writers. No mountains of great elevation are visible from the shore, and the character of the scene again resembles that of our beloved Scottish Highlands, where the "great sea-waters" wind their restless way through long narrow inlets amid the silence of the lonely hills.

Northwards of this station Norway soon becomes little else than a mountainous shore, intersected by deep fiords, and guarded by great insular masses detached from the main-land. As roads almost immediately cease, it may easily be conceived how various and invaluable are now the uses of constant steam navigation for more than 700 miles northwards to Hammerfest.

"Taking advantage of this arrangement, I left Trondhiem with the companions of my journey from Christiania, on board the steamer

'Prinds Gustav,' bound for Hammerfest. Having been for a fortnight almost continually on board this well-appointed and well-officered vessel, I cannot but record my obligations to Captain Lous of the Norwegian navy, who commanded it, who exerted no common assiduity and no common talents, to render the voyage agreeable and instructive, to all his passengers, and for his courtesy to myself I retain feelings of the liveliest gratitude."—P. 42.

The English friends or fellow-travellers with whom our Professor had journeyed hitherto, were on their way "to the far north for salmon-fishing," and they parted only under the 70th degree. We fear from the very casual and inadequate reference made here and there throughout his volume to this great subject, that Professor Forbes is not sufficiently impressed with the dignity and importance, either of angling in general, or of salmon-fishing in particular. Thus, while voyaging along a particular portion of the shore, he merely notes, that "the Namsen river, well known to English salmon-fishers, falls into the Folden-fiord."—P. 44. And further onwards, in describing Reipas on the river Alten, as a very nest of mosquitoes, he observes :—

"But for my veil I should have passed a night of torment, and even with it I had great difficulty in falling asleep, from the loudness of their hum, the sharpness of their bite even through the veil, and the broad daylight, which, as usual, streamed in at all the windows. It appeared to me difficult to imagine that custom could reconcile any one to such a continuous infliction. Yet summer is a period so ardently desired by all, whether natives or strangers, who dwell in these high latitudes, that the plague of flies is perhaps considered an insignificant deduction from their gratification. More paradoxical still it does appear to every one but an angler, that the charms of sport should be sufficient to induce English gentlemen every year to spend their days and nights an unprotected prey to these savage insects; and, most unexpected of all, to find a delicate English lady surrendering herself to her husband's passion for fishing so completely, as to become a willing prisoner in this terrible locality."—P. 95.

What a charming creature she must have been! We wish we knew her.

Hestmando, or the Horseman's island, is interesting as commencing the entrance into the arctic circle. The existence of a peculiarly fresh and verdant vegetation is now perceptible, the result of rapid development by the unceasing presence of the sun. Though barren of aspect from a distance, the grass on Hestmando is knee deep. From the Bay of Rödö to the right, and onwards, the coast now rises with more than its accustomed majesty, and over the snowy summits of Fondalen, seen through the clearest air, the rich glow of an arctic summer's midnight prevailed in all its splendour, and detained the passengers on

deck, entranced by admiration of so solemn and glorious a scene. We are now in a region which, during the summer season, knows not night, at least if night means darkness,—

“A sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun.”

Of course, the great difficulty is to discover when to go to bed, especially in fine weather, while gliding so serenely over the smoothest water, among long serried ranges of fantastic islands, or into the still haven of the interior fiords, rock-bound, or bordered by the sombre majesty of immemorial woods.

“We lingered on deck,” says our philosopher, “long after midnight had passed, and thus gained a sight of the magnificent headland of Kunnen, a mountain with an almost precipitous face towards the ocean, whilst its mass is connected with the mainland only by a strip of flat alluvium, giving to it the appearance of an island. During the whole night there was shed from the northern sky a warm sunset tint over the scenery—sea, rock, and verdure, (for much beautiful verdure there is even here,) and snow, and glacier,—whose *continuing* effect was indescribably harmonious and peaceful. Thus, in one day's voyage, beginning with Torghattan, and ending with Kunnen, we had enjoyed, under the most favourable circumstances of calm sea and cheerful weather, and a glowing midnight, an amount of majestic scenery, with which, in its kind, perhaps no European coast can compare.”—P. 53.

Although potatoes and barley are still successfully cultivated along these northern shores, and the flocks rejoice in green pastures, it is believed that less agricultural exertion is made than might be, especially in respect to winter provender, such as turnips, which must surely thrive well in Scandinavia, else the name of “Swedes” must be a misnomer. The venerable priest of Bodo, who had formerly resided as far north as Carlzö, in latitude 70°, found that turnips throve there admirably. Yet several degrees farther south the horses and cattle are fed in winter, partly on the dried leaves of the birch-tree, but chiefly on sea-weed, and the heads of boiled fish! The old clergyman admitted that much might be done in ameliorating the state of stock, but criticism was disarmed by his returning to the primary difficulty,—“here we have nine months of winter, and *three weeks* of summer!”

The coast scenery between Folden-fiord and the great western inlet, bounded sea-wards by the Lofodden Islands, is varied and magnificent, and is well described by Professor Forbes, in his own peculiar and observant way.

“As the steamer pursued its rapid course through a tranquil sea, and under the very rocks, new forms of mountains rose in succession,

assuming more and more the true granitic character, and often nearly the volcanic, as the red colour and the forms of false craters, frequent in certain granitic formations, obtained more and more. The brightness of the green with which the shores and bases of the hills were clothed, added to the beauty of the effect by contrast with the ruddy hues of the bare summits, and the large patches of snow which still rested in the hollows; but as sunset, or rather midnight, approached, and the attractions of another calm and mild evening rivetted us to the deck, a still more astonishing prospect was presented to us. In approaching the station of Grötö, the steamer was navigated through a singular natural canal, of so intricate a kind, that more than once it was impossible to divine how she should be extricated. . . . On emerging from the labyrinth of low islands and headlands, we find ourselves quite suddenly in the Vest-fiord, with the stupendous range of the Lofodden islands spread in a moment panorama-like before us."—P. 59.

An encampment of Lapps is visited in the vicinity of Tromsö. Their diminutive stature and squalid aspect produced at first an unpleasing impression, afterwards counteracted by signs of intelligence, and a certain sweetness of expression. A young mother, with rather pleasing features, was observed to bring out her baby, and *pack it up* for the night, in a little cradle cut out of the solid wood, and stuffed with rein-deer moss. It fitted the space, we presume, like an embryo butterfly in the skin of the chrysalis, and when once deposited could stir neither hand nor foot. The elder children "played nicely with one another." The whole wealth of these people consisted of rein-deer, of which the two families possessed about 700. The milk of these animals is small in quantity, (Mr. Lloyd says, "on an average, less than half a pint,") but excessively rich. It was near midnight before the exploring party regained the seaward shore. The atmospheric scene was glorious, the *nocturnal* sun shining warm and ruddy across the calm and tranquil sound,—more like an evening in the Bay of Naples than midnight in the arctic regions.

The lofty Island of Kaagen, under the 70th degree, presents on its northern face a fine glacier, descending to no great distance from the sea. The hills above and around are finely formed, and recall to mind the mightier mountains of Savoy.

"A pretty extensive *névé* is formed in a hollow where the snow accumulates, and there the glacier proper is elaborated; it then works its way down through a precipitous and narrow ravine, after which, expanding slightly laterally, it seems literally to hang on the slope, in form like a frozen tear, its very shape giving evidence to its tenacious plasticity. The sight of this glacier alone, even from a distance, with its *crevasses* and miniature moraines visible to the tele-

scope, would have satisfied me that the glaciers of the north, even to the 70th degree, (which is exactly the latitude of Kaagen,) and those of the Alps, as low as latitude 45°, are identical in their nature." —P. 77.\*

Our traveller landed at the head of the Alten-fiord, making excursions up the river, till the return of the steamer from Hammerfest, that most northern town of all the world. Getting again on board the *Prinds Gustav*, he voyaged southwards by the same course as that which he had already traversed. But from Trondhiem by Christiansand, &c., to Bergen, the scene was new. In the vicinity of Molde, and numerous other stations, the views are magnificent. Having heard much of the gloomy grandeur of the cliffs of the Sogne-fiord, he was somewhat disappointed. That fiord is the most ramified and far reaching of all the sea waters of Scandinavia, extending inwards not less than 110 miles to the head of the Lyster-fiord, one of its most landward tributaries. The Norsk blood of Bergen has been greatly diluted by German intermixture. One of the few zoological notices in the volume now under review, relates to the beaver, a specimen of which is preserved in the Bergen Museum, and which we are informed still occurs in some abundance in Tellemarken, and the district north-west of Arendal. But, on the whole, it has latterly diminished so much in numbers, that it is now rigorously protected by law, for a certain term of years. The extirpation of any of the few remaining colonies of this interesting and industrious creature, would certainly be a regretful thing. With the bear, the wild boar, and the wolf, it forms a quartette of quadrupeds, which the increase of population and the progress of agriculture have caused to cease in Britain within the historic period. We have had no authentic information regarding European beavers for many a year. We believe there is no specific difference between the gregarious animal of North America, and the few isolated pairs which still establish their less republican dwellings along

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\* We may here note that the term *névé*, as used above, is applied to those large upper basins of compacted snow which feed the glaciers, and from which the latter, occupying the natural outlet of a valley or alpine hollow, take their origin. According to Professor Forbes, the existence of perpetual snow is not of itself sufficient to produce a glacier. Great dryness and extreme cold are unfavourable. It is believed that there are no glaciers in Siberia, and in the tropical regions of South America, if any, they are small. But they abound in the more foggy regions of Cape Horn. A piece of bare or rocky ground, where snow *melts*, is regarded as almost indispensable for a true glacier, while a *névé* may or may not be so accompanied. Whenever this conjunction of uncovered ground and snow takes place, with, moreover, a good feeder or snow valley, and not too great an elevation, and even a very moderate slope, there a glacier must form as a matter of necessity. — See *Norway and its Glaciers*, pp. 136 and 217.

the banks of some of the great European rivers, such as the Rhine, the Danube, and the Weser. Their great requirements are a thinly peopled country, with abundance of wood and water. In the American arctic regions their northern extension seems restricted solely by the absence or deficiency of wood. Thus the districts called the "Barren Grounds" do not produce beavers, because they do not yield enough even of the hardy willow for their subsistence. But that they are in no way deterred by the long endurance or intensity of cold, where other conditions are more favourable, is evident from their distribution on the banks of the Mackenzie, the largest and best-wooded of all the American rivers which discharge their waters into the icy basin of the Polar Sea. Many are known to occur there as high as latitude 68°. Pennant extended their southern limit as far as latitude 30°, that is almost into the Gulf of Mexico; but Mr. Say, a native writer, with a better actual knowledge of details, assigns the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi (about seven degrees further north) as their boundary in that direction. Their flesh is greatly prized by both the roving Indians and our Canadian voyagers, especially when roasted in the skin after the hair has been singed off. This, of course, is an expensive luxury much frowned at by the fur traders. We believe that in comparatively recent times the use of silk and other materials in the manufacture of hats, has lessened the demand for, and reduced the price of, beaver skins. It is recorded that in the year 1743 the amount brought into London and Rochelle exceeded 150,000, exclusive of the illicit trade. We have seen it stated that as late as 1808 no fewer than 126,927 beaver skins were exported to Britain from Quebec alone, while, according to Sir John Richardson, the number brought to London in 1837 from an extent of fur country more than four times greater than that formerly hunted, did not much exceed 80,000. In respect to the Scandinavian beavers, we should have liked to be informed whether they are gregarious and dam-building like their brethren of the Western world, or, like those of Eastern Europe, merely dwell as a persecuted people few and far between, in solitary pairs along the excavated banks of shady rivers.

Professor Forbes was at Bergen during the 28th of July 1851, a day of solemn remembrance as that of the solar eclipse. As this last town is one of the rainiest in all the north, it may seem to have been injudiciously selected for any astronomical purpose. But he had many other objects in view in the course of this excursion, and with these the selection of another site would not have suited. The sky became overcast soon after the commencement of the eclipse, and prior to the period of total obscuration it was covered by a mantle of impenetrable clouds.

There seems something singular on reflection, in the advent of our voyagers, from the ceaseless glare of the arctic regions into the gloom of this gigantic shadow. How awful the change, how striking the contrast! The great luminary shining in amplest glory all the livelong night, shedding such lustre over glittering seas and golden mountains, and then,—not slowly sinking in the far west,—but almost as it were at noonday suddenly blotted from the sky, “no sun, no moon, total eclipse.” What thought the lonely shepherd on the hills when first beset by that portentous shade! “A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness.” He doubtless feared that the “holy light,” which he had so often hailed when the morning was spread upon the mountains, had passed away for ever.

“The approach of the eclipse had been denoted by the appearance of a great black cloud in the north-west, which gradually rose above the horizon like an approaching storm; but its boundary (for it was merely the shadow in the sky) was too vague to produce the appalling sense of the onward movement of a real substance, with a speed exceeding about one hundred fold that of the most rapid railway train, and making right for the spectator, as I had observed on the plains of Piedmont on occasion of the total eclipse of 1842. But the restoration of the light,—the new dawn, when the shadow of darkness had passed by,—was perhaps quite as grand.”—P. 115.

The time of the last total eclipse in Norway does not appear upon the surface of things, but popular tradition still recurs to an event of that kind, recorded in the Sagas, and which is now known to have happened more than eight hundred years ago. Professor Harsteen of Christiania has worked his way backwards, and ascertained that it took place on the afternoon of the 31st of August 1030, when, we daresay, there were very few philosophers present. But King Olaf chanced to do battle on that day with his rebellious subjects, who were urged on by Knut, a person well known both to Danes and Englishers, and who desired to add Norway to his dominions. Olaf was returning from Sweden with some auxiliary troops, and had entered his own territories not far from the town of Trondhiem. He met the revolvers, a powerful host, in Vandal, about sixty miles north-east of the capital, boldly gave them battle, but was defeated and slain. It is related in the chronicle of him who rejoices in the well-known name of Snorre Sturlason, that “the weather was fine, and the sun shone clear, but after the fight began, a red hue overspread the sky and the sun, and before the battle ended, it was dark as night.” And one of the skalds or ballad-mongers of the day expressed it thus:—“The unclouded sun refused to warm the Northman. A great wonder happened that day. It was deprived of its fair light.”

What a painful predicament for a man who wishes to run away from a battle, to be caught by an eclipse, and thereby unhappily induced to take the wrong course, right against the central van of a ferocious enemy! Those who have not forgotten their ancient history will recall to mind the eclipse of Thales, which occurred during a bloody fight between the Medes and Lydians, and fortunately struck such terror into *both parties* that they made peace upon the spot. This shews that even lunar influence sometimes leads to wise resolves. There is no doubt, however, that this total obscuration of the sun at an unusual time is one of the gravest and most solemnizing incidents which can happen to us here below. Mr. Airy, our distinguished Astronomer-Royal, in speaking of its moral effect, observes, that "the phenomenon is in fact one of the most terrible that man can witness, and no degree of partial eclipses can give any idea of its horror." But we have here to do rather with "things of the earth," and so must cease commercing with the skies.\*

If any one will cast his eye over a map of the country we are now engaged in, he will see that its western parts are in fact peninsulas, cut off from each other and the rest of the world by deep though narrow fiords and mountainous *fields*. The province of Bergenhuus is thus, more especially, kept in somewhat stern and desolate isolation.

"A range of most rugged mountains, crossed by but one road, divides it from the provinces of Christiansand, Aggershuus, and Trondhiem; and the space thus cut off is not only in almost every part embattled with mountains, and scarred with chasms, but the ocean seems to struggle, step by step, for possession with the dry land, thrusting its many-fingered arms into the very heart of the country,—not rolling its waves upon green slopes and shores which invite cultivation, but dashing them against the breakers, or lying in motionless pools at the foot of impending cliffs inaccessible to man or beast. It is amidst such scenes that the character of the Norwegian landscape may be rightly appreciated, and the two great fiords of Hardanger and Sogne afford the best inlets to it,—the one lying on the south, the other to the north of Bergen, and the character of both increasing in wildness as we recede from the coast."—P. 120.

This is a very characteristic passage. We specially approve of the "waves" being made to battle with the "breakers," and of the truthful distinction of forces thereby implied. Thomas Campbell, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and many

\* The pictorial or landscape effects of the last total eclipse are well described by Professor Piazzi Smyth, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xx. part 3, p. 563. He made many fine drawings of the "aspects of nature," during different stages of the observation, only one of which, however, is engraved.

more, make these two things, if not identical, yet to differ merely in the one being blue, silent, and translucent, the other white, roaring, and surfy. But the natural philosopher knows and keeps in mind that it is that horrid fixture, the dark impenetrable rock, that is the actual *breaker*, the watery element being nothing more than the *breakee*.

Our tourist proceeds from Bergen by a varied and devious route, first by land, and then sea-ways through the picturesque narrows of Log-sund, (which divide the island of Tysenes from the mainland, much as our own beautiful and pleasant "Kyles" do Bute from the county of Argyle,) and so across the Hardanger-fiord, one of the greatest of the salt water lochs of Norway. He then observes a magnificent water-fall along shore, describes the picturesque costume of the peasants, and visits the glaciers which descend from that great plateau of snow called Folgefonden. The route towards them is wild, with some fine alpine features. Ascending a broken mound of huge detached blocks, the party came upon a lake which barred their pedestrian progress, being placed amid an amphitheatre of hills so steep and rugged, and the sides so seamed by raging torrents as to be quite impassable without the aid of a small skiff, which they fortunately found at hand. These steeps are, however, clothed with trees, to the height, it may be, of 2000 feet, with gleaming spots of pasture here and there. Higher up, are the bare and sterile rocks, the head of the desolate valley being closed and crowned by a gleaming coronet of the Folgefond's perpetual snows, while a grand contrast of colour is formed by four or five large cataracts which intersect the sombre woods, each by an unbroken band of silvery brightness, and the loud resounding voice of many waters. Utné, at the mouth of the Sor-fiord, is an excellent country inn, and a convenient centre from which to explore the upper reaches of the Hardanger-fiord. Re-crossing the latter, the travellers make a detour northwards by one of those peninsular bases before referred to, and so descend upon an inland ramification of the Sogne-fiord, the mouth of which had been formerly passed while voyaging to Bergen.

We wish we were writing a book upon Norway, instead of only analyzing a far better one than we could ever make. What we want is space, which abounds in Norway, but is circumscribed in this *Review*. So we must now hasten over the highway to Christiania, by a diagonal cut across the country, south-eastwards, and somewhat parallel with the more northerly line by which we set out, making but slight reference to the fearfully impressive features of the upper portions of these far-inland fiords. "The clouds continued to descend, and settled at length on the summits of the unscaleable precipices which for

many miles bound this most desolate and even *terrific* scene."<sup>\*</sup> Innumerable objects of interest present themselves, and will be found admirably discussed and described in Professor Forbes's volume. We shall merely remark that the climate of these interior reaches of the great Sogne-fiord, although in the near neighbourhood of the loftiest ground in Norway, and of its largest snow-fields, is far superior to that of the more seaward coast, with its incessant rain. Another peculiarity worthy of record is, that although the water at the head of these fiords is so fresh as to be drinkable without discomfort, the sea-weed (we doubt not greatly modified in its ordinary characters) is found growing, even at the top of the creeks. These inland waters are quite frozen over in winter, and so strongly as to permit of all kinds of traffic; but as they are all tidal channels, the ice is detached from the shore, and falls and rises with the ebb and flow. It may give an idea of the wild seclusion of some of these valleys to state, that the bodies of those who die in winter are kept in a frozen state till the advancing season admits of their being carried to the grave. These hardened corpses are sometimes tied astride, supported by a bag of hay, upon the back of a sure-footed pony, and thus ride to church for the last time. Professor Forbes's Scandinavian tour was terminated by a land journey of upwards of 200 English miles, from Lærdalsören to Christiania, across the Fille-field, and this portion of the work concludes with two chapters on some points in the physical geography of Norway, chiefly connected with its snow-fields and glaciers. On these, however, we cannot at present enter, but shall devote a few pages to the general characteristics of the scenery.

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\* We are always anxious to bring down philosophers of the highest class into the category of view-hunters and lovers of the picturesque. It soothes our own occasionally uneasy conscience, when we find ourselves gazing from some lonely mountain side, for half a summer's day, or rambling almost objectless along the rocky banks of murmuring rivers, to think that the intellectually illustrious of the land have, in a modified measure, performed the same feats of idleness. We know that Professor Airy, that "Starry Galileo," not seldom bends his eyes from "the sparkling firmament on high," to study the fair features of this dim spot which men call earth, and is indeed a passionate admirer and explorer of rural scenery, especially mountainous. He traversed the wilds of Sutherland during a very unpropitious period of the summer of 1850, and in a brief communication with which we chanced to be honoured regarding that northern tour, he states as follows:—"Three circumstances have made a strong impression on us. First, the kindness of the residents whom we saw, in particular of Mrs. Scobie of Keoldale, with whom we lodged several nights; secondly, the wildness and majesty of the country, which, in many respects, is unequalled; thirdly, the ferocity of the weather, to which I have seen no parallel. In crossing the Moin we had a hail-storm, and between Kyle Scou and Loch Inver one of wind and rain, each in its kind far surpassing anything that I had ever seen." The word *ferocity* expresses well the tiger-like tearing of these sudden bursts of passion on the part of the Highland atmosphere, and was recalled to our mind by Professor Forbes's "*terrific* scobe."

Though a lofty country in its mass, and justly regarded as mountainous, it is so rather in relation to its general elevation than from the marked or peculiar height of its isolated summits. Its highest ground is 8500 feet above the level of the sea, in lat.  $61\frac{1}{2}$ . Throughout its entire length it defends Sweden, like a huge breakwater, from the tremendous inroads of the North Sea, and the peculiar and most striking features of the coast are its rugged irregular outline, the far-receding depth of its fiords or sea-lochs, the boldness of its headlands, and its almost countless islands.

In relation to the picturesque, the pervading features of Norway may be classed under three great heads,—the *Valleys*, the *Fields*, and the *Fiords*. The first are not dissimilar to the tamer portions of the Alps, being “often picturesque, sometimes grand, and occasionally highly pleasing,” especially when adorned by the addition of still waters. The second are in a great measure peculiar to the country, and must no doubt disappoint many who are not prepared for, or have mis-conceived their nature. The Fields (or Fjelds) of Norway are table-topped mountains, so flat and broad, that, bating some little roughness and the want of roads, a coach and four might be driven either onwards or across them for many miles; and it is in fact the existence of these vast and frequent *plateaux* that constitutes the chief peculiarity of the mountain character of the country. When the eye of the alpine traveller wanders over these expanded elevations, the valleys which intersect the ranges, being inconspicuous from their narrowness, and the higher ground presenting great uniformity of surface, the merely picturesque effect, in spite of the occasional undoubted grandeur of the scene, is much diminished. The view from Snee-håtten, for example, exhibits a panorama of the greatest mountain masses in Scandinavia, and yet, mainly for the reasons stated, its ascent, except to those specially interested in physical geography, scarcely repays the toil.

“These *fields* or *fjelds* are often interminable wildernesses, undulating, or varied only by craggy heights devoid of majesty, rarely attaining the snow line, but spotted over with ungainly patches of white. Von Buch, all whose descriptions betray a very ardent determination to exalt the scenery of Norway, compares the aspect of Snee-håtten to that of Mont Blanc, as seen from the Breven! But it would be difficult, I should think, to find a seconder for such a judgment. The heights of the summits of Norwegian mountains above the table-land which forms their base, is usually too small to give them much effect. But the scenery of the fiords and the profound valleys, which may be considered as the mere prolongation of them, is the really distinguishing feature of Norway as regards the picturesque. It is analogous, indeed, to that of the west of Scotland, but

on a scale of much greater grandeur ; and by those who have fully appreciated, with due leisure, and under favourable circumstances of weather, the magnificent scenery of our Hebrides, including Orkney and Shetland, and the western firths, the praise will not seem small. The depth of the inlets, the precipitousness and continuity of the cliffs, the number and singular forms of rocks and islands, occasion a succession of prospects the most varied and surprising. Thus the frequent appearance of perpetual snow, and the occurrence of glaciers close to the sea, give a vivid interest to the luxuriance of vegetation, and the warm tones of colour which in fine weather commonly prevail."—P. 248.

Another charming characteristic of Norway is the sparkling abundance of running waters,—its noble rivers and impressive falls forming, perhaps, the finest of its features. Our chief objection to water-falls in our own country is, that during the summer season of research in that department they generally contain no water. The traveller may be inundated for many a moist and misty week among the mountains, but when he comes to some great rocky chasm famed for its cataract, he seldom sees anything but grey and ghastly crags, silent as death, or shedding a few sad tears in memory of more jovial (*Jupiter pluvialis*) days and nights gone by.

"The *sounding* cataract haunted him like a passion," is the great Laker's account of one who may have carried cascade-hunting to excess, and was morbidly affected thereby. If made the exclusive object of a journey it seldom fails to produce disappointment, and the mind, keeping itself as it were shut up from other and far finer things which are beautiful upon the mountains, and clothe the earth as with a garment, allows itself to be cheated by the indulgent expectancy of that deafening wonder. The side of a cataract is also a very cold place for a pic-nic for any but a party of the most determined tee-totalers, and even they frequently feel it too much for them, and sometimes require to be actually carried home—such is the force and efficiency of strong waters. In a very sultry and elsewhere airless day, the undulations of the atmosphere, and the mist-like showers of broken spray, are most refreshing, but there is almost always a deficiency of good grassy slopes on which to lay ourselves out reposingly like ancient Romans, and foolish young people are ever and anon making still more foolish old ones cry out screechingly, by "going too near the edge," or standing on picturesque perching places, where men and maidens love to congregate, "and dally with the wind, and scorn the sun." We quite agree with Professor Forbes that small water-falls, unthought of till discovered by one's-self, and enjoyed by not more than two at a time, are on the whole the best. You feel a plea-

and Savoy with those which he had made in Norway, he has added the narrative of three Alpine journeys of older date, all referring to the wildest and most ice-bound regions of the central parts of Europe. These will well repay the reader's most considerate study, but do not enter within our present field. We must now take up some other departments of Scandinavian adventure.

If Professor Forbes is a great philosopher, and not much of a sportsman, so Mr. Lloyd is a great sportsman, and very little of a philosopher. They thus most opportunely supplement each other. The philosopher, however, is, as usual, the more careful and considerate of the two, having distinct and special ideas concerning what he has in view, a methodical mode of endeavouring to ascertain the true relations of things, great discrimination in the disentangling and re-arrangement of mixed phenomena, and a precise manner of communicating his observations and conclusions, without ambiguity or exaggeration. But Mr. Lloyd, notwithstanding his great personal prowess and large powers of endurance, combined with a good natural capacity for observation, a sincere love of truth, and long practical experience through fields and forests, "dingle and bushy dell," among trembling morasses, on the enduring sides of mountains, and over multitudinous lakes and rivers, still takes much on hearsay, and more frequently reports the opinions of others, even on points connected with his own peculiar calling as a sporting naturalist, than was to be either expected or desired. His mental constitution presents some contradictions. Phrenologically speaking, he has a large organ of credulity, and although he has by no means so delusive a sight as Signor Acerbi, who saw whales in the Malar lake, (very sweet and fresh most other people find it,) yet he certainly records not a few things, especially such as he takes on report, which, in the familiar language of Shakspeare, are "very like a whale." At the same time, after many years' residence in Sweden, and the most ample opportunities for *verification*, by personal study and observation, of difficult or disputed points, he still continues in doubt regarding many things which might have been ascertained during so prolonged a stay, and which we at home were most desirous accurately to know. He was long in actual error regarding several species of the finny race, and we are not assured that his views are quite translucent even now. However, when he has seen reason to change his opinions, he makes acknowledgment of former mistakes in a very praiseworthy and becoming spirit.

The art of "fish-culture" which has recently assumed such high importance, and in a poor, yet, ichthyologically speaking,

brief season. In the Alps, no doubt, a similar cause is active; but the comparative rarity of the cascade is explained by the absolute want of table-lands, and the infinitely ramified character of the valleys. In the Pyrenees, which have a still more ridge-like character than the Alps, the cascades are more numerous, but yet far more scanty."—P. 251.

All the features and phenomena of glaciers, as observed by Professor Forbes in Norway, tended to confirm his theory of their cause of motion, as explained in his former work.\* The leading facts on which that theory was then established are as follows :—

1. That the downward motion of the ice from the mountains towards the valleys is a continuous and regular motion, going on night and day without starts or stops.
2. That it occurs in winter as well as in summer, though less in amount.
3. That it varies at all times, with the temperature, being less in cold than in hot weather.
4. That rain and melted snow tend to accelerate the glacier motion.
5. That the *centre* of the glacier moves faster than the sides, as is the case in a river.
6. The *surface* of the glacier moves faster than the bottom, also as in a river.
7. The glacier moves faster (*other things being supposed alike*) on steep inclinations.
8. The motion of a glacier is not prevented, nor its continuity hindered, by contractions of the rocky channel in which it moves, nor by the inequalities of its bed.
9. The crevasses are for the most part formed annually,—the old ones disappearing by the collapse of the ice during and after the hot season.

The theory of motion, deduced from the facts above referred to, is this :—

"That a glacier is a plastic mass impelled by gravity, having tenacity sufficient to mould itself upon the obstacles which it encounters, and to permit one portion to slide past another without fracture, except when the forces are so violent as to produce discontinuity in the form of a crevasse, or more generally of a bruised condition of the mass so acted on ;—that, in consequence, the motion of such a mass on a great scale resembles that of a river, allowance being made for almost incomparably greater viscosity,—hence the retardation of the sides and bottom. Finally, that diminution of temperature, diminishing the plasticity of the ice and also the hydrostatic pressure of the water which fills every pore in summer, retards its motion, whilst warmth and wet produce a contrary effect. These are the opinions which I laid down in 1842, and which ten years' experience and consideration have only tended to confirm."—P. 235.

As our author's principal object in publishing his present work was to connect his observations on the glaciers of Switzerland

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\* See *Travels in the Alps of Savoy*, &c., chap. xxi., and *Norway and its Glaciers*, p. 234.



happened, would in no way lead to the final settlement of salmon in that magnificent expanse, unless the natural instincts of the young could be made to undergo a change.

Mr. Lloyd states, that salmon being readily attracted by white objects, the Norwegian fishermen proceed upon a knowledge of this fact, and suspend sheets, or white-wash the rocks in the vicinity of their nets, or erect white boards (*Laxe-blikks*—salmon attractors) to represent "the foam of the cataract, of which we presume him to be in search." According to the Scotch practice of "sunning the water," that is, spearing salmon during bright day-light, when the river is low and clear, white objects, such as the bleached skeleton of a horse's head, are used to frighten, or rather to dazzle and stupify the fish by *glare*, but we do not suppose that it draws them towards the leister. In the same ratio, adds our author, as white attracts salmon, red, on the contrary, "according to Pontoppidan," is the object of his greatest antipathy, so that in parts of Norway, the fishermen never venture to follow their vocation attired in cap or jacket of that colour; and individuals have even been so deeply impressed with the "truth of this assumption," as to remove the tiles from the roof of their dwellings. Moreover, the salmon is so fearful of shadows, that the wandering flight of some solitary bird over his liquid lair, is enough to drive him downwards, and if while swimming along the coasts of Norway, he should come to a spot where a lofty mountain casts its far shadows on the sea, he retreats, "we are told," with precipitation. With us all this is just the reverse, or nearly so. Our fishermen, it is true, never wear red jackets, not however because these would frighten the fishes, but on account of their being dearer at first, and dirtier afterwards, than blue or brown. Red caps and cowls are however abundant. The shadows of the great rocks are just the places where our finest salmon often lie, and in a high banked river like the Shin, there is little to be done in clear weather, except for a few hours after sunrise, while the waters are darkened, or, for the same reason, when the golden light of the evening is still beautiful upon the sides of the mountains, but the river gorges are in gloom. The great shadows of the guardian "Sutors" frighten not the feeblest fin from the sheltered waters of the Firth of Cromarty, nor has the interception of light by any other shore-land mountain the slightest influence on our fishes. It will be noticed, that our author's statements on these and many other matters are either "according to Pontoppidan," a kind and credulous writer of no authority on matters of science, and who should not be quoted in relation thereunto, or are qualified by, "we are told." This should seldom if ever be in a book which, on its title-page, gives



report them as accurately as we can, with such comments as may come to mind.

Salmon commence spawning in the Save about the beginning of November, and continue throughout that month. The female deposits her eggs in comparatively still and shallow water, that is, from six to eighteen inches in depth, and immediately above a rapid. She prefers rather still water to a current, because otherwise the combined exertion of retaining her position and exuding her ova would be beyond her powers, and she selects a shallow rather than a pool, as more secure from sea-trout and other fish which prey upon the eggs in deeper water, and as better adapted to carry the ova gently to secure resting-places among the stones.

"It is commonly supposed," says Mr. Lloyd, reporting the views of his friend Keiller, "that in conjunction with the male, the female salmon scrapes a hole, or furrow, in the bed of the river, in which to deposit her eggs, and that afterwards, and as a protection from their numerous enemies, they cover them over with gravel; but such is not the fact, at least in the Save. The male has nothing to do with this part of the work; and the ova, instead of being dropped into a cavity, are deposited on a comparatively smooth surface. Whilst in the act of spawning, the female retains her natural position. The abdomen is near to the ground; at times, indeed, probably to rest herself, actually touching it. The process of dropping her eggs appears to be slow. When a few are collected, she turns on her side, waves the flat of her tail gently downwards to the roe, but lifts it up again with great force, by which such a vacuum is caused, as not only to raise the eggs from the ground, and thus distribute them in the stream, but to throw up a mass of dirt and stones, the latter not unfrequently of very considerable weight. As the distribution of the ova would require only a slight wave of the tail, it appears that the violent lunge is for the express purpose of distributing and *muddying* the water, thereby to conceal the eggs, in degree at least, from their numerous enemies, lying in wait below."—Vol. i. p. 94.

It is then stated that a salmon never spawns on the bare rock, or among very large stones, for the reason "that in such situations she would be unable to raise *the needful turbidity* to conceal her progeny." At the tail of a spawning ground, the work of a single salmon, or at all events never occupied by more than one at a time, there accumulates towards the close of the season, an immense mass of gravel, stones, &c., "occasionally, indeed, a good English cart-load." But the action of ice and floods soon sweeps it away, and even the great cavity from whence it came, is so filled up, that by the succeeding summer that portion of the river's bed has assumed its ordinary aspect.

"What may be the case in the earlier part of the season," resume  
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Mr. Keiller, "when the fish are in the pools or in deep water, I could not affirm, but after the female commences spawning, I have never but on one occasion seen the male in actual company with her. His station at that time is at six or seven feet distance, directly in her wake, and just beyond the mass of stones spoken of. And the only apparent part he takes in the process, is by the deposition of the milt, which, of course, becomes mixt with the ova of the female, as the stream drifts them past him."—"Again, at a respectful distance behind him, say twelve or fifteen feet, but still in a direct line with the female, a lot of trout, sea-trout, and other fish, are always posted, in readiness to pounce on the eggs, when the female starts them adrift with her tail. On the appearance of the several *clouds of dirt*, it is amusing to see them all scurrying into the thick of it, and following the ova down the stream."—Vol. i. pp. 96, 97.

Having never watched salmon through a telescope, or far-keeker, as it is termed both in our country and Mr. Keiller's, we do not venture to dispute the points in question. We know what an extraordinary thing the moon is, (we say nothing of its influence over the observer,) when looked at in that way, and how many odd things are seen in it, although from the entire absence of water fishes are said to be extremely scarce. But it does strike us as also a remarkable, although merely a sublunary thing, that all the chief concomitants towards successful spawning in Scotland should be reversed in Scandinavia, or nearly so. These concomitants in our country are as follows:—1. Pleasant sparkling water, in a rippling shallow stream; 2. Abundance of good gravel, and stones "of sorts," as gardeners say when they indicate variety; 3. The close and continuous presence of the male; 4. The entire absence of mud or *dirt*, as it seems to be called in Sweden. Now, we have no doubt that the water, as to depth, and nearly as to flow, described above by Mr. Keiller, is all that any reasonable salmon can desire. The stones and gravel in their natural state are also as well as can be expected. But what to say to the hollow trough, and the high bank of dislodged materials, (which Professor Forbes, had he ever looked into running water, would have described as a *moraine*,) we confess is perplexing. The mud we cannot see our way through in the least. Let any considerate reader pause for a moment by the banks of a beautiful stream, and ask himself, why a salmon should take so much trouble about her "procreant cradle," if she never spawns there to any purpose? The female is described by Mr. Lloyd as hanging over the trough, and higher up than the moraine, while the male is six or seven feet below her, that is, somewhat further down than the moraine. In that case, what advantage do the eggs derive from either the excavation, or the bank which results from it? According to the

theory and practice of spawning in Scotland, (the gravel being employed by the fish themselves almost simultaneously to fill up the hollow as the eggs are laid therein,) both are not only explicable, but indispensable. Then the river Save at Jonserud is known and admitted to be "invariably clear," which it would scarcely be with a muddy bottom, and the very questionable freak of the female fish, supposing her to have the mud at command, in throwing it upon her eggs, (a process which in Scotland produces immediate death and speedy decomposition,) seems even by Mr. Keiller's own account to be by no means a saving process, seeing that it acts as an instantaneous signal for every idle starveling within sight, to hurry helter-skelter into the midst of it, and take his fill of the very ova which the cloud-like covering was intended to conceal. However, so long as no one throws dirt upon any of the 500,000 fine healthy rosy-coloured ova which we lately looked at in the well-managed artificial rills at Stormont Lade, upon the Tay, we have no desire to interfere, further than by saying that if the Swedish salmon actually practise what Mr. Keiller alleges of them, we think they do exceeding wrong.

The next point taken up by Mr. Lloyd and his telescopic informant, is the peculiar curvature of the snout in the male salmon, towards and during the continuance of the breeding season. The late lamented Mr. Scrope had long ago asked, "What may be the use of this very ugly excrescence?" and no one that we know of till now has ever had the civility to give him an answer. The doctrine of final causes is always a difficult, and sometimes a dangerous one to intermeddle with, and we don't quite know what to make of Mr. Keiller's theory, but we shall give it as we find it, premising that the majority of observers have connected this increased coarseness of snout in the male salmon with some instrumental agency in shovelling about the gravel during the parental proceedings. But it now appears that, instead of being in any way related to the functions of affection, it is an engine, if not of destruction and death, at least of wrathful rivalry and vengeance. How dreadful that those so-called cold-blooded creatures under water, (when even Turks and Christians,—the Crescent and the Cross,—are leagued together in self-defence upon the surface of the earth,) should indulge in such unseemly conduct!

"It is the commonly received notion that the hook in the lower jaw of the male salmon is for the purpose of enabling him to assist the female in forming a hole in the bed of the river, for the deposit of her roe. But such Mr. Keiller convinced himself is not the object for which it is designed. In his opinion, it is intended to prevent the males which, in the spawning season, are most pugnacious, from

killing each other; for when the jaws of even a twenty-five pound fish are distended to the utmost, the hook is so much in the way that the opening in front of the mouth will admit of little more than the breadth of a finger, and consequently he cannot grasp the body of an antagonist. Indeed, were he enabled to do so, he would soon destroy himself. . . . In the breeding season the contests between the males are incessant and desperate. Mr. Keiller repeatedly noticed an immense salmon charge another with such thorough good-will as to throw him fairly out of the water. As it is, their battles are bloody enough; not only are fish observed to be gashed in every direction,—probably by their side teeth, for those in front, or on the tongue, cannot be brought properly into play owing to the hook,—but with large pieces of flesh and skin actually hanging down their sides. At the close of the season all the males are covered with scars. Unless one has seen the fish at this time it is difficult to conceive his mutilated condition; and it appears certain, that were it not for the hook not more than a single male salmon would leave a spawning ground alive. But it is the males alone who, at the termination of the spawning season, are thus seared with scars, another evidence, were such wanting, that the injuries have arisen from combats between themselves; for were the wounds inflicted by otters, as many imagine, the females would be equal sufferers with the males, which is not the case.”—Vol. i. p. 100.

Now, according to this Scandinavian theory,—to say nothing of the injuries which salmon inflict upon each other with their teeth, were it not for the cartilaginous elongation on the upper jaw, which forms a kind of pad in front of the brain, the concussion on the occasion of these desperate charges would be so great as to stun the assailant. But when the fish makes his onset the jaws are usually closed, and the hook on the lower jaw is embedded in the upper, thus affording the latter support, and still further lessening, as regards himself, the effects of the concussion.

“Nature,” says Mr. Keiller in conclusion, “only works by fixed laws. To have given the male salmon a share of human intellect was not in accordance with her plans. She resorted to simple means, and instilled envy and jealousy instead of reflective and reasoning power, which, at all events, would not have given the stimulus to exertion that the minor attribute confers. In order, however, to moderate the effects of these furious passions this proboscis was bestowed, which thus prevents the male from inflicting mortal injury either on his rival or on himself.”—P. 104.

We remember standing one fine summer evening by the side of a pond, in the garden of a well-known Edinburgh Naturalist, the late Dr. Neill of Canonmilla, where we observed a cormorant diving repeatedly but unsuccessfully for food. We doubted not the creature's general skill as an aquatic artist, but at this parti-

cular time it was debarred its productive exercise by the untoward event of having struck its bill through a large cork, which had previously served as the bung of a water-barrel, and which in its new position prevented the opening of the creature's jaws. This was so far providential, as securing the safety of several small fishes; but, we confess, that while sympathizing with the fry, we somewhat commiserated the cormorant, compelled by appetite, yet constrained by accident, at once to and from the successful exercise of its natural instincts. But the natural device by which, in the case of salmon, nature seeks to mitigate her own ferocity, is worth a thousand corks, because this "buffer" grows and disappears when needed, or no longer necessary,—one of the innumerable instances which might be adduced of how far the powers of nature transcend those of art, both in certainty and simplicity. It seems, indeed, clear, that so far as salmon are concerned, were it not for this foil, or button, on their boar-like snouts, they would be almost as bad as the Kilkenny cats, two of which on the conclusion of a quarrel left no other remnant of the fight than a solitary tail. Bearing in mind the unfortunately fatal case of duel between a former Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mahoun, in which both parties perished, we would scarcely join our Scandinavian friends in their assurance, that even a single salmon, but for this provision, would necessarily leave the spawning ground alive.

However this may be, we have great pleasure in more gravely reporting the valuable testimony by which Mr. Lloyd and his friend corroborate Mr. Shaw's views regarding the development and growth of salmon fry. The hatching period in the Save is April, and the young remain in the river not only during the immediate summer and following winter, by which time they have attained a length of two or three inches, but they pass the *second summer* also in the river, growing to twice their former size, that is being six inches long.

We have some valuable notices of several other fishes in Mr. Lloyd's new work. Both the salmon-trout (*S. trutta*), and the bull-trout (*S. erioz*), occur in the Gotha below the falls, but are debarred by them from ascending higher, and being sea-going species, would probably not abide in the upper pools, or in Lake Wenern, if transplanted there. Several kinds of magnificent lake trout are, however, known as permanent inhabitants of these higher waters. Our author has frequently captured male fish weighing upwards of thirty pounds. The species called *Wenerns-lax*, (which Mr. Lloyd formerly mistook for the true salmon,) seems in many respects to resemble our *Salmo ferax*, but the slight descriptions given are not such as enable us either to maintain or deny that the two are identical. A much more

enviable species is the *Silver-lax*, (its very name is lustrous,) an example of which, weighing twelve pounds, is well figured in a wood-cut. It is an elegant salmon-shaped fish, with a small and finely tapered head, and forked tail, and the terminal part of the body more slender than in the larger and coarser kind. It looks like a Loch Craggie trout, but being six times larger, must be a prize for a prince. While meditating on these and other fine species, Mr. Lloyd, as a native of an insular land, is still haunted by the sounding of the sea :—

“Pleased he remembers his august abode,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.”

“Very considerable resemblance existing between this huge trout, (the *Wenerns-lax*;)—for though called *lax* or salmon, he is no other, as we have said, than a trout,—and the *S. eriox*, or grey trout of authors, it becomes a subject for the consideration of ichthyologists, whether it may not be identical with the migratory species last named, though slightly altered by long permanent residence in the fresh water to which it is thus restricted. The probability of the two being identical, is increased by the fact that the smelt, which in England is considered of marine origin, is, as will presently be shewn, very numerous in the Wenern and other Scandinavian Lakes, to which access cannot be obtained from the sea. In all its characters the *Wenerns-lax* answers to the *S. lacustris* of authors, (*S. ferox*, Jardine;) but if the question as to its identity with the *S. eriox* be decided in the affirmative, the *S. lacustris* has probably no existence as a species; and rather than class the *Wenerns-lax* by that name, I prefer retaining it under that by which it is known with us.”—Vol. i. p. 114. Again, “May not the *Silver-lax*, which differs as much as night from day, [we should have said as day from night,] from any other fresh-water trout I have ever seen, be identical with *S. trutta* of Linnæus, which it much resembles, though somewhat altered by long permanent residence in fresh water, to which it is confined?”—P. 116.

Who confines it? Are not the rivers of Scandinavia, equally with those of Syria and Damascus, tributaries to the insatiate sea, and do they not ceaselessly urge their way by daylight and the depth of darkness, alike through the silent shade of piny forests and the deafening turmoil of the “hell of waters?” The fair creatures referred to, remain in those upland waters because they are fresh-water species, altogether careless of the injurious sea; and it is a begging of the question to say, that in consequence of being “confined” there, they have lost their original instinct of marine migration, and have in consequence become changed. It is, however, a curious coincidence that two fresh-water fish should exist in these inland lakes, clearly representing as it were, though not identical with, the species found lower down the

country, and which rejoice alternately in salt and sweet water. It is a good piece of compensation, for which the "lakers" should be thankful.

The char is widely spread, and of frequent occurrence, in Scandinavia, as we now know it to be in Scotland. The species, however, are but ill defined. Professor Nilsson maintains that there are six different kinds of char in the north of Europe.\* Læstadius says that one of these,—*Salmo alpinus*,—corresponding, as our naturalists suppose, with our British kind, has been captured of the weight of fifteen pounds. In this country a char of even a single pound is a giant of his race. The pike, called Gadda in Sweden, (*Esox lucius*, Linn.) is well known in the north, and is characterized there, as elsewhere, by its great and indiscriminate voracity. It sometimes attains to a vast size. A fisherman at Frugård assured Mr. Lloyd, that in the season of 1848 he had a pike upon his night line which was certainly four feet in length, and could not have weighed less than eighty pounds. Five several times he had him up the gunwale of the punt, but at last the line getting entangled, the hold of the hook gave way, and the monster escaped.—N.B. We call the fish "a monster," but let us consider for a moment what *its* feelings must be when suddenly dragged up into the garish light of day from its own silent and secluded depths, away from its wife and family, (many of whom it had not yet eaten,) and kept in a state of painful suspense, hanging by the mouth alongside an ugly punt, lashing the water with indignant tail, and finally escaping to its quiet home with sorely lacerated jaws, and the loss of several of its best teeth! Even if gifted with the power of speech, its torn tongue could scarcely express its deep disgust at the unprincipled aggression of that "monster man," a two legged creature covered with cloth, usually living on shore, but endowed with the power of floating artificially on the surface of the water, and there practising all kinds of cruelty and cunning!

Osprays and other great birds of prey frequently fall a sacrifice to their rashness in striking their talons into the backs of these fresh-water sharks, while they are basking near the surface. M. Eckström found the skeleton of an ospray (*Falco halietus*) on the back of a pike, the fish having drawn the fowl under water, and suffocated it thereby. The Rev. M. Møller informed Mr. Lloyd that he had on one occasion captured a moderately large pike, with the skeleton of a kite or hawk of some kind attached to it. Dr. Willman states that a pike taken in the Wenern had for a number of years been seen to raise a ghastly skeleton above the surface, and that the fishermen believing it

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\* *Prodromus Ichthyologiæ Scandinavica.*

to be the harbinger of some dire misfortune, always made for the shore as quickly as they could. Another party were one day fishing with a line of great length (the *Lang-ref*) in a large lake in Wermeland. When they had proceeded some distance from the shore, the boatman suddenly pulled the punt right about, and rowed back with all his might, exclaiming that the "water sprite" (*Sjö-troll*) is here again." He pointed with his finger, and every one on board distinctly saw something like the horns of an elk, or rein-deer, progressing rapidly along the surface. "Row towards it," exclaimed Lekander, "the ——— take me if I don't give the *Sjö-troll* a shot." With great difficulty the fisherman was persuaded to change his course, and pursue the apparition. When they had neared it, the bold Lekander fired his rifle, and fortunately with deadly effect. On taking possession of the prize it was found to be a huge pike, with the skeleton of an eagle on its back. It is a pity that in Scotland, where we have all the elements required,—powerful pikes, eagles in abundance, and, better than the best Lekander, Captain Horatio Ross,—we never meet with these things.

But as the most marvellous of all pikes is left unrecorded by Mr. Lloyd, we shall here briefly notice it. Conrad Gesner relates, that in the year 1497 a fish of this kind was taken at Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brass ring attached to it, on which was engraved in Greek the following sentence:—"I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederick the Second, the 5th of October 1230." This fine veteran was nineteen feet long, weighed 350 pounds, and, according to Cocker, must have been 267 years of age. This is really very well, both as regards time and space,—two great abstractions. We hope that truth was not abstracted likewise. We need scarcely observe that Frederick the Second was not only a very princely person in his way, but, like our own Prince Albert, was highly interested in art and science, and largely patronized literature. He imported many manuscripts from the East, was necessary to translations from Aristotle, Ptolemy, and Galen, while his own work on Falconry, "*De arte venandi cum avibus*," has found an editor and commentator in the great Grecian, J. G. Schneider. His love of natural observation may likely have induced him to put a pike into his pond with a ring round its neck, but he could, though a mighty potentate, in no way guarantee the truth of its being taken out either dead or alive nearly 300 years afterwards. Some even assert that the fish was marked by his father Frederick the First, (*Barbarossa*), and that the family pond was not near Hailbrun, but at Kaiserslautern. This history is so variously related by different authors,

that we believe the whole to have been a myth, and may conclude by observing, that the skeleton of this imperial pike, having been mentioned in more modern times as identical with that preserved in the cathedral at Mannheim, M. Valenciennes lately made inquiry regarding the latter, and was informed by a celebrated German anatomist that it had far too many joints in its back-bone for a single fish, and was evidently made up of two. (*Hist. Nat. des Poissons*, vol. xviii. p. 312.)\*

So much of our allotted space has been occupied by the preceding disquisition on salmon and pike, that we must pass over the other species enumerated by Mr. Lloyd. So many people, however, now-a-days go to Norway for the sake of angling, and as Professor Forbes not only did not dwell upon, but referred almost slightly to that noble art, we shall follow our author through some local details regarding a subject on which he is more at home than in natural science. Although trout might be killed all the year round in the upper parts of the Gotha, by far the larger portion made their way into Lake Wenern early in summer, and did not descend riverwards again till autumn. It was also remarkable, that although great numbers of small as well as heavy trout were taken during spring and autumn, few were met with of an intermediate size. They then weighed either from one to three pounds, or from ten to thirty. What a country to dwell in where trout of the former size are classed among the "small!" On one occasion our author, in the course of four consecutive days, killed twenty trout, which weighed together 452 pounds,—giving an average of above 22 pounds each!

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\* Let us here note that M. Valenciennes, in his excellent and generally accurate work above named, rather mis-states the average weight of certain English pike, in consequence of an erroneous interpretation of Mr. Yarrell's observations. "Les grandes pièces d'eau du comté de Norfolk, à quelques milles au nord de Yarmouth, Horsea Mere et Heigham Sounds, sont célébrés par le grand nombre de brochets d'excellente qualité et de taille assez forte. M. Yarrell a relevé plusieurs pêches faites dans ces grands lacs, d'où il résulte qu'en quatre jours on a pu prendre deux cent cinquante-six brochets, pesant ensemble onze cent trente-cinq livres, et qui donnaient, dans les différens jours, une moyenne de *Vingt-huit à trente-quatre livres par brochet*."—*Hist. Nat. des Poissons*, tom. xviii. p. 304. Now, although we bore in mind old Camden's rhyming dictum of "Horsey pike, none like," we still thought that an average for these different days of from 28 to 34 pounds per pike was something beyond common. On turning to Mr. Yarrell we find as follows:—"Together, four days' sport, producing 256 pike, weighing altogether 1136 pounds. Pike have been killed in Horsea Mere, weighing from 28 to 34 pounds each."—*British Fishes*, vol. i. p. 387. It will be seen that the concluding sentence has nothing whatever to do with the preceding details. The actual average is *under four pounds and a half*. It would have been precisely so, had the total weight amounted to 1152 pounds.

The foregoing is a good example of the way in which enduring error arises from casual misapprehension. M. Valenciennes' work is now the standard one in Europe on all ichthyological matters, and there is scarcely a naturalist, not an angler, on the Continent, who will perceive, while perusing the above passage, that he has in hand a piece of unmitigated nonsense.

Although salmon abound in almost all the rivers of Scandinavia, it would scarcely be prudent for any one to go there now, as formerly, in search of sport, without making definite arrangements beforehand. An active pedestrian, ranging over hill and valley, and seeking general amusement, may, especially in the more distant and retired uplands, meet with good success in a casual way, and without challenge; but it is otherwise with the principal stations on the lower and more accessible portions of the rivers, where "Yacht-men congregate."

"Sometimes," writes Sir Hyde Parker to our author, "I have had so much sport with salmon as to occasion indifference whether I fished any more for a week. This I do not hold to be good. To enjoy sport thoroughly a man should *earn* it as you do your bears. But at the present day it is not altogether an easy matter to command a first-rate stream. In Norway every man is now a fisherman, and many of the waters are hired, so that it is difficult to get a cast to yourself; and I consider the game nearly up, at least for an old one like myself, and not worth going the distance."—P. 228.

"The largest salmon," he adds afterwards, "I have caught was in the Namsen. He weighed sixty pounds, being exactly four feet long, and was the largest fish of any kind I ever caught, indeed, I have never seen one caught of greater weight. I caught nine others that day,—one of forty, one thirty, one eighteen, one fifteen, the rest from eight pounds, downwards."—P. 241.

"We remained on the Namsen about a fortnight," says Mr. Dann, "and killed ninety-five salmon; but the weather was so bad that several days we were unable to fish. The largest, of which I was the fortunate captor, weighed forty-five pounds. He broke the third joint of my rod at the first dash, and I was an hour and three-quarters in killing him with the remaining joints. Cholmeley caught the second best, weighing thirty-five pounds. Between that weight and twenty-five pounds we killed thirty fish. It is really the best river I have ever seen, such monster salmon are found in no other."—P. 241.

Another correspondent of Mr. Lloyd's informs him, that, in the summer of 1842, being on the Namsen from 15th June to 8th August, he killed 323 fish, weighing 3840 pounds. "I lost one monster such as I shall probably never see again." It is always so. A salmon in the river generally appears larger than one in the boat or basket. Of course a strong heavy fish, so far as the actual breaking of hook or line is concerned, has the best chance of escape, but the mere fact of its escaping seems to magnify its dimensions by acting on the imagination of the angler.

"A moment white, then gone for ever."

In the summer of 1843 Sir Charles Blois killed 368 salmon in the Namsen. They weighed 5252 pounds. But as we have fully discussed this famous river on a former occasion, (see

*N. B. R.*, vol. ix. pp. 92, 114,) we shall here only remark, that as there are very few casts from the shore upon the Namsen, the work is done from a boat, and rather by a kind of trolling or dragging than by far and frequent casting. This many people think is rather dull work, compared with that of our own lively Highland rivers, where alternate stream and pool can be well commanded from terra firma.

We may say a word or two regarding certain other Scandinavian waters. It is a singular, and so far as we can see, an unaccountable thing, that those which flow into the Gulf of Bothnia, although many are full of fish, yield scarcely any angling sport. In journeying from Stockholm to Tornea, a distance of from six to seven hundred miles, above a hundred rivers may be met with, several of these, such as the Umea, Pitea, Calix, Ljusna, and others, of great size. Yet the salmon in the majority of them won't so much as look at either fly or worm. This account, testified to by many witnesses, has been recently confirmed to us by Mr. John Campbell, (formerly of Islay,) an active and accomplished angler, of great experience in the far north. Mr. Lloyd alludes to this strange disrelish of the sportsman's lure on the part of the salmon of the eastern side of the Scandinavian peninsula, and adds that "the only attempted solution of the mystery that I ever heard is, that the fish in the rivers in question may not be the genuine *Salmo salar*, but a huge trout, greatly resembling it in appearance." There is assuredly no solution here, but rather an increase of the difficulty, by having to shift it, in so far as we can even less easily explain why "huge trout," if only such they be, become so shy and wary, and averse to food, when submerged beneath these Bothnian waters. Nobody knows better than Mr. Lloyd that such is not their nature in Southern Sweden, as he has himself so well recorded. The Bothnian salmon are of inferior flavour to those of the western coast. They are, however, of large size, those netted in the Ljusna, for example, being frequently thirty pounds, while a forty pounder is by no means rare.

But the rivers on, to us, the nearer side of the Scandinavian peninsula, are far the finest for the "contemplative angler's recreation." We shall begin with the more southern streams, and proceed northwards. The Ronne, near Engelholm, is of considerable size, and flows into an open sea-bay called Skelder-Wick (we like to observe the Norse origin of the name of our own great fishing-mart in Caithness). There is not much to be done in it with the fly. The Laga flows past the town of Laholm, and abounds with salmon. There are neither weirs nor natural obstructions for several miles upwards,—only here and there some splendid rapids. Mr. Lloyd lauds it, although he himself

returned empty handed. However, he saw some noble salmon captured by the peasants, and envied, as we have often done our own bold borderers on the Tweed, their fine and powerful handling of the rod.

"So beautiful a line as some of these men throw I had never before witnessed in my life. It was asserted there were individuals who could cast the fly one hundred feet! The distance was at all events very great, and nearly as far again as a Crooked Lane rod enabled me or my man, who was a very fair fisherman, to cast mine. I must say, I never felt so small in my life as when exhibiting in the presence of these boors. The rod used by them, which was of extraordinary length, say from twenty to twenty-four feet, and consisted of an aspen pole, topped with a sprig of juniper, or other pliant wood, beat mine hollow in another respect; for, being solid, it served the purpose of a staff when wading, as was the practice, owing to the river in places being broad."—Vol. i. p. 282.

Next comes the Nissa, flowing past the town of Halmstad. But as it is spanned by salmon weirs near the sea, fish cannot attain to the pools and rapids above, and so little can be done with the rod. The Atra at Falkenberg has a great name, and we believe deserves it, as the fish are numerous, and rather fond of artificial flies. When we saw it, its waters were in flood, and roaring rapidly. It is an early river for the north, and fish may be sometimes met in it in April. The Viska is greatly injured by having weirs beneath all its rapids. However, they are often swept away by floods, or wilfully destroyed, and then the angler's heart rejoices. We come next to the Save, before named, a smallish stream which flows into the Gotha, near Gottenburgh; seawards of the latter is Wingo Sound, where the astonished Scandinavians had recently a glimpse of "Fighting Charlie," with such an assemblage of those whose "home is on the deep," as to make them thank their stars they were not Russians. It has been recently destroyed by a weir, which crosses it below the rapids. There is a good-looking river near Qvistrum, a few miles to the north of Uddevalla. It has ten or a dozen fine stretches, alternate pools and rapids in the course of the first three or four miles upwards from the sea, but the fish are netted to death, and the angler's occupation's gone.

The first salmon stream we come to after crossing the Norwegian frontier is the Glammen, a noble river, which empties its far-flowing waters into the beautiful Christiania-fiord, close to Frederikstad. It is greatly injured at times by vast quantities of floating timber. Crossing the firth, we come to a river which rejoices in the intemperate name of Drams. Although salmon are plentiful, there is not much angling sport. There is a productive commercial fishing at the hamlet of Högsund, twelve or

fifteen miles up its course, and where a precipitous fall impedes the farther progress of all dwellers in the deep. Then comes the Laugen, at Laurvig, said to be first rate for the rod. It draws its waters from the different snowy heights of the Hardanger-Field, and has this advantage as an angling river over the majority of those in Scandinavia, that its course is nowhere crossed by those rocky barriers, called *Fosses* in the Norsk tongue, and which occasion cataracts of such force and fury that a fish may look at them in wonder, but need never hope either to feed or play among the gravel-beds above. About four Norwegian miles up this river Sir Hyde Parker and Colonel Eyres killed *one hundred and eleven* salmon in three days. Several were thirty-five pounds in weight, and one was a forty pounder. They were, however, considerably discoloured, from having been rather too long in the fresh water. The town of Arendal is situated on a salmon river called the Nid, and two others of good repute, called Torresdal and Topdal, fall into the sea near Christiansand. The Mandal is met with about thirty miles west of the latter town. Opinions differ regarding the angling capabilities of this the southern part of Norway.

We now turn round the Naze, and then trend northwards. From Mandal to Stavanger, Mr. Francis Cholmeley records, "the whole country is full of fine streams, abounding with trout, and a good many of them with salmon." Of the angling on the western coast of Norway, from the 59th to the 63d degree, our information is by no means ample. It is the great district of the fiords, with their adamant sides, and rocky ranges of protecting islands, but our belief is that the rivers, properly so called, are too rapid and precipitous, and it may be, draw their preponderating sources too directly from the great ice-fields and upland plains of snow, to suit salmon, or at least their capture with the rod. But after getting beyond "the Alpine mountains cold" of Snee-hätten and the Dovre-field, and entering on the Trondhiem district, the winter of our discontent is turned to glorious summer, by multitudinous fishes of such size and silvery lustre as cannot be surpassed. The first river we need to name is the Gula, which falls into the Trondhiem-fiord. In former days it was open as charity, but has recently become a rented river, and is now, we understand, taken for a term of years. Further onwards is the Nid, a noted stream. Mr. Overston, the owner of the fishery, once took eleven good salmon out of it in three hours, and on another occasion, he and the Hon. Richard Hutchinson killed a score from the same boat, a couple of them weighing about thirty-eight pounds a piece. Two days' journey north of Trondhiem, we come upon the Steenkjær, where great sport may be some-

times obtained, although inconvenience is felt from the quantity of timber, both submerged and floating. Mr. Buckle is reported to have taken eighty salmon in a month, averaging fourteen pounds, and Messrs. Rogers and Hunt killed no less than two hundred and six fish in twenty-six days. It was formerly an open river, but is now engaged. About a hundred miles further north is the Namsen, of which we need now say nothing more. Between it and the Alten are innumerable streams, the great majority of which abound in salmon. The chief disadvantage under which the angler now labours is, that he has got so far north, and is so near "the mountains of bright snow," that the summer is almost gone before the season opens.

In Finmark, the extreme north of Norway, the best rivers are the Alten and Tana. Sir Hyde Parker was one of the first who visited the former for the express purpose of angling, and had "great sport" about twenty years ago. More recently, Mr. Edward Brettell has had enviable success. In fifteen days, or parts of days, between the 4th of July and 12th of August, he killed 194 salmon, weighing 2752 pounds. Many were twenty pounds and upwards; five were above thirty pounds; and one was forty pounds. In one of those days he captured thirty-three fish, weighing about 518 pounds. The Tana is a larger river, sixty or eighty miles eastward of the Alten. It affords the most northern salmon fishing in Europe, and is said to offer a fine field for the angler, but as the off-side of it towards the mouth is Russian territory, it may be well that the British sportsman, while sorting his flies, also pays some regard to the state of the Turkish question, especially if he has no letter of introduction to the Czar from Sir Roderick Murchison. Beyond the Tana, that is further eastward, another fine river called Patsjoki, runs from the great Lake Enari, in Russian Lapland, and still further onwards is the river Peise, both discharging themselves into the icy sea. They are said to abound in salmon, and being quite out of the beaten route, "are well deserving the notice of the adventurous sportsman." We believe that nothing is known of the angling attributes of the other Russian rivers along that arctic shore. That they are full of fish cannot be doubted, but what kind of accommodation may be now afforded to any "adventurous sportsmen" from Great Britain and Ireland, (Patsjoki would surely please Hibernians,) is a matter for the deliberate consideration of the latter, before they take the rod in hand.

What a dreadful creature is the bear! We mean nothing personal, never having been at St. Petersburg, but allude merely to the great, shaggy, broad-footed, strong-tusked, hugging animal, hunted by Mr. Lloyd. There seems to be only a single

species of bear (*Ursus arctos*) in Scandinavia, and we daresay it is quite sufficient. In consequence of the increase of cultivation, he is now confined very much to the northern portions of the peninsula, that is, from about latitude 58° to the North Cape. But to those districts in which he is wanting in quantity, he makes amends in quality, the bear of Lapland being inferior in size and prowess to those of Wermeland and the Dalecarlian forests. He sometimes weighs eight hundred pounds. Mr. Lloyd is very diffuse on the subject of bears, and in addition to his own actual observation and adventure, he quotes from all and sundry. We shall confine ourselves to the narration of a single expedition, which was attended by a tragical result. A faithful follower of the name of Svensson had ascertained the whereabouts of a bear, in a wild forest track between the rivers Dal and Clara, where the woods extend for about ten miles almost without a break. The party started long before dawn on a winter morning. The snow was deep and loose, and the track bad, but about ten o'clock they reached a wooded knoll, where bruin was presumed to be ensconced. The atmosphere was thick and hazy, and the sleet falling fast. Svensson was left on the look out, and cautioned not to leave his post, while the others moved onwards and around, threading their sinuous way through tangled breaks, and peering under mighty boulders.

"While cautiously looking around us, our expectations of seeing the bear constantly on the stretch, and my gun at the time being on the full-cock, I suddenly caught an indistinct glimpse of a large dark object amongst the trees on the rising ground above us. It was at a distance, as it seemed to me through the sleet and mist, of a good gun-shot, and though stationary so to say, it moved. Not doubting that it was the bear, I in almost the twinkling of an eye, raised and discharged my gun, when the object at which I aimed at once sunk to the ground. Though Elg and the soldier were standing immediately behind me, neither of them saw it. But this was not to be wondered at, as owing to the denseness of the cover, it was only from time to time that even a transient view could be obtained of any thing in the distance.

"Almost at the instant of firing, and at the very spot to which my aim was directed, the dog became visible, and began to bark loudly; on seeing which I cried out in great alarm:—'Elg! is it possible? can I have shot my dog?' But observing by the way in which the animal pulled at his tether, that he was uninjured, and recollecting that he was with Srensson, the truth flashed at once across my mind, and I exclaimed, 'It is Svensson and not the dog that is killed!' And such was the dreadful fact! On proceeding to the spot, there lay the poor fellow stretched at his length, and stone dead! It was a piteous sight to look on; a grey-headed old man,—

he was then in his sixty-fifth year,—thus weltering in his own blood ; and to me a doubly heart-rending spectacle, as it was my own hand that had sped the fatal bullet. We were all horror-stricken. For my own part, what with reflecting on myself for having been the cause of the calamity, and grief for the loss of an old and tried comrade, my feelings are not to be conveyed by words.”—P. 388.

It can scarcely be expected that our adventurous hunter should himself escape uninjured from all the fearful frays on which he entered. On one occasion he observes a bear lying near the summit of a little knoll, at the outer edge of a thick brake. What picturesque elements!—the rocky height, the tangled wood, and old bruin at the mouth of his den, sunning a weather-stained garment, shaggy and rough enough to please Sir Uvedale Price! When eight or ten paces off, and just as the trigger was being pulled, the bear bolted from his lair, and made straight at his assailant. The latter had just time to fire his second barrel, and with effect so far as inflicting a severe wound without staying progress was concerned, but the brute almost at the same instant laid him prostrate. His only resource now was to bury his face in the snow to prevent mutilation of the most obvious portion of the outer man, and then lie motionless,—the notion being that if a bear believes his victim dead, he inflicts no further damage. But in this case, although Mr. Lloyd played the defunct extremely well, he was sadly mauled, especially about the head.

“My body also suffered greatly from his furious attacks, which extended from the neck and shoulder downwards to the hip. But he did not attempt in any manner to hug or embrace me, as we in England seem to imagine his custom to be when carrying on offensive operations ; nor did he seemingly molest me in any way with his claws. All my wounds were, to the best of my belief, inflicted with his fangs. . . . Neither at the time of receiving my first fire, nor whilst making his rush, did the bear, as is usually the case when enraged, utter his usual half roar half growl. Even when I was lying at his mercy, no other than a sort of subdued growl, similar to that of a dog when disturbed whilst gnawing a bone, was made by the beast ; and so far from coming at me with open jaws, as one would suppose to be the case with a wild beast when making his onset, his mouth at the time was altogether closed. The pain I suffered from his long-continued attacks was bearable. When he had my limbs in his jaws, it more resembled their being stuck in a huge vice than anything else ; but when his jaws grasped, as they did, the whole crown of my head,—during which I distinctly felt the fleshy part of his mouth to overlap my forehead,—and his fangs very deliberately scored my head, my sufferings were intense. The sensation of his fangs slowly grating over the bare skull, was not at all that of a sharp blow, as is often the case when a wound is inflicted, but rather, though very

much more protracted, the crassness one feels during the extraction of a tooth. From certain circumstances I have reason to believe the bear continued to maltreat me for nearly three minutes. As I perfectly retained my senses the whole time, my feelings, whilst in this horrible situation, are beyond the power of description. But at length the incessant attacks of my gallant little dog drew the beast's attention from me, and I had the satisfaction to see him retreat, though at a very slow pace, into the adjoining thicket, when he was at once lost to view. Immediately after he left me I arose, and applied snow by the handful to my head to stanch the blood which was flowing from it in streams. I lost a very large quantity, and the bear not a little, so that the snow all around the scene of conflict was literally deluged with gore."—Pp. 422, 423.

This is good, and to the purpose in hand. Far better, surely, than the manish and unnecessary extracts from Pontoppidan, a most excellent man in his way, and whose works when we were ourselves young and innocent, which is a long time ago, we were quite willing to swallow, crucken, sea-serpent, and all. But had we spent, as Mr. Lloyd has done, twenty of the best years of our life in Sweden and Norway, we should not have thought of making up our book by much quoting from the good old Bishop of Bergen.

Then comes a chapter on cholera, which we shall leave for the consideration of the Board of Health. The first volume ends with an account of wolves, and their various modes of capture, —all rather tiresome in the telling.

Mr. Lloyd's second volume contains the sporting history of the fox, lynx, and glutton, among beasts of prey, of the lemming and hare among the rodent tribes, (the beaver, which is their glory, being not so much as even named,) and of the elk and rein-deer, as representing the antlered ruminants. But between the two latter we find interpolated a long and inappropriate history of Gustavus Vasa, a well-known and rather pugnacious person on the whole, but who was by no means so wild a creature as to deserve such a position, and whose sayings and doings have no possible connexion with the subject-matter of the present volumes. It is, in truth, this unnecessary amplification of irrelevant topics which forms their great defect, by increasing their size and price, and adding nothing to what any reasonable reader, on taking them up, expects and desires to know. The concluding fifteen chapters are devoted to ornithology.

The account of the lynx, as of the other animals, is greatly made up of extracts from the good Bishop, and some more recent writers. It would seem to be a sanguinary as well as a carnivorous creature; that is, it often slays far more than its necessities require. M. Skoldberg mentions that a female and her two cubs, killed in a single day no less than twenty-three sheep; of some of which the necks were partially eaten, but all the be-

dies were mentioned. Although the cat tribe to which the lynx is so nearly allied are usually regarded as the worst of carrion, this animal forms an exception, its flesh being palatable, and in appearance resembling veal. The gnutton (*Gnaton borealis*) is now found only in the northern parts of Scandinavia. He subsists almost wholly on what is fresh, and so usually kills his own meat, which ranges from the young of the gigantic elk, to rats and lemmings. However, his favourite food is the hare, of which he is almost constantly in pursuit. He also angles a good deal in summer, being very fond of fish. Læstadius tells us that on one occasion he saw four full-grown gnuttons on a stone in the midst of a rapid, occupied in catching grayling. It is often shot during winter in the Gulf of Bothnia, on the ice, at a great distance from any land, having probably roamed away from terra firma in pursuit of seals. The Lapps use the gnutton's flesh as food.

The chapter on the fox offers nothing new. In his former work Mr. Lloyd had given the black-fox as a native of Scandinavia, and he now modifies that opinion in favour of Professor Nilsson's view, which is, "that the black-fox, as a species, does not exist in the peninsula." As a species it does not exist anywhere. Several kinds of fox are subject to that darkened condition called *melanism*, in the completed state of which the fur is black and glossy, and of very high value. De Capell Brooke informs us that a few are taken in the Loföden islands, but these are merely varieties of the common fox of Europe,—*Canis vulpes*. In the northern parts of America, again, we meet, though rarely, with what Godman and other western writers call the black or silver fox, which La Hontan told us long ago was worth its weight in gold. Pennant has remarked that "the more desirable the fur is, the more cunning and difficult to be taken is the fox that owns it," and Mr. Hutchins adds, that "the blacker the fur the lesser the fox." Sir John Richardson does not confirm either of the last two statements. This American variety belongs to *Canis fulvus*. The observation we have made regarding black foxes, applies equally to the crucigerous variety called the *cross-fox*. Among the various species known to naturalists, we find in each individuals more or less marked in a cruciform fashion by a bar of black upon the neck or shoulders, but there is no such species as the cross-fox. In Scandinavia this variety is very strongly manifested, the black line running all along the back, while the cross bar stretches over the shoulders, and down the fore-legs. But it nevertheless belongs to the common species. The fur of the American cross-fox is of great value. A good many years ago it was worth four or five guineas a skin, while that of the common fox, (*Canis fulvus*), of which it is a variety, did not exceed fifteen shillings. The difference of value,

according to Sir John Richardson, depends chiefly on that of colour, as some of the ordinary red foxes are found to have the fur equally long and fine.

On the history of the lemming, (*Lemmus Norvegicus*), and its multitudinous migrations, we need not here dilate, as they are given with more or less exaggeration, in almost all works on natural history. That this creature should form a favourite food on the part of a herbivorous animal like the rein-deer, is a curious but distinctly established fact.

We should have liked some precise and specific information regarding the hares of Scandinavia, but this we fail to find. There seem to be two *sorts* there,—we cannot well say whether species or varieties. The *Lepus borealis* is white, and inhabits the higher and more northern mountain ranges,—while the *Lepus canescens* is only hoary, and dwells in the southern districts. Our British hare is unknown.\*

The Elk (*Cervus alces*) is the largest and most remarkable of the antlered animals of Northern Europe. It was formerly abundant in all the wooded districts of Scandinavia, but, in consequence of constant persecution, it has become greatly more restricted, both in distribution and amount, and has long ceased to be in use as a domesticated species. Legislative enactments, however, having been of late years passed in its favour, its numbers are again on the increase. This creature delights in the deepest recesses of the forests. During the summer season his favourite resorts are low and marshy grounds, with plenty of water, and abundance of deciduous trees. But in winter he seeks the higher grounds and thicker covers of the pine tree boughs. He is a first-rate swimmer, and ploughs the water with such force, that you “deem the deep to be hoary.” In regard to the geographical distribution of the elk, Ekström states its Scandinavian boundaries as between 58° and 64° of north latitude, although no doubt exceptional cases occur on either side. Its American representative (we really know not of any difference between the moose-deer of the western world and the species now in hand) is found as far north as the mouth of the Mackenzie, in lat. 69°. In the opposite direction it was formerly found as far south as the Ohio. Denys, as quoted by

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\* In Britain it is well known that we have two kinds of hares,—the common sort, *L. timidus*, widely diffused over the island, and the alpine hare, *L. variabilis*, confined to the more mountainous districts of Scotland. In summer it is of a bluish grey colour, tinged with tawny, and becomes white in winter. As there are no white hares in Ireland, and those found there are distinct from our common kind, they were long supposed to constitute a *third* species. But this is not the case. The Irish hare is identical with the alpine hare of the Gramplians, but its coat in winter undergoes no change, in consequence, we presume, of the greater mildness of the Sister Isle. We owe this observation to the late Mr. Thompson of Belfast.

Pennant, says the elk was once plentiful in the island of Cape Breton, although they had become extirpated by the time he wrote. In our own days, according to Dr. Godman, they are not known in the State of Maine, but are still seen in considerable numbers near the bay of Fundy.\*

We shall conclude with a brief notice of the rein-deer, *Cervus tarandus*, which, like the last, is believed to be identical in Europe and America, although it continues an undomesticated species in the western world. Like the elk also, it has become greatly restricted in modern times, as it is seldom found south of  $59^{\circ}$  or  $60^{\circ}$  in Norway, while in Sweden its boundary is about  $61^{\circ}$  or  $62^{\circ}$ . In a northerly direction, it ranges uncontrolled by actual cold or fear of famine, as far as Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Melville Island. It does not occur in Iceland. Professor Nilsson indulges in some curious notions regarding the geographical distribution of the rein-deer. He supposes that those which inhabit the province of Scania came from the southward immediately after the *boulder formation*, while that portion of Sweden was still united to Germany, and the North Sea had not thrown its waters into what we now call the Baltic; while, on the other hand, those which at present inhabit the more northern parts of Scandinavia came into them at a much later period by the way of Finnish Lapland, and subsequently to the land which stretches between the Gulf of Bothnia and the White Sea having risen from the deep. He deduces this view from the fact, that fossil remains of rein-deer are found abundantly in all the alluvial peat-bogs of Scania, but are unknown throughout the entire country which lies between it and Southern Lapland.

The female rein-deer presents an exception to the rule which prevails among the antlered kinds, in having the head armed as in the male,—a fact recorded by Julius Cæsar, who describes the species as an inhabitant of the Hercynian forest, that “boundless contiguity of shade,” which extended even to the far Uralian Mountains. There is, indeed, a remarkable inequality of polar distances in the distribution of this, as of several other species, in accordance with the difference of meridian. Humboldt has long since shewn that physical climates do not lie in parallel bands at equal distances from the equator, but that the isothermal lines recede from the pole in the interior of continents, and advance towards it as we approach the shores, so that the further any northern species is naturally removed from the ameliorating climatic influence of the sea, the more extended may be its range in a southerly direction. Of this the species now under consi-

\* The elk was unknown to the Greeks both by name and nature. The word, *also* first occurs in the writings of Julius Cæsar, and is supposed to have been adopted by him from the Celts. The Celtic name is *elch*, the Swedish *elg*. The American title of *Moose-deer* is derived from the Cree-Indian term *Moosee*.

deration affords a remarkable illustration. Pallas (writing towards the close of the preceding century) informs us, that herds of wild rein-deer were still found among the pine woods which extend from the banks of the Oufa, under 55°, to those of the Kama. They are known to proceed still further south, along the shady summits of that prolonged portion of the Uralian Mountains which stretches between the Don and the Wolga, as far as 46°. Thus they advance almost to the base of the Caucasian Mountains, along the banks of the river Koutma, where, at least in the days of Pallas, scarcely a winter passed without a few being shot by the Kalmucks, under a latitude more than a hundred miles to the south of Astracan.\*

\* The southern limits of the American rein-deer are by no means distinctly known, in consequence chiefly of the native name of *caribou* being vaguely applied to more than one species. Dr. Harlan, a recent writer, (in his *Fauna Americana*, 1826,) brings them as far south as the State of Maine, but he neither gives his authority, nor distinctly states his own personal knowledge of what he ought to have regarded as a singular circumstance requiring circumstantial proof. Charlevoix, (*Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, 1777,) who probably died before Harlan was born, mentions that, in his time, so rare was the rein-deer in the latitude of Quebec, that he never knew of more than one having wandered thither, and this solitary sample, on being chased, precipitated itself from Cape Diamond, and, after swimming across the St. Lawrence, was killed by some Indians encamped on Point Levi. There are two well-marked if not permanent varieties of this animal in North America. Those which pass their bright but fleeting summer in the "barren grounds," and along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, are small of stature, and consequently so light that a hunter can carry a full-grown doe across his shoulders. It is highly esteemed as food, and were it not for its great abundance in the Barrens, the Chepewyans, Copper, Dog-rib, and Hare Indians of Great-bear Lake, would be unable to inhabit those desolate lands. The noted and almost indispensable *pemmican* is formed of its pounded flesh, incorporated with one third part of its melted fat. Sir John Richardson was of opinion, that when in prime condition this variety is superior to the finest English mutton. We have elsewhere remarked that he was probably hungrier in the Arctic regions than he has ever been at home. The other variety, known as the *woodland caribou*, is of larger size, and much inferior flavour. One of its most remarkable peculiarities consists in its travelling southwards in the spring, crossing the Nelson and Severn rivers in vast numbers during the month of May, in order to spend the summer on the low marshy shores of James's Bay, from whence it returns inland, and in a northerly direction, in September. The stream of life, as constituted by the migratory movements of other animals, is usually the reverse of this. But we may well believe they are directed by One who cannot err.

Whether the varieties which constitute the species as it exists in the old world, conform to those of the new, we cannot say. We shall state the facts, so far as known. They apply, however, only to the domesticated tribes. The Lapland rein-deer, though powerful in the sledge, are of small stature compared with those reared in the northern parts of Asia by the Tuhgusians, who ride upon them. There are two kinds of subjugated rein-deer in Lapland. The one is the *fall-ren*, or mountain rein-deer, and is herded for the greater portion of the year on regions of such great elevation as to be nearly destitute of arbotial vegetation. The other, called the *seogs-ren*, is the larger of the two, and is pastured in the forests all the year round. Neither variety equals the wild animal in size, and the principal reason assigned for this deterioration is, that the larger portion of the milk of the dam being reserved by the Lapps for their own subsistence, the fawns are stinted of their fair proportion. When rein-deer run they make a well-known "clattering" sound with their closing hoofs. We are surprised that Von Buch should attribute this to "the incessant crackling of the knee-joints, as if produced by a succession of electric shocks."

We have never been able to satisfy ourselves regarding the precise period at which the important process of shedding the antlers is performed by rein-deer. "Though the male as well as the female," says Mr. Lloyd, "shed their horns annually, it is not at the same period, for the males lose theirs soon after the rutting season, in the autumn, whilst the females and the young males do not part with theirs until pretty late in spring." He afterwards indicates the rutting season more specially as being "about the end of September, or beginning of October." Winter must therefore be commenced both in Finmark and Lapland before these creatures cast their antlers, and unless their growth is more rapid than we can well suppose, the worst part of it must have passed before they have been effectively reformed. Yet we are often told that the portion called the brow antler, is of great service in scraping the snow from the lichens and other plants of lowly growth on which they feed. In all the wintry snow-scenes represented by Mr. Lloyd, the rein-deer is exhibited with amply developed antlers. It is known that a buck rein-deer lived nearly three years not far from Hackney. He cast his antlers in winter for two successive seasons, and renewed them in spring. During one of these seasons they continued in the state of stumps till the 30th of January, and then began to shoot; and on the 24th of February they were only five or six inches high, and covered by a thick pile. This account does not agree with that of Leems, who describes this animal as losing its antlers in spring. It is true that both Hoffberg and Buffon maintain the contrary, yet as Leems lived ten years in Lapland, his experience must have exceeded that of all naturalists combined; and his account is more consistent with the fact already referred to, of the creature scraping the ground with its brow antlers during the winter season,—a circumstance by the by strongly dwelt upon even by those writers who, at the same time, deny the existence of the parts in question, during the very period they are pleased to put them to that use. Leems himself, indeed, makes no reference to that service, but, on the contrary, says expressly that the rein-deer obtains the snow-covered lichens by means of its feet. We presume that these somewhat contradictory statements are best reconciled, or at least accounted for, by the fact, that the different sexes and ages of this species cast their antlers at different times.

We dare not now enter upon the ornithology of Scandinavia, to which a large portion of Mr. Lloyd's second volume is devoted. We may take an after opportunity to discourse on the birds of the northern regions.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Système de Politique Positive*. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, Auteur du *Système de Philosophie Positive*. Tomes I. II. III. Paris, 1851-1853.
2. *Catéchisme Positiviste*. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, Auteur du *Système de Philosophie Positive et du Système de Politique Positive*. Paris, October 1852.
3. *Le Calendrier Positiviste*. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, &c. Paris. Quatrième Edition. Mai 1852.
4. *Discours sur l'Ensemble du Positivism*. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, &c. Paris, Juillet 1848.
5. *Discours sur l'Esprit Positif*. Par AUGUSTE COMTE, &c. Paris, Février 1844.
6. *Cours de Philosophie Positive*. Par M. AUGUSTE COMTE, Ancien élève de l'Ecole Polytechnique. 6 tomes 8vo. Paris, 1830-1842.
7. *Système de Politique Positive*. Par M. AUGUSTE COMTE. Paris, 1824.
8. *De la Philosophie Positive*. Par E. LITTRÉ. Paris, 1845.
9. *Conservation, Révolution, et Positivism*. Par E. LITTRÉ. Paris, 1852.
10. *Philosophy of Mathematics*. Translated from the *Cours de Philosophie Positive* of Auguste Comte. By W. M. GILLESPIE, A.M. New York, 1851.
11. *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*, being an Exposition of the Principles of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive* of Auguste Comte. By G. H. LEWES. London, 1853.
12. *The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte*. Freely translated and condensed. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. 2 vols. London, 1853.

THE time seems to have arrived when the merits and defects, the spirit and tendencies of the "Positive Philosophy" may be subjected to review. It is true that the contemplated labours of M. Comte are by no means closed. He boasts of his ability still to devote some eight or nine years of full cerebral vigour to the service of his regenerated Humanity. His elaborate construction of Sociology requires a fourth volume; and he projects new enterprises for the occupation of his old age. But it is scarcely necessary to wait for the period when he may make a voluntary retreat from the arena of philosophy. We regard it as improbable that his years will be sufficiently protracted, at least with the adequate retention of his admirable intellectual powers, to enable him to achieve his more remote designs. His

our peculiar interest is already evident, and when we look at the vast and unexplored domain of the most useful and speculative labour, and consider the times and the men who are engaged in it, intelligence alone the first principle of the most universal suggestion of a Science of Society is almost lost.\* we recur to the unceasing labors of Henri Saint-Simon, and are tempted to apply to the scheme of Positivism its own sign and secret, the triple. It seems to us that the projected evolution of a faithful but defective germ, and of its original product, in a prophetic anticipation of an impending danger and a remedy necessary. But the storm has descended, and the storm leaves still to be gathered, and the whirlwind of revolution has swept over the nations before the crises of the prophet are fully consummated, or the proposed means of prevention have been definitely proclaimed. The goal towards which M. Comte has been anxiously straining, already lies behind him in the past. In his fifty-seventh year, he advances, indeed, with unabated energy and a fuller assurance, but the lighted torch has passed from his hands, and is borne onward by the voiceless instincts of human advancement. Yet, though we believe that the onward wind of time has swept away his expected triumph, we must not here dwell on such an apparently pre-determined conclusion. It is a judgment not to be assumed at the outset, but to be established in the course of our critical review. Moreover, besides the immediate interest which might attach to Positivism as a remedial legislation for existing anarchy and social disorder, it possesses permanent claims on our notice as a marked, peculiar, and elaborate system of speculation.

In venturing upon this wide criticism we need not apprehend any serious incompleteness of view, in consequence of the still unfinished state of the *Système de Politique Positive*. The premature publication of the *Catéchisme Positif*, with the frequent indications of ulterior developments in the volumes already issued, enable us to dispense with further assistance, and to anticipate in some measure the concluding expositions of the Political system. We feel a deeper regret in being compelled to forego the use of M. Comte's earlier essays, which are unattainable, but will be re-published as an appendix to the Fourth volume of the *Politique Positive*. We should have been pleased to trace through its changes and modifications from the first prolific germ to its final umbrageous expansion, that vast Philosophy, which proclaims itself the definite and eternal organization of human speculation and practice, and asserts its assured dominion.

*Politique Positive*, vol. i. p. 6, note. In 1822, according

the whole realm of humanity. This gratification we must renounce,—nor need we very bitterly regret this necessary limitation of our inquiries; the subject, in its more direct and immediate aspects, is so extensive and diversified, that we can scarcely embrace even its more marked outlines in a single view, and can rarely descend to its minute details. It is the general criticism of Positivism we attempt, not the special examination of its subordinate features. This is a sufficiently ample task; for M. Comte's two great works exhibit the two hemispheres of the intellectual globe, as these are conceived by him. In his contemplation, Positivism "forms a complete and homogeneous system, in which all the aspects of humanity spontaneously converge to entire unity, objective and subjective;" although, in the earlier indication of the conceivable unity of Positivism, he had represented it, under a different form, as an ideal result which, in all probability, could never be attained.

The construction of such vast, premature, and often ill-digested schemes of universal reform is a significant phenomenon of the times, and may perhaps be regarded as the habitual characteristic of all critical periods and ages of transition like the present. Recent years have been singularly prolific in these comprehensive inventions and speculative reveries. Positivism in particular, to which we now invite the attention of our readers—unnoticed or despised by the profoundest minds of the age, has, notwithstanding, attained an imposing amplitude and pretensions among thinkers of the second order, and is recommended by the eminent names of Mill and Lewes; it has attracted to its standard a cohort of narrow-minded enthusiasts, and a long train of half-believing admirers; it is sustained by a select council of regenerate men, who form a sort of camera apostolica for their chief:—it has put forth its claims to infallibility with arrogant confidence, as the Catholic philosophy and religion of mankind; and it is now expounded to English readers, by Mr. Lewes and others, in an ingenious, systematic, and captivating form.

It is needless to pay our tribute of homage to the splendid scientific and speculative genius of Auguste Comte. It is almost equally unnecessary to give any outline of his secluded life, the chief details of which are now easily within the reach of our readers. An extended delineation of his philosophy is, for a similar reason, uncalled for. M. Comte's scheme, moreover, possesses the convenient property of the magic tent in the Arabian Nights: it can be expanded to cover an army, or contracted to fill only the hand. The *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, with its six massive volumes, growing in bulk as they verge towards the close of the course; the *Discours sur l'Ensemble du Positivisme*; the

*Course de Philosophie* and the *Exposition de l'Ét. de l'Positif*, exhibit the widening scope to which the nature of the creed has expanded in order to exhibit its essential characteristics. Yet these are not, as still more laudable proportions by M. Lullier, in his essay, *Le Positivisme*.<sup>†</sup> The notorious clumsiness of the *Exposition de l'Ét. de l'Positif*, which M. Comte has endeavoured to alleviate by precise statements, imposes a severe task upon its readers, and a serious one on its critics. It would be impossible to traverse within the scope of a single essay the whole immense system, even with artificial, constructed, and, reduced, to the skeleton of a formula, as, and then, attenuated treatment of the subject, but he has himself supplied us with several happy examples of the process of curtailing, which we shall be glad to quote, in illustration.

The general theory of Positivism is promulgated by M. Comte in two distinct works, written with reference to different immediate objects, though tending to a common practical result. That result is represented in its final conception, as "the adequate reconstruction of the spiritual authority, which had been so abjectly sacrificed in outline in the middle ages."<sup>\*</sup> This reconstruction, although the task necessarily of a single mind, should, in his view, exhibit two very distinct, but successive parts, corresponding to the two aspects, intellectual and moral, of the disease, as well as to the two elements, faith and love, of the religion which is destined to provide the cure. This is a more precise idea than that which presided over the original plan of the two works, when the one was designed principally as an introduction to the other, and the second contemplated as the most efficient confirmation of the first.<sup>\*</sup> The most epigrammatic enunciation of the respective functions of the two branches of the Positive exposition is, that "the first has extracted from science a *Philosophy*, which the second has converted into a complete and final *Religion*."<sup>†</sup> The *Système de Philosophie Positive*, as M. Comte now terms his earlier work, and requests that it may be termed, lays down the principles, presumptive or inferential of the universal theory, applies them with brilliant effect to the criticism of all existing science, and delineates in large outlines the new scientific structure of society in its 'statical' and 'dynamical' aspects: thus clearing the ground of rubbish, or supposed rubbish, and making all requisite provision for the erection of the new system of practice—the theory of social re-organization. To the determination of this theory, the *Système de Politique Positive* is devoted. As the in-

<sup>\*</sup> *ib. id.* pref. p. xx.

<sup>†</sup> *Cours de Phil. Pos.*, vol. vi. p. 891.

<sup>‡</sup> *Syst. Pol. Pos.*, vol. i. p. 448.

tellectual anarchy of the day, with all its calamitous results, was proposed to be arrested and cured by the Positive Philosophy, so the moral anarchy of modern societies is to be removed, and existing social grievances redressed by the Positive Politics,—thus “establishing,” to use M. Comte’s language, “an entire harmony between the speculative and active life” of man. Between these two systems, or great lobes of the same system, there is introduced an *intermezzo* or interlude,—the *Discours sur l’Ensemble du Positivisme*, which is republished with trivial alterations in the first volume of the second of these works, and is intended to inaugurate a ‘*Deus ex machina*,’ the new Supreme Being,—and to proclaim the Positive religion,—the worship of Humanity! The *Catéchisme Positiviste* constitutes an appendix to the whole, affording a slight foretaste of the long promised work on Positive education, and purporting to be the instrument of Positive propagandism, the interpreter to the ignorant and the uninitiated—the prolétaires and the women—of the doctrines of the Positive Philosophy, the prescriptions of the Positive Religion, and the practices of the Positive Worship. It leans, however, much more to the side of practice, and of mystical sentimentalism, than to that of philosophical speculation.

These are our main texts: but some assistance may be occasionally derived from the *Discours sur l’Esprit Positif*—originally prefixed by M. Comte to his course of lectures on Popular Astronomy, and from the essays of his admiring disciples, M. Littré and Dr. Segond, the latter of whom he has very highly eulogized, while the former has acquired a European reputation by his erudite edition of the works of Hippocrates. We shall certainly not neglect *Le Calendrier Positiviste*; nor shall we overlook the circulars, broadsides, reports, &c., emanating from the confraternity of the nascent *République Occidentale*. And we shall not forget the lucid and vigorous *Exposition* of Mr. Lewes,—nor even the dull volumes into which Miss Martineau professes to have condensed the speculations of our philosopher. Our principal attention, however, will be directed to the two great works of M. Comte himself, and to the catechism of the new church of the godless, in which the practical teachings of the philosophy are simplified for the intelligence of the vulgar.

In the critical appreciation of Positivism, as in its exposition, there are two methods which may be pursued. We may either commence with the practical reform, which M. Comte recommends, weigh its provisions, examine their aptitude, efficacy, and prospective results, and lastly consider the philosophy by which it is sustained; or we may follow the historical development of the scheme, commencing with a review of its

more important speculative principles, and concluding with some account of the applications of the philosophy to social and practical life. The former procedure might be in some respects less tedious; the latter, which we mean to follow, is more just and comprehensive, and more consonant with the method approved by Positivism.

From his early youth to his declining age,—through trial and difficulty,—through sickness and sorrow,—through penury and persecution,—through evil report and good report,—through that darkness which prevails when hope beams only from within, and through that splendour of fame which blazes like a meteoric fire, M. Comte has steadily pursued his single and lofty speculative aim with an undeviating energy and perseverance, which justify his appropriation of the noble device, borrowed by him from Alfred de Vigny :—

“Qu’est ce qu’une grande vie ?  
Une pensée de la jeunesse, exécutée par l’âge mûr.”

That single aim has been the determination of *the conditions to be superinduced on our modern societies, in order to restore health to the nations, and redress effectually the existing anarchy of opinions, which has occasioned the social disease.*\* M. Comte recognised, at a period of his life so early that we may regard it almost as an instinctive inspiration, that the disease of our modern civilisation was social rather than political, and that the social distemper sprung from no superficial derangement, but from the deep-seated anarchy of the intellect. He detected clearly the want of consistency in the opinions and convictions which prevail among men, the close relation of our speculative beliefs to human progress, and the absence of harmony between our speculation and our practice; and he proclaimed that the correction of these defects is an essential preliminary to any valid social renovation. We think it a later and more profound discovery, that the revolutionary phase of modern intellect is itself due to the decay of genuine and vital morality, and requires as the first step to its satisfactory rectification, the reanimation of moral principles, with the restoration to the heart of man of that ascendancy, which, in recent years has been fatally accorded to the intellect.† But the dependence of social disease and political disorder upon intellectual anarchy was distinctly recognised by M. Comte at the outset of his career; and he sought the ultimate redress of the former grievances through

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\* Cours de Philos. Pos., vol. i. pp. 48-52.

† Syst. Pol. Pos., vol. i. pp. 403-407, &c.

the antecedent cure of the latter. Hence proceeded the vast enterprise of his Positive Philosophy, as the essential preparation for his Sociology and Politics.

When we sever this radical idea of M. Comte from the modes of its exposition, and estimate its true philosophic significance without reference to the questionable, extravagant, or mutilated forms which it assumes in his works, we cannot deny that it is a partial conception of a grand and important truth. Indeed, in the later period of his speculations, after he has been instructed by the long discipline of his past researches, enlightened by his expanding experience, and warmed by a more active inspiration, the fundamental conception appears under a more definite, but perhaps not more correct form. The striking declaration that it is only through the intervention of the laws of the human intellect that the connexion between the laws of nature and the moral law can be established, seems to be a statement from the Positive point of view of the conditions of that conciliation between reason and faith, which has been the stumbling-block of ages; which was desired rather than hoped for by Bayle, and vainly attempted by Leibnitz; and which can only be achieved by identifying in some common principle the fundamental convictions of religion, philosophy, and science. Such a design seems to have been indistinctly contemplated by M. Comte, but under the vague and defective form necessitated by the limitations of his premises, and by the mutilation of the Kantian philosophy, by which this, as well as so many other of his ideas, appears to have been suggested. The dim presence, however, of so noble a conception gives a loftier significance to his system, and a more pregnant importance to the doctrine, frequently enforced in his later works, that a thorough spiritual reorganization of the civilized world must precede any intellectual, political, or social renovation.\*

Bearing in mind this unity of aim which characterizes the whole scheme of Positivism, and the elevated and comprehensive nature of that aim, we proceed to examine the speculative principles of the Philosophy, and the orderly sequence of its admirably concatenated parts.

We are arrested on the threshold by the designation which M. Comte has selected for his system, and we are confused rather than satisfied by the frequent explanations and illustrations which he employs to commend it to our favour. It is easy enough to determine the usage of the term *Positive* in his hands; it is equally easy to discover some, if not all of the considerations

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\* *Disc. sur l'Esprit Pos.*, p. 92, &c.

which actuated his choice ; but it is not so easy, and, perhaps, it is scarcely possible, to discover any connexion, which is not arbitrary or unwarrantable, between the epithet and the system it is intended to designate. From the explanation vouchsafed in the *Discours sur l'Esprit Positif*, M. Comte seems to have been guided in his choice of an attribute for his Philosophy by the most vulgar and the least precise acceptations of the word 'Positive;' as if he were anxious to take advantage, by a most unphilosophical procedure, of any popularity which might accrue to his own elaboration from the prestige attached to the phrase in its familiar use, or rather abuse. He appears wholly unacquainted with the manner of its employment by previous philosophers, and utterly unsuspicious of any learning connected with the subject; and thus, in his own technical application of the term, it usually denotes the exact converse of that signification which constitutes the common basis of all the legitimate modifications of its meaning. We pretend to no very extensive acquaintance with the historical changes of the vocabulary of metaphysics; but we have found this epithet employed by Bacon, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, and the Catholic theologians, to signify that knowledge which is not attained by reasoning, nor derived from inductive experience, but is recognised as indemonstrable truth, as the revealed data or postulates whence all other knowledge must descend.\* In every instance, notwithstanding the partial variations of its meaning, it is applied to primitive, original, and indemonstrable truth, in contradistinction to the secondary and derivative truths of observational science, to which it is specially limited by M. Comte.

Though we may object to his employment of the term Positive, there is no difficulty, as we have already said, in determining the meaning which he attaches to it, and the characteristics which he assigns to Positivism. It denotes at once a method and a doctrine, and ultimately blossoms into a polity and a religion.—The method consists in limiting knowledge to the recognition of *phenomena*, and inquiry to the discovery of *laws* by which observed phenomena may be co-ordinated into sciences. Further than this we are not to look; all beyond is declared to be not merely vague and obscure, but entirely incognizable, inane, and chimerical.—The doctrine results from the application of this principle of research to all the phenomena of all the sciences recognised as such, and to the extension of science be-

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\* Bacon, *Fab. Cupid.*—Spinoza, *Tract. Theol.-Pol.* c. xvi. Int. vol. i. p. 350, Ed. Saisset.—Leibnitzii *Op.*, tom. i. p. 65, Ed. Dutens.—Kant, *Crit. de la Raison Pure*, vol. ii. p. 494; *Préf.* vol. i. p. xxv; *Crit. de la Raison Prat.* p. 195.—Dena. *Theol. Dogm.*; *De Dev. sect. ii.* vol. i. p. 1.

yond its present limits into more remote territories, including especially the social phenomena presented in the history of mankind. Hence all knowledge is reduced to the type of observational science, and requires to be criticised under the guidance of the new spirit of this philosophy.

Although Positivism professes to absorb within its comprehensive gulf all science and practice, the *Philosophie Positive* of course contemplates no such minute universality. It concerns itself only with the essential principles and main developments of theseveral sciences,—with the generalities of the different sciences conceived as under the regulation of a single method, and as constituting the various parts of a general plan.\* It does not descend into details, except for the sake of illustration; it is the trunk of the tree of knowledge as represented by Bacon, from which the separate sciences spring as branches. It is a new attempt to realize the dream of philosophers, and construct a *philosophia prima*, a science of the sciences; or, to use the language of Roger Bacon, though very differently interpreted by him, it is “*scientia de illis, quæ omnibus rebus et scientiis conveniunt, et ideo ostendit numerum scientiarum.*”† The last part of the observation of the mediæval sage is very remarkable, for one of the earliest applications of the Positive method is to the determination of the number and order of the sciences.

It is apparent, from the complexion of the method adopted, that Positivism is a system of pure phenomenalism. It looks only to phenomena; and to the laws, empirical or rational, but always contingent, of their colligation; and it regards empirical laws as merely the stepping-stones to wider theoretic generalizations. It is not Sensationalism; it is less hypothetical, more consistent, and more philosophical than that exploded theory of blind dogmatism and arrogant pretension. It is not Idealism; it is less imaginary, less extravagant, and more precise than that long perpetuation of reverie as a substitute for good sense. It admits all phenomena and professes to explain none; it determines their reciprocal relations, and their mutual co-relations; it arranges them under formulas, which exhibit their constant evolutions and sequences. It never contemplates the investigation or recognition of causes. It declares *science* to be the only knowledge, and thus denies that character to all human belief or opinion which exceeds the limits of its Procrustean bed. It ignores, scouts, and rejects every thing which transcends the horizon described by the narrow compasses of science, and condemns us to build the temples of human reason on the infinite

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\* Cours de Philos. Pos., vol. i. pref. p. viii.

† Opus Majus. Para. I. c. viii. p. 80. Ed. Venet.

void alone. M. Comte does not absolutely deny causation, nor does his method, if liberally interpreted, necessarily exclude the acknowledgment of a Creator, but he consciously ignores and obliterates both; he banishes them beyond the bounds of intelligent conception, and, without any logical coercion, treats them as an empty dream. Forgetful, or incognizant of the censure of Cicero,\* he discovers in the perennial courses of the starry heavens, in the admirable and almost incredible persistency of the planetary motions, only the glory of Newton and Laplace; and he recognises, in the endless variety and wonderful order of the animate and inanimate creation, nothing but the "*copulatio rerum*" and the "*co-argumentatio naturæ*."

This phenomenal philosophy is not new. The skill, originality, and ingenuity, which distinguish its development by M. Comte, lend it an aspect of novelty that it is not entitled to, unless we look upon the mutilation of an old statue as an original production of art. To go no further back, the method is only a misapprehension of the fundamental idea of Kant, from whom M. Comte borrows incessantly, and beyond all his acknowledgments, whilst constantly abusing metaphysics and the critical spirit incident to its pursuit. Positivism has accepted one half of the Critical Philosophy; it has rejected the other and more important part, which constitutes its necessary complement, and alone bestows on it its eminent value: it has broken the egg, but has carried off only the shell. It is indebted to metaphysics, and the Critical system especially, for all that characterizes its method: it has vitiated, distorted, and misapplied that method, in consequence of its abnegation of metaphysics, and its supercilious contempt for critical inquiries.

The philosophy of Kant, from which nearly all recent speculation on such subjects has proceeded,—usually by the exaggerated development of particular doctrines, and the oblivion of the antitheses and antinomies which form the most profound results of that system,—issues in the establishment of the relative, contingent, and phenomenal character of all knowledge attained by the exercise of the self-conscious faculty of reasoning; and, also, on a favourable interpretation, in the recognition of those spontaneous convictions which regulate life, practice, and belief. The one knowledge is the creature and the instrument of science; the other is the handmaid of wisdom and faith. The former is the only knowledge contemplated by M. Comte,—though he is ultimately compelled to canonize the "logic of instinct;" the latter embraces that wide circle of belief which lies beyond the range of science, prompts our ordinary action and conversation, pre-

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\* De Nat. Deor., lib. ii. c. xxi.

scribes the duties of life, and inspires all our nobler aspirations. M. Comte's philosophy is fragmentary and mutilated, notwithstanding its comprehensive aim and its systematic form. It is the philosophy of science alone, not the philosophy of life and knowledge.\*

Having announced the phenomenal character of the Positive Philosophy, M. Comte extends the foundations of his system by connecting with this first position two general laws, which are supposed to complete the method, and to be in some sort dependent corollaries. These are the *law of the historical development of human intelligence*, and the *law of the classification of the sciences*. The former, in exhibiting the methods of the formation of knowledge and science, proposes to furnish the explanation of human history in all its departments, and the interpretation of society in all ages. The latter supplies the clue through the labyrinth of the sciences; determines the arrangement, reciprocal subordinations, and relative importance of the several parts of knowledge; and indicates the order of their prosecution in any, or in the only system of adequate scientific education. The two laws combined are thus a professed expression of the most general principles which determine the *development* and the *mutual relation* of the various branches of human knowledge.

The former of these laws, originally published in the early sketch of the *Système de Politique Positive*, in 1824, may also be termed the Law of the Three States. It runs thus:—The human intelligence regularly proceeds, in the various branches of knowledge, through three phases, assuming in the first stage of its inquiries a THEOLOGICAL cast, which gradually dissolves itself into a METAPHYSICAL type, and ultimately arrives at its perfection by subsiding into a POSITIVE or strictly scientific form. Each of these states, with its appropriate method of research, is radically opposed to the others, and excludes them; that is to say, no two can co-exist in the same subject, though they may, and until the final triumph of Positivism, do exist contemporaneously in different departments of research.†

M. Comte apparently deems the enunciation of this law of

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\* Yet even this broken globe of speculation is caught from the hands of Kant. The *phenomenal* character of the study of nature, or of science, which is so confidently claimed as the peculiar distinction of Positivism, is expressly stated by Kant, and shewn by him to be inevitable. But it is so exhibited under the form of an antithesis; hence as a partial, defective, and one-sided explanation of the coincident and insoluble duplicities of the human reason. It is worthy of note, too, that he anticipates and refutes the very procedure which is pursued by M. Comte as a novel method.—(Crit. de la Raison Pure, vol. ii. pp. 171, 172.)

† Cours de Philos. Pos., vol. i. pp. 2-6.

the intellectual progress of mankind sufficient to establish its truth. We are not prepared for such hasty concession. After mature reflection, indeed, we have become convinced that it is only plausible, not true. The expanding intelligence of man does, undoubtedly, pass through several successive stages, some of which may have a partial analogy to the three types proposed, but whose varieties are neither all embraced in those types, nor fairly represented by them. Great violence is done, both to the specific differences of intellectual development, and to the essential characteristics of Theology, Metaphysics, and Science, by this easy but arbitrary representation. The infidelity of the age is principally scientific, and this has ensured a readier acceptance of M. Comte's law than would otherwise have been accorded to it; but it is a superficial view of science which fails to perceive that, so far as Christianity is concerned, science builds up with its right hand more effectually than it throws down with its left.\*

According to Positivism, the Theological era is characterized by the belief in the immanent agency of divinity: a belief, which, in the earlier and ruder ages, is Fetichism, and gradually purities itself into Sabæism; next passes into Polytheism when the agency is distinguished from the object-matter in which the act is supposed to be performed; and, lastly, rises into Monotheism, which is the recognition of the unity of the agent through all the multiplicity of the effects. During the prevalence of Theologism, human speculation is alleged to be directed to the discovery of the intimate nature of being, the detection of causes, and the establishment of absolute knowledge. Such were, indeed, very early efforts of speculative inquiry; but this misdirection of human powers is attributable to the ignorance of their limitations, not to the ascendancy of theology, which was itself modified by the prevalent error. It seems sufficiently apparent that this impulse towards the unattainable arose not from theology, but from the undeveloped form in which all knowledge was then confounded together,—being neither severed into its members, nor articulated into an organic form. The mind of man, in the earliest untutored exercise of its awakening

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\* We may remark, in order to show the real shallowness of the arrogant scepticism of science, that the conception and plan of the *Vestiges of Creation*, (and almost its title,) are distinctly exposed by Kant as a possible interpretation of the Universe, but are shown by him to be utterly invalid and sciolous, and are accordingly rejected as a superficial delusion. When we examine thoroughly the suggestions of intellectual mutation, we find no foundation for the dream of the ultimate and exclusive ascendancy of observational science, which is cherished by many, and formally proclaimed by M. Comte; nor do we discover any sufficient justification of that arbitrary parallelism which he attempts to establish.

powers, roams through creation, and, with the fancy of a child, supposes everything equally within its reach ; it blunders sadly, for its activity is regulated only by

“ the blind motions of the spring ;”

but it gradually learns the legitimate application of its faculties, and renounces its wilder aims. Concurrently with the indulgence of these vain reveries religion does exist,—for it exists in all ages ; and it assumes a superstitious complexion from the common error of the times. But it is not true, in the sense designed, that theology is then peculiarly in the ascendant, for any thing that merits the name of theology is the production of a later and enlightened age,—is the first fruit of science, after knowledge is distributed into parts, whose boundaries are in some measure ascertained. Granting, what we see no reason to grant, that Fetichism is the earliest manifestation of religious feeling, and not, as is more probable, the earliest corruption of a primitive revelation, the research of causes, and the desire of absolute knowledge are not instigated by its predominance, nor are they terminated by its reign. These phenomena may be partially concurrent, but they are incommensurable. They are only accidentally connected, in consequence of their dependence on a common extrinsic influence. The same remark is applicable to all the modifications of the pristine spirit of speculation, and to all the changes of religion or theology. They do not constitute, respectively, the type and the antitype.

But we may go further. Religion, we have said, exists in all ages : though in all a profession of atheism has been more or less prevalent. The recognition of causation is daily growing stronger among philosophers and distinguished men of science. The strength of religious convictions, and the combination of religious feeling with scientific activity have notoriously varied from age to age. At no period perhaps has Christianity been more active and vitally progressive, or more an object of systematic study, than within the last seventy years. How, then, can these characteristics constitute the specific difference of any single era, or of that era which was the earliest of all ? There is just truth enough in the supposed correlation of the phenomena, and in their assignment to the earliest form of human intelligence, to make M. Comte's position plausible ; and at the same time to render it completely illusory. There is an equivocation in the terms, religion and theology, of which he is probably not aware, although he uses them as equivalent in the establishment of his theory, and draws too wide a distinction between them, when the necessities of his exposition require it in his Positive Politics. Religion may exist without theology ;

and it is only too true that theology may exist without religion. Religion, as a branch of speculative knowledge, not of practice, is the subject-matter of theology; and theology is the systematic theory of religion. Religion exists, therefore, in advance of theology. Fetichism is a religion rather than a theology, though considered by M. Comte as the most perfect type of the latter. His own 'religion of Humanity,' on the other hand, is a fantastic and imaginary theology; and, however contrary to his own convictions and desires, and fatal to his Philosophy, it is a theology infinitely more than it can ever be a religion.

With this explanation of an ambiguity, useful to the Positivist, but adverse to accurate reasoning, we may estimate the slight modicum of truth contained in the character assumed for the first stage of human intelligence. It resolves itself into this. There are certain phenomena, readily lending themselves to misconception and misrepresentation, which are partially concurrent, but not co-ordinate; whose modifications are diverse in kind and in degree, and whose connexion is only transient, and will not justify the assertion of any strict correlation.

It would be easy to assign other, and equally strong objections to M. Comte's conception of a 'theological state,' but we deem it unnecessary. Of course, if his distribution fails in part, it fails utterly. A division: false in one of its members, is false as a division. There is no necessity to trace the error through its windings and subdivisions: but we shall hazard a few remarks on the other states.

It is by means of the solvent action of metaphysics that theology is alleged to pass through its various grades, and be ultimately annihilated. But the predominance of metaphysics is considered as only the forerunner of a purely scientific style of thought, which is supposed to be inaugurated by Positivism. Its sole function, as its sole utility, is to corrode theology, and sweep away its crumbling ruins before the footsteps of advancing science. The characteristics of the metaphysical state are the substitution of entities, or hypostatized abstractions, for divine agencies, and the recognition of abstract forces instead of occult causes.

The specification of this second or Metaphysical era is not more accurate than the determination of the first. Are these entities behind the phenomena less intelligible, or more unwarrantable, than M. Comte's phenomena with nothing behind them? Are these abstract forces less admissible in the conception of philosophy, if less correct in their specification, than the gravity of matter as understood by him, or than the three social forces, by which he, as ably as ostentatiously, explains the intellectual movement of societies? But, waiving this objection,

it is not just to assign metaphysics more than theology, to any single definite era as its distinguishing mark. The most metaphysical age that the world has ever seen, and probably the most brilliant in metaphysical speculation, was the period comprised between the birth of Xenophanes the Eleatic, and the death of Zeno the Stoic. But, according to M. Comte, this was during the special reign of theology—and not even of the latest form of theology, but of Polytheism. Second in prominence have been the last hundred years:—the period beginning with Hume, illustrated by Reid and the Scottish philosophers, and Kant and his various disciples, including M. Comte much against his will. Has the sun of metaphysics shone out with brighter radiance as it descends to the arms of eternal night? Next in splendour, we may rank the age of the Schoolmen, to whom Descartes and his illustrious successors were so deeply and ungratefully indebted. After these we may probably arrange the Alexandrian School of Eclectics and commentators. Thus, even if metaphysical speculation be destined to vanish before the more real and permanent glories of Positivism, there has been no historical progression in its past career: it has been most dazzling in its infancy and decrepitude, and comparatively obscure in its maturity. This, perhaps, may be due to its supposed transitional character: like Jacob wrestling with the angel at Peniel, it may have acquired a strength not its own from contact with its antagonists. But even this would scarcely suffice to explain the absence of regular development in a phase of intelligence, destined to furnish the miraculous passage from its earliest and rudest to its latest and most perfect manifestation. If the metaphysical spirit be the instrument and sign of a determinate stage of human progress, this irregular oscillation is inexplicable. But in what age, except that which preceded all speculation, have metaphysical inquiries been non-existent? They have accompanied and aided all departments of knowledge, and have flourished or declined, not with the decay of theology or the rise of science, but with the general activity of the human mind. Indeed, though metaphysics has sometimes been derided by the many, as all religion has been forsworn by a few, they have both co-existed in nearly all ages, and are not the significant symbols of any.

We proceed to the third era—the Positive or Scientific. In this, its most advanced stage, human reason abandons the illusive search for absolute knowledge; substitutes a study of the constant relations of phenomena for that of their efficient and final causes; investigates the observable events of the universe, but not the origin or destiny of the world and man. As this state constitutes the special object of M. Comte's whole investigation

—*nostrum farrago libelli*—we shall notice it briefly here, and comment on it only for the purpose of shewing the error of its inauguration as a final, exclusive, and independent stage.

If theology were nothing but a dream, and metaphysics merely a fantasy,—the one the visitant of our slumbers, the other the phantasm of half-awakened imagination,—it might readily be conceived that the only field left for the occupancy of human thought would be the tempting domain of observational science. And yet, where even then would be that daily and hourly practical life, which “walks by faith, and not by sight?” Thus, even if we were to concede the justice of M. Comte’s distribution of history, and his three successive eras, it would fail to be a satisfactory philosophical division from want of sufficient comprehensiveness, and in consequence of excluding a wide realm of human development, which ought to be embraced within any complete theory of knowledge. And it is here, that not merely the first law of Positivism, but the whole system, irremediably breaks down. This is no partial error, but a radical fallacy, which pervades the whole structure. Positivism recognises science alone—the philosophy and applications of scientific knowledge; but it discards the philosophy of life and practical knowledge. M. Comte gives us half of one hemisphere of knowledge. In his ignorance of the other he rejects it, as the ancients denied the existence of the antipodes, and thought not of the New World beyond the setting sun, far to the west of their little inland sea. M. Comte does, indeed, in some sense, contemplate practice, but it is only that practice which can be regulated by science. To this his later works are devoted. But he can embrace only an angle of the great field of human life, most of which is hopelessly incognizable by science.

The ‘law of the three states’ is altogether untenable: it is an arbitrary hypothesis, framed in obedience to a foregone conclusion, in order to justify the negation of God, the renunciation of Christianity, and the repudiation of metaphysics. It is erroneous in point of fact, and can be plausibly defended only by distorting history, or by presenting a caricature of theology, as incompatible with the recognition of constant uniformity in the sequences of nature: it is logically erroneous also in form, for it proceeds on the presumption that what is true of a part must be true of the whole, and that accidents can be made the bases of specific differences. It is, in truth, no law at all; and, with the refutation of the imaginary law, we sweep away M. Comte’s attack on Christianity, with his *Dynamique Sociale*, or philosophy of history; and we relieve ourselves of any necessity to examine informally the Fifth and Sixth volumes of his Philosophy, and the Third volume of his Politics, which are devoted to the establish-

ment of his theory of the past. At the same time, we remove or destroy the corner-stone of his whole edifice.

But we do not think it sufficient to expose the error in this instance; we will also exhibit its origin and genesis. Having adopted from Kant the least original, and least important half of his doctrine,—that all *scientific* knowledge is phenomenal, M. Comte erected this into an exclusive dogma, not recognising the profound truth of the position of Leibnitz, that “phenomena give no greater assurance of truth than dreams.” Thus resolved upon regarding philosophy in this light, it was necessary to reject absolutely and remorselessly the loftier portion of Kant’s doctrine, and to deny the validity of metaphysics altogether. This was the more readily done, as M. Comte failed to perceive, that the partial and relative truth of his own fundamental principle was sustained by profound metaphysical reasoning, and either rested on a purely metaphysical basis, or on none at all. The misapprehension, then, of Kant’s philosophy, and the adoption of only a fragment of its conclusions, necessitated the repudiation of metaphysics as the dream of adolescence, which the mature reason of man had outgrown. But, if metaphysics is to be discarded, in consequence of its indication of a knowledge which is not strictly scientific, the same reason more imperatively demands the abnegation of revealed religion, which is cashiered by M. Comte under the inappropriate and equivocal name of ‘theology.’ The assumption of the *positive* character of *all* knowledge pre-determined the rejection of theology and metaphysics, as the chimerical stages, through which human intelligence passes in its progress towards the truth of science. They are the skins of former years, which have been cast off by the serpent, as it grew in age, and strength, and wisdom,—to emerge at length in the glittering hues of the tempter to the pride of human intellect.

We reject, then, M. Comte’s law of intellectual progress with less hesitation than he rejected metaphysics and theology, but we do so after a more impartial examination. It is obviously a corollary from the first principle of Positivism itself,—a consequence of its predetermined complexion. If we not merely renounce the investigation into the constitution of the universe, and the nature of causation, but exclude all recognition of the latter, and confine ourselves strictly to the co-ordination of changing phenomena, and the discovery of laws, our knowledge becomes illusory, and our whole lives, so far as cognizable by theory, vain and unsubstantial. We spontaneously *feel*, indeed, that the reality is otherwise; but such is the result of the assumed philosophy. Thus Positivism re-introduces and re-introduces that very discord between practice and speculation. which is produced

so confidently to remove. It represents knowledge as phenomenal, man as a phenomenon; and can give no higher character to the requisitions of law, the prescriptions of duty, the conclusions of reason, and the commandments of religion. It reduces the theory of life to the metaphor of the poet,—

“Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue,”

and the whole philosophy of Positivism resolves itself into the dream of a shadow. (*οὐρανὸν ὄνειρον*).

We pass to the second fundamental principle of Positivism,—the law of the Classification or Relations of the parts of scientific knowledge. Like all other proposed arrangements of the sciences, it is admitted to be arbitrary: though the admission seems afterwards to be forgotten. This law concerns rather the order in which Positive knowledge is developed, than materially affects its substance: and is certainly a very ingenious arrangement, though more dogmatically and rigidly applied than the historical facts permit. We may possibly detect the secret of the partial efficacy of M. Comte's principle of classification in its general harmony with the views of the most profound preceding metaphysicians.

This second law requires the orderly succession of the different sciences in consonance with the nature of the phenomena contemplated by them, according to their decreasing generality and self-sufficiency, or which is the same thing, according to their increasing complexity: whence results a scale of systems of scientific knowledge, growing gradually less abstract, but more difficult, and also more practical.\*

We shall not censure but explain the equivocal employment of the idea of ‘generality’ in the statement and application of this law, inasmuch as M. Comte has himself indicated the confusion and obscurity which spring from its ambiguity. The generality, which is contemplated, regards the distribution of the same narrow matter amongst the greatest variety of phenomena: the generality, with which it is in danger of being confounded, implies the comprehension of the greatest variety of phenomena in one same intellectual view. The first generality gives us understanding from the commencement of the scale: the second increases as we advance towards the last link of the chain. The first generality is commensurate to the simplicity of the phenomena immediately considered: the second to their number, var-

\* The resemblance of the two terms, not from the *Course of Positive Philosophy*, where it is expressed more vaguely, but from A. Comte's own arrangement of his philosophy.

riety, and complication, as conceived in relation to a common science. In the former aspect, Mathematics is conceived to be the most general of the sciences; in the latter Sociology. We think this elucidation clearer and more satisfactory than that given by M. Comte himself, who says that there are two sorts of generalities,—objective and subjective; and that it is the objective generality, or that relative to external phenomena, which is contemplated by his law; while the subjective generality, or that relative to our conceptions, characterizes the posterior and more important sciences in the system.

The application of this second law to the domain of scientific knowledge determines the order and the number of the *fundamental* sciences. According to this scheme, as developed, Mathematics stands at the head of the great hierarchy; and is succeeded by Astronomy, Physics (*Physique*), and Chemistry. To complete the scale, Biology, which is as yet only semi-scientific, is added; and Sociology, the special aim of all M. Comte's labours, is redeemed from the waste, and announced as a new creation. These six sciences comprise the whole circle of knowledge received by the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*; but, after sundry successive approximations, a seventh science, which is declared to be absolutely the last, is added in the *Statique Sociale*. This science is Morals, or the Religion of Humanity. Its consideration may be postponed till we approach the close of our examination.

This system of the sciences divides itself naturally into two parts:—COSMOLOGY, or the science of inorganic matter, and SOCIOLOGY, or the science of living organisms.\* This grand bisection of the base of human knowledge is determined by the consideration that “the study of the *external world* and of *man* constitutes the double and eternal object of all speculation.”† We accept this declaration, which is equivalent to the fundamental principle of Ampère's classification, if we are permitted to include,—as M. Comte virtually does in his later productions, the contemplation of human consciousness, of our spiritual nature, and of our supernatural relations, under the head of Anthropology. With this twofold division is connected a characteristic tenet of Positivism, which might be appropriately regarded as a third law, though not so announced:—that we may either proceed in our speculative procedure, through the study of humanity to the investigation of the material universe, or through the sciences of inorganic matter to the study of man.‡ The first is declared to be the mode of Theologism hitherto prevalent; the

\* We do not concern ourselves with the ternary distribution, or the binary or ternary subdivisions of the system.

† *Cours de Philos. Pos.*, vol. iii. p. 269.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 270.

latter, the peculiar method of Positivism ; and the two are conceived to be utterly incompatible with each other, though admitting an ultimate union and identification of their respective processes. We have travelled in advance of our text to reach this position, because it is intimately connected with the second law, is a consequence from it, and is, as we have said, almost entitled to rank as a third law itself.

It is true, that, in any proposed circumnavigation of the intellectual globe, we have the option of these two courses presented to us. But M. Comte fails to perceive that our choice results only in a difference of direction, not in the determination of two distinct circles. In Jacob's dream at Haran, the angels descended the ladder, which reached from earth to heaven and beckoned the sleeper upward ; they ascended and descended its rounds, but the ladder remained unmoved and the same. So, too, the ground we pass over is the same, whether we adopt in the first instance the mode erroneously assigned to Theologism, or that equally erroneously claimed by Positivism. Unquestionably we shall arrive at very different results, if we do not complete the circuit ; but, if we do, the only ultimate difference, (and it is one whose importance we do not overlook), is that we have either kept company in our course with the motions of nature, or proceeded in opposition to them. M. Comte thinks, in accordance with Kant, that, for the perfection of any branch of knowledge, the inductive method of research should be followed by the deductive application of thought ; and that, in obedience to this rule, the study of the universe from the properties of matter up to those of man should be succeeded by the study of all nature on the descending scale, or in its dependence upon the intellectual order of relations. This duplex action is fully recognised, though not in the entire range of its consequences, in the elaborate exposition given in the *Politique Positive*, of the reactive influence of the superior sciences on those which precede them in the historical order of development and in simplicity. That the descending or deductive method was adopted in advance of the ascending or inductive, and that the earlier exposition was less true and comprehensive than the later procedure which rose by its assistance and walked in its light, we frankly admit ; but when this later process has in its turn given way to a renewed elaboration of the earlier mode, and lighted it onward to loftier triumphs, the relative value of the two courses will again be changed, to be another time inverted by a repetition of the change. There is no incompatibility between the two ; the one is the instrument of discovery, and the other of logical arrangement ; their regular alternations speed on the movement of science ; and their harmonious con-

junction spans the wide domain of possible truth. This is the great law of intellectual progress,—the expansion of a law which is only partially true when interpreted by Positivism, and claimed by it as its own peculiar property. In every manifestation of human intelligence, the heavens must be open before our eyes, and the angels ascend and descend, pass and repass on the ladder of knowledge, to give assurance of the promises offered to human reason.

Let us return to the law of classification. This is said to harmonize perfectly with the first law, or the law of successive transmutation; and to accord also with the historical production of the sciences. In establishing this harmony, and exhibiting this concordance, there is need at times of considerable ingenuity and some legerdemain. The speculation may be plausibly maintained, with some important exceptions, in regard to the Cosmological sciences. But, when the application of it is extended to the Sociological branches, or what are more familiarly known as the Ethical and Political sciences, it fails most grievously; and the whole theory is thrown into utter confusion by the establishment of Moral science, or the demonstration of what M. Comte calls 'Religion' at the end of the scale. Even in this position he is not original; he had been anticipated by Roger Bacon, who, however, conceived it under a truer form and in a juster light: "*Tota philosophia speculativa ordinatur in finem suam, quæ est philosophia moralis.*"\* But the whole history of the world, the whole experience of humanity, are set at naught by M. Comte's arbitrary assignment of Morals to the *last* place in the scale constructed under his law. Take it in either the form of Morals or Religion, as may be most consonant with the classification of the sciences and the purposes of Positivism, and he throws forward to the latest period of intelligence that part of knowledge, which, in a form more scientific than M. Comte's, and less dependent upon vague instincts, presided over the cradle and the early growth, as well as the subsequent history of the human family. The parallelism between the first and second laws, and between the physical order and historical evolution of the sciences, fails entirely in the instance of the crowning triumph of the scale.

Though we cannot remove this blot we can account for its existence. The sphere of human knowledge is bounded by a circle; and, at whatever point we commence, if we push steadily onwards, we are compelled to run through the whole succession, and return ultimately, after traversing the *magnus ordo scientiarum*, to the point whence we started. Thus, the sciences which

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\* Opus Majus. Pars II. c. viii. p. 31. Cf. c. vii. p. 22.

we may reject at the commencement of our course, are forced upon us as we draw near its close, and the erroneous limitations, which mark the opening of M. Comte's Philosophy, necessitate equally erroneous transgressions at the posterior term of his scale. Hence, Logic, Metaphysics, and Theology, which are rejected at the outset of his career, are confusedly introduced, and constituted out of all just order, in the later exposition of his scheme; and Moral Science, which, either as a part of Metaphysics, or as an appendix to Theology, should have been unhesitatingly acknowledged at first, is awkwardly introduced as the 'religion of Humanity' in the *Discours sur l'Ensemble du Positivisme*, systematized in the first chapter of the *Statique Sociale*, and admitted as a seventh science, obscurely involved in Phrenology and Psychology, in the closing chapters of the later work.

But the internal arrangement of Sociology is entirely at variance with the application of M. Comte's second law. Although "the great diapason closes full in man," yet the natural order of the Anthropological sciences is completely inverted in his procedure. Before we can understand the combined influence of the by-gone centuries on the maturation of civilisation, we must master the separate histories of the several nations which compose the civilized world. Before we can understand the reciprocal inter-action of the members of the great family of nations, we must comprehend the respective conditions of each. Before we can scientifically master these conditions, we must have at least a provisional canon to test them by; that is, a Philosophy of political and social aggregation. Before we have a valid *Statique Sociale*, we must possess an adequate acquaintance with the moral nature, the intellectual capacities, and the physical powers of man; and even with the moral, intellectual, and physical wants of the individual. The *physical* aptitudes and appetencies of humanity belong only indirectly to the anthropological branch of the subject, and pass into the domain of Biology, or the general science of organic existence. Conceding, therefore, to Biology the intermediate character between mind and matter assigned to it by M. Comte, we should find Metaphysics at the head of the Sociological scale,—a science treating *de ente et entis affectibus*, in the language of the schoolmen,—concerned with the most abstract and simple object-matter,—the ultimate conditions of knowing; and yet with the most general, as appertaining to all existence regarded in its relation to knowledge:—thus occupying, with relation to Sociology, a position singularly analogous to that occupied by Mathematics, or rather by Rational Mechanics, in the scheme of Cosmology. Next in order, will follow Morals proper, when treated as a

science or branch of philosophy. Its object-matter—not the ultimate ground of our knowledge of Being in general, but the voluntary actions of rational beings in particular, is less simple and less general than that of metaphysics, and is also less abstract. When Morals are not regarded as a branch of rational speculation, but as the co-ordination of divine prescriptions,—not as the interpretation of the purely voluntary actions of reasoning beings, but as the exposition of a divine revelation, and the systematic promulgation of divine commands, the theory is resolved into Theology, and the practice in obedience thereto becomes religion. So understood, it transcends the limits of human science, is received by faith, furnishes the links of connexion with a higher existence, and affords brilliant glimpses of a vast universe of existence beyond the scientific comprehension of human reason; but it gives at the same time to the operations of the human mind a certainty, and to the shadowy realms of phenomenal science a reality, which they cannot derive from themselves, and with which they cannot altogether dispense. The vain pretension to demonstrate religion, and a religion which is the wildest phantasm of a fevered imagination—the negation of theology—the confusion and absolute identification of religion with moral science—the vague extension of Morals to the whole theory of the individual man, with the exception of his physical nature—and, worse than all, the reduction of Morals mainly to an arbitrary and fantastic Phrenology;—thus blending Morals, Metaphysics, Religion, and, as the exposition shows, even Theology, into one heterogeneous and chaotic mass with Phrenology:—this endless and illogical confusion and uncertainty exhibits both the entire failure of M. Comte's classification, in this part of its applications, and also the absence of all perspicuous, consistent, or settled views on the subject.

The philosophy of the *individual* thus constituted, we pass naturally to the organization of *society*, and are met immediately at the threshold by the general philosophy of Law, or universal jurisprudence. This is not contemplated by M. Comte in any portion of his vast elaboration. Yet, rude and imperfect as it may be in its earlier outlines, law, in some form or other, is the indispensable condition of all society, as of all government. The evolution of jurisprudence might coincide with M. Comte's law of classification, and even with his law of historical succession, if we regard the Cosmological and Sociological series of sciences as consentaneous, not subalternate, in development; it is entirely at variance with both if, like him, we suffer it to be vaguely involved in Sociology, and to be a late growth like its supposed matrix. The extension of Morals to practice by the

aid of observation and experiment, or the application of *Morals* and *Metaphysics* to aggregate action, gives rise to *Law*; and it is surprising at what a remote age this science assumed a comparatively perfect form. As *Morals* has scarcely advanced as an ethical science, however improved as religious practice, since the days of Aristotle and Cicero, so the philosophy of *Law* seems to have been as perfect in the writings of Papinian and Ulpian as in the works of Dornat and Pothier, of Savigny and the recent schools of Germany. The entire omission of *Law* by M. Comte is but one striking exemplification of the fact, that, however wide or original may be his general conception of *Sociology* as a whole, he has neither a precise nor a discriminating apprehension of its internal constitution. His mind is, indeed, essentially scientific, and not philosophical; characterized rather by mathematical intensity than by the large discourse of reason. We would attribute the wavering obliquities of his vision, and the nebulous confusion of his plan in the internal geography of *Sociological* science, partly to the necessarily unorganized condition of that recent conquest, but principally to his own rejection of *Metaphysics* and other speculative sciences, and his timid, unwarrantable, and partial use of them, without being aware of their assistance, when he can no longer dispense with their services.

After *Law* should naturally succeed those various branches of one articulated science, which explain the prudential action of men, or classes of men in society, and furnish the theory of the results of that action. Such are *Political Economy*, statistics, the sanitary regulation of societies, the doctrine of offensive and defensive protection, and the theory of government. These departments are either overlooked, rejected, or confounded together by M. Comte. *Political Economy* is distinctly cashiered by him on grounds which are certainly valid, if it is to be regarded as a complete and exclusive theory of social and political action; but are not applicable, if it be properly restricted to its own limited domain, as an explanation of the laws relative to a very important manifestation, not of social action, but of individual activities in society. M. Comte's views on economical topics are scattered through the fourth volume of the *Philosophy*, and are distributed between the second and the fifth chapters of his *Statique Sociale*. The second chapter of the latter work is devoted to a consideration of property, which is not very original, not very profound, and very far from satisfactory. The fifth chapter is partially occupied with an explanation of wealth and labour, although affording many broken glimpses of profound science, neither full nor complete, and exhibits a considerable amount of M. Comte's views during the progress of

his intellectual development. The ascendancy of wealth, which had been decried in his earliest work, is formally canonized in his latest; and labour is delivered over as a captive, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of irresponsible capital. But it is not with the special theses of Positivism that we are concerned at present; what we would note is, the rejection of Political Economy and its cognate branches of speculation,—a rejection partly occasioned by those general causes which we have specified before, but principally by the determination originally entertained of receiving only one science after Biology.

After we have mastered the phenomena which elucidate the intellectual and moral constitution of man, and those which exhibit the course of his operations in the pursuit of his individual ends in society, we are prepared to take another step in advance, and to plunge into the dark and difficult mysteries which surround the general action and growth of societies themselves. We thus proceed to Sociology proper, or the general theory of society, and to the science of history or civilisation. We will not object to M. Comte's designations of Social Statics and Social Dynamics, though they are somewhat affected, and an extension of mechanical law to a range of subjects where the original difference, which sanctioned the distinction, becomes obscure or vanishes. And let us observe here, that the two states, Statical and Dynamical, which M. Comte represents as the prolongation of D'Alembert's generalization of Newton's law of motion, might have been more readily borrowed from Kant, by whom they are termed mathematical and dynamical;\* and they are even foreshadowed by Aristotle under the significant opposition of *στάσις* and *κίνησις*.†

We have now reached by the inverse process the limits of M. Comte's Sociological hemisphere; but may we not, without any unwarrantable license, and in accordance with the philosophy of the ancients, suppose an atmosphere of knowledge beyond, capable of introducing harmony into our various speculations, and uniting into one system the various classes of phenomena? M. Comte has represented BIOLOGY as the imperfect science by which we bridge over the chasm between the science of the Inorganic and that of the Organic, and pass from the dead world of matter, to the living world of growth, sense, action, and reason. May we not, in like manner, conceive THEOLOGY to be that *imperfectible* science which leads us towards another world, and a higher and more spiritual existence; spanning with its arch

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\* *Metaph. lib. iii. c. 2, lib. viii. c. 8.*

† *Crit. de la Raison Pure, vol. i. pp. 182-3; Crit. du Jugement, vol. i. pp. 180-1.*

the dim gulf which severs our mundane being from the life of heavenly fruition, one end of its radiant bow resting upon human reason, the other recognised only by the eye of faith, but lost to the sensuous vision in the dazzling glories of those empyrean skies towards which it directs our gaze? If we may venture on this analogy, the parallelism between the order of the Cosmological sciences, and the succession of the Sociological is fairly established,—with the exception of the first link in the chain, which we have hitherto purposely omitted; and the harmonious application of M. Comte's law, which is completely vitiated and frittered away by verbal jugglery, in his own evolution of Sociology, is maintained to the last as strictly as it can be observed by him in the subordination of the Cosmological sciences, while the Sociological sciences are themselves exhibited in a more natural sequence and in due dependence upon each other. Moreover, what was with him a loose agglomeration of heterogeneous parts is, by disentangling the skein which he had hopelessly ravelled, expanded into symmetry and order; and the mere inversion of his procedure gives that unity of method, from the commencement to the close of the classification, which he attempted to achieve, but, in consequence of his own foregone conclusions, was unable to attain. We admit that the arrangement proposed is in some measure arbitrary: it could not be otherwise, as it was intended to accord with the previous distribution of Cosmology. We do not offer it as either adequate or correct. We only suggest it as more nearly true, either on general or Positive principles, than that which is propounded by M. Comte. And it will be recollected that M. Comte admits his own classification to be arbitrary; and that all classifications of the sciences must be so. The necessity springs from the fact that, in whatever order they may be disposed, they are all intimately connected together, directly or indirectly, by many interlacing lines, whether we have regard to their speculative contents or to the history of their progress.

We have said that we had purposely left the first link of the parallelism incomplete. Our reason for so doing was that the correlation of Logic and Mathematics in the two series required a closer examination than we could accord to them in the general sketch. This is needed, not so much by the nature of the sciences themselves, though they are both commonly misunderstood, as by M. Comte's own views in regard to them. He rejects Logic as a distinct science, and accepts it only in its concrete form, or in its special applications: and he treats Mathematics as a component part of Physical science, as the canon of pure thought, and consequently as the substitute for Logic,—as the sole type of all true science and valid reasoning. The ex-

amples of Spinoza, and other disciples of the Cartesian school, might have guarded him against this last error.

We have not the time to demonstrate the necessity of recognising Logic,—the reflective study of the ultimate laws of pure thought, as the basis of all speculation concerning the theory of science, and especially those sciences which relate to man. We must content ourselves with shewing in the case of M. Comte, by the *argumentum ad hominem*, the invalidity and virtual impossibility of its rejection by him. When he proceeds, in the opening chapter of his *Politique Positive*, from the theory of science to the theory of action, he finds it necessary to insist upon the 'logic of instinct.' We bear testimony to the importance and urgency of this extension of his *Organon*; we will concede even its originality, though it is implied by Kant, and intimated by Leibnitz and Reid. But, if this recognition of *sentiment* be valid, how much more essential must be the recognition of necessary laws of the *understanding*? It may be alleged, however, that both are applied and estimated, according to the maxim of Positivism, only in their concrete forms; that is, in connexion with the objects to which they are specially applicable. We shall let this objection pass, although there would be just as much reason in asserting that Mathematics, or any other science, could be as well studied in the concrete phenomena, in which it is manifested, as in its own characteristic and scientific abstraction. But what are we to think, when we are told that there is no valid science of Logic, that it can be appreciated only in its concrete manifestations, and yet are informed, as we are on more than one occasion by M. Comte, that the branch of Mathematics, which he represents as the highest triumph of the human intellect, as the type of that mathematical science which is to be the ultimate rule of all scientific reasoning—the Differential Calculus, is essentially illogical? He says that this is due to the continuance of the metaphysical impress, which distinguished the epoch and the genius of its founder, Leibnitz. But, according to Positivism, the sciences emerge from the error and obscurity of Theology and Metaphysics in the order of their historical institution, and of their hierarchical rank and perfection. In all respects, Mathematics is represented as the *first* of the sciences, yet its most characteristic branch still continues infected with Metaphysics. This might have suggested to M. Comte the invalidity of his historical eras, and the impossibility of altogether eliminating Metaphysics. The fact that Leibnitz, a metaphysician, was the inventor of that powerful mathematical engine, the Calculus; and that Descartes, the father of modern metaphy-

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\* Cours de Phil. Pos., vol. i. p. 264.

sics, was the discoverer of the Algebraic analysis, which M. Comte lauds so extravagantly, should have inspired him with greater tolerance and respect for metaphysics. Were not the mathematical discoveries of both due to their metaphysical tendencies and habitudes of thought? have not nearly all the greatest mathematicians been also great metaphysicians? Did not Buffon suggest on metaphysical grounds the correction of the error committed by Euler, Clairaut, and D'Alembert in the calculation of the moon's motion? Must not the higher parts of Mathematics, like all other parts, defend their validity on metaphysical grounds? Is it not really the metaphysical imperfection of the Calculus which arrests its powers, and produces its illogical character and mathematical defect? And is not its mathematical correction to be expected only from its more thorough and lucid metaphysical constitution?

We leave these questions unanswered: we are unwilling to confuse a subject growing already too complicated, by the discussion of extraneous questions. From whatever cause it may arise, we confess, even more cordially than M. Comte, the illogicality, and, consequently, the partial invalidity of the Calculus. But, if such be its complexion,—and it is nevertheless the most perfect type of mathematical science, how can Mathematics be erected into the logic of all the sciences and of all knowledge? how can it pretend to be the substitute for the exiled Logic of a condemned mental philosophy? But a graver question remains. If Mathematics be the logic of science, and Logic proper be only cognizable in its concrete forms, how can the Differential Calculus be tested and discovered to be illogical? By what standard shall it be estimated, to enable us to arrive at such a result? What criterion is left to us by which to detect its illogical character? Schism is introduced into the family; the house is divided against itself, and cannot stand. Either, then, the Calculus is logical, because consentaneous with itself, the type of the only logic conceded to us,—which M. Comte denies; or it is illogical, but on other grounds than those admitted by his Philosophy. M. Comte himself obviously tests it by reference to a vaguely conceived ideal logic, which, in a definite form, is that very logic he has rejected.

The science of Logic being thus restored to its ancient honours and precedence, at least so far as M. Comte's opposition is concerned, Mathematics must resign her sceptre and usurped throne. A vicarious authority will, however, be left to her. The realm of physical science will still be subject to her sway; but the universal pre-eminence of abstract Logic, and its appropriate place at the head of the Sociological sciences must be acknowledged. Thus the analogy between the two hemispheres of human knowledge is completed, and a general truth given to

the whole classification of the sciences. The theory is also brought into harmony with M. Ampère's system, though discarding its fantastic minuteness and artificial uniformity, while retaining all that is sound in the broad views of Positivism. The exhibition of this last analogy displays the justice and good sense which induced Plato to regard Mathematics, not as a distinct branch of science, but as a propædæutic thereto. In like manner we may consider Logic as the progymnastic, which should precede all profound scientific or philosophical speculation, but especially the latter.

We cannot yet dismiss the Positive classification. The second law is more justly applicable, and is more strictly applied in the domain of Cosmology than in that of Sociology,—and there is an easy explanation of this difference. Positivism we have admitted to be a partially correct, though insufficient, interpretation of science, in contradistinction to unsystematized knowledge; and of physical sciences in contrast with philosophy. Yet the classification is defective in range even as regards the physical sciences themselves. Its principles do not permit the interpolation of Mineralogy, Crystallography, Geography, Geology, Botany, Zoology, &c. A classification cannot be philosophically accurate which thus excludes the descriptive sciences; and yet recognises Phrenology as the substitute, equivalent, or counterpart for Psychology. M. Comte justifies the exclusion of these sciences, on the ground that they are concrete, in his Politics:\* he only eliminated them temporarily in his Philosophy, in order to circumscribe the immense range of his speculations.† It is certainly a mistake to call them concrete without extending the objection to Biology. He also rejects Grammar, or the theory of the laws which regulate the development of human speech. Is this more concrete than Mechanics? We might suspect that the secret cause of the rejection of the descriptive sciences was the employment which had been made of them to furnish evidences of creative agency and design. But any such possible bias deserves little attention, for it loses itself in the general inconsistency of these sciences with the narrowness of the Positive basis. But it is strange that M. Comte did not recognise their entire dissonance with his laws when he planned his classification; and still stranger, for it evinces his present inability to apprehend this discord, that he now acknowledges them as valid sources and branches of knowledge and practice, though not admitting scientific co-ordination. This is, in effect, a renunciation of the *exclusive* pretensions of Positivism, and an admission that there is a wide region of knowledge and practice

\* Syst. Pol. Pos., vol. i. p. 431.

† Cours de Phil. Pos., vol. i. p. 70.

key of the narrow horizon of the sciences of the phenomenal world. Thus Positivism is convicted of deficiency and inconsistency by the judgment of its own criteria.

It is difficult to give a radical vice in the Positive classification which needs only to be stated. It assumes most arrogantly and expressly that by the addition of Sociology, and subsequently of Morals, the *Science of the Sciences* is definitely completed, and can never receive any further addition. This is equally unwarrantable and unphilosophical: it is trying down the future with the limits of the present, and measuring the unknown with the terms of the known.

Of course, we have no design to follow M. Comte through his criticism of the several sciences, and to test the application of his laws to their rectification and enlargement. We must be satisfied to express our admiration of the brilliant ability with which this task is achieved, and the unerring direction, new and profound views with which it is attended. Indeed the number and importance of the special truths proclaimed by M. Comte are the most amazing characteristics of his long labours. We cannot here enter into details. The only adequate criticism of M. Comte's works would require to be conducted on the plan of Leibnitz's *Notion de l'Homme*, the *Tronador*, or *Hammer*, in review of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*. Each *Leçon*, or chapter, should be consecutively subjected to a combined exposition and criticism. Truth and error, philosophy and fallacy, science and imagination are so intricately compounded and so ingeniously blended in his various productions, that the whole web requires to be taken to pieces, the pattern destroyed, and both warp and woof examined in their separate threads. Then, indeed, we might find that more truth than error entered into the composition of the intricate piece, which, as woven together, exhibits different colours under different lights. It is this anomalous intermixture of high philosophy with dreamy reveries and pernicious dogmas, which renders M. Comte's works so peculiarly difficult to estimate or criticise impartially. It is easy to swallow his doctrines in the lump, and cry, 'to triumphe! All hail to the great Goddess, Humanity, and to the regeneration of man, society, and intellect! A sufficient temptation to such premature enthusiasm is offered to the impatient or unsteady, by the large amount of novel, true, and elevated speculation which they present. It is also easy to reject his Philosophy as a whole, on the score of the flagrant absurdities, the ridiculous fantasies, and the less perceptible inconsistencies with which it is deformed. But it is an arduous task to winnow the wheat from the chaff; to appropriate the former, and adopt the latter, and to segregate the latter.

M. Littré, in his exposition of the Positive Philosophy, written and republished under circumstances which justify us in regarding it as accordant with the views of his master, considers everything as secondary in comparison with the leading principles of the scheme. These he represents as the determination of the law which regulates the transition of intelligence through the three states; the nature of the questions—Ethological or Sociological—which should cease to be absolute and become relative; the method of procedure, which ought to be from the world to man and not from man to the world; the hierarchical classification of the sciences, by which their relations and reciprocal influences are indicated; the incorporation of the sciences into a general philosophy; and, thereby, lastly, the establishment of unity and homogeneity in all our knowledge. These are declared to form the base of the new philosophical scheme. We shall soon find that this base has been almost doubled by M. Comte's later speculations; but all of the essential characteristics specified by M. Littré we have examined briefly and in our own order, and found them to be, like the feet of the prophet's image, part of iron and part of clay, and therefore crumbling and unsteady. These positions of Positivism are only partially true, and they are only partially original. Notwithstanding all disclaimers, there is a striking affinity between the 'law of the three states' and other Positive theses, and the theories of Vico and St. Simon: the relativity of human knowledge is better expounded by Kant, and especially by the Scottish philosophers, than it is by M. Comte: the duplex order of procedure from the world or from man, and even the reasons for according a presidency of the sciences to Mathematics, are given in an equally rational and less exaggerated form by the Scholastics on Aristotle: the Positive principles of the hierarchy or classification of the sciences are also laid down by them; the incorporation of the sciences into a First Philosophy is the dazzling dream with which Aristotle refused to be tempted, which Bacon sighed for, and which M. Comte has embraced, as Ixion did the cloud: and the establishment of unity and homogeneity in human knowledge has not been secured, in consequence of the vice of his fundamental principles and the errors committed in their application.\*

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\* This would be the appropriate place to note the numerous and singular instances in which the most earnestly defended doctrines of M. Comte, and those which are supposed to be most original, are in reality nothing but the resuscitation of the forgotten views of former philosophers. We have marshalled the long array of such significant examples, and our only task would be to transcribe the list; but we are compelled to deny ourselves that gratification, as more important topics demand examination, and unavoidably exclude all matters of secondary importance. Suffice it to say, that most of M. Comte's leading posi-

We resume the regular thread of our exposition, and proceed to the *Système de Politique Positive*. Here, we are at once arrested by the necessity of estimating that 'Religion of Humanity,' which M. Comte has thrown in as a stepping-stone or stumbling-block between his Philosophy and his revised theory of Sociology. It will be noticed that hitherto our language has been almost entirely the expression of censure; and we are sorry to add that such it must continue to be. This arises not from the want of merits worthy of the highest approbation, for we may sincerely apply to the productions of M. Comte the compliment of one of the florid panegyrists of declining Rome,—"*cessabant officia laudandi plus quam laudanda cernentibus*;"\* but the nature of the present inquiry compels us to tread almost exclusively on the thorns of censure, and to avoid the flowery paths of praise. We are endeavouring to estimate the System of Positivism as a whole, which we are obliged to repudiate and condemn: we cannot delay, however anxious we might be to do so, to note the brilliant gems which sparkle around us, or cull the beautiful and profound thoughts which blossom by the way-side, and almost conceal from us the hard and flinty pavement, and the fatal direction in which it hurries us along.

The circle of the sciences having been completed in the *Philosophie Positive*, and the merits and defects of existing science, as well as the supposed conditions of further improvement having been expounded, M. Comte leaves the domain of purely speculative inquiry to undertake the task of practical re-construction. Hitherto his labours had been analytical and discrete; henceforward they become synthetical and creative. The inductive theory of pure science is succeeded by a deduction of practical philosophy in its details. The two processes, in their general conception, are somewhat awkwardly designated in the *Politique Positive* as objective and subjective—terms immediately borrowed from Kant; and, as usual, imperfectly understood and misapplied. The first procedure is the method of discovery, of invention, of progress,—the fundamental problem of the *Novum Organum* of Bacon: the second, of demonstration, of system, of order,—the special thesis of the *Organon* of Aristotle. But Positivism imagines that it adds new power to both, and conceives them more justly, by representing the necessity of combining them together, and employing each in its due succession. Thence would result, as the immediate consequence of their union, and

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tions, and many of his derivative propositions, are to be found in Kant and Hegel; and that much that is distinctive of Positivism may be readily discovered in Aristotle and his Scholiasts, in the tenets of the Epicureans, in Roger Bacon, and in Bernardino Telesio.

\* Mamertini Grat. Act.—Paneg. Vel. Lat., vol. iii. p. 1510. Regent Ed.

as a simple logical corollary, the favourite, and, we will add, the profound maxim of Positivism, that "Progress is only the development of Order." And yet not so, at least immediately. The direct conclusion would be the inverse proposition, not condensed yet into any Positive aphorism, that "Order is the harmony of Progress." Both theses are true, on the supposition that there is a continual alternation of precedence in the succession of the two instruments:—first, deduction preparing the way for induction, which is confessed in M. Comte's admission, after Kant, that Scientific observation requires hypothesis: then induction providing the facts, the data, and the generalizations for demonstration, which he believes to be the final state of science, and the peculiar excellence of Positivism. But the later enlarged synthesis must preside over a new and more perspicacious analysis; and this is the latent truth contained in the doctrine of the reaction of the superior on the inferior sciences, of subjective on objective expositions of science. These oscillations never cease; it is the reciprocating movement of the pendulum which regulates the advance of knowledge on the dial of time. There is no finality in any mode of succession, as there can be no finality in Positivism,—and none in any form of human science or philosophy. Thus, "Order is heaven's first law," and Progress the revelation of the law in healthy action, (the *σάσις* and *κίνησις* of the great Stagyrice); but both co-exist, and, like the twin brothers of the Greek Pantheon, enjoy their common immortality by regular interchange of ascendancy.

M. Comte claims the union of the inductive and deductive processes as a distinctive achievement of Positivism. He is unquestionably entitled to the credit of having exhibited the necessity of their combination, and their harmony and interdependence in a stronger and clearer light than had been done before; of having determined the specific functions of each with singular profundity; of having constructed with ingenuity and truth the theory of induction, so far as is yet practicable; and of having ingeniously suggested the contribution rendered by each successive science to our knowledge and application of the laws of thought. But though all this be true, we cannot concede to Positivism that originality which it arrogates to itself in regard to this combination. A diligent and impartial study of the complete works of Bacon, and the philosophical treatises of Aristotle, will show that it was firmly held, without being extensively applied by both.

We have dwelt upon this topic as it explains both the duplication of M. Comte's theory, and also the relations of his two systems to each other. He illustrates by his own example, and by direct reference to his two principal works, the distinctive func-

tions of the two methods of philosophy.\* He thus justifies the difference of the procedure in his earlier and later constructions. The difference is sufficiently obvious, and its necessity is also manifest; but the explanation seems an after thought; first apprehended in the *Discours sur l'Ensemble du Positivisme*, and introduced to facilitate the conciliation of the two parts of his scheme, and to excuse a departure from the too narrow and exclusive principles of the *Philosophie Positive*. It is a dexterous *tour-de-force*, to disguise the covert introduction of a new element whose aid was required to transmute the scientific system into a scheme broad enough for practice; but the expansion is inconsistent with the essential character of that philosophy which he endeavours to apply. There is not merely the substitution of deductive for inductive evolution, which would so far be legitimate enough,—after his materials and premises had been gathered and tested by the latter process; but there is the employment of deduction *from wider data*, embracing the spontaneous suggestions of sentiment, in place of purely scientific results of a study of phenomena.

The inauguration of 'instinct,' as an instrument for the synthetic construction of Positivism, is the obvious intention of the Introduction to the *Politique Positive*. It is a most notable addition to the early teaching of M. Comte, and furnishes a disguised transition from its original narrowness to the latitudinarianism of mystical speculation. So strangely do all extremes run into each other! The recognition of the instinctive apprehension of truth is not necessarily of a mystical character; but it is so under the circumstances of its present adoption, and especially in its ill-assorted union with an arbitrary and imaginary worship. However chimerical may be the religious essence of Positive instincts, they are introduced under this form to sustain Positivism in the hour of need, and to afford an apparent, if shadowy basis for the phantasmal religion of Humanity, which had been imagined in the *Discours sur l'Ensemble du Positivisme*.

When M. Comte approaches the execution of his long-contemplated social reconstruction, and the application of the results of the Positive method, he feels that, to give vitality to doctrine and efficacy to practice, it is essential that the discipline of man's character should be assured. In proceeding to apply to practice the results of his perambulation of the sciences a new domain is entered. The kingdoms of the earth are exchanged for the kingdoms of the air. While engaged merely in critical speculation, that is to say in the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, it was easy to circumscribe the apparent bounds of knowledge

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\* Syst. Pol. Pos., vol. i. p. 447, &c.

within any predetermined limits, because it was a purely intellectual discursion,—a mere labour of the reason for the satisfaction of the reason in the exercise of its scientific function. In proceeding to action and practice, or to the theory which is to regulate them, a new element must be introduced. It is no longer the reason alone that is to be harmonized, satisfied, convinced, or beguiled; but that fluctuating, uncertain, and turbulent motive power,—the will of man is to be persuaded or governed. Here it was no longer sufficient to appeal to scientific demonstration. The doctrine might, perhaps, be established, and the course of prudence prescribed, by the generalizing reason; but a *creed* was still necessary to captivate belief, a *worship* to regulate action by sentiment, and a *Divinity* to claim obedience. Hence the Positive Philosophy, after evolving its long concatenated scheme without the aid of religion, and in direct negation and defiance of all intelligible religion, finds, at the close of its career, that religion is the necessary preliminary to all renovated action, to all reformation of diseased public sentiment, to all effectual cure of intellectual anarchy. The principles and conclusions of the *Philosophie Positive* prohibited any recurrence to Christianity, which had been scorned and declared to be effete. M. Comte could not recognise the great Eternal Cause, for he had disowned the very idea of causation. He could not turn to the true God, who was revealed to him neither by the Scriptures, which were rejected as the fables of old; nor by the wonderful works of nature, which spoke only of the glories of their interpreters, not of their ordainer, and which appeared to him, as to Alfonso of Castile, susceptible of easy improvement. In his dilemma, it was necessary to embrace the shadow after repudiating the substance, and to elevate into an object of adoration, as a *nouveau Grand-Etre*, that very HUMANITY which it was his own chief aim to reform.

“Chi crederia, che sotto umane forme,  
E sotto queste pastorale spoglie  
Fosse nascesto un Dio?”

He is thus marvellously compelled to pay divine honours to the ideal aggregate of that past civilisation, to which he claims to be superior, and to the shadowy forms of those unborn ages, whose creation, attributes, powers, and developments he is endeavouring to regulate and determine.\*

When the author of Positivism looks beyond the world of phenomena, which he has attempted to condense into an exhaustive system, and endeavours to discover the spectral Demo-

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\* Syst. Pol. Pos., vol. i. p. 411, &c.

gorgon which may rule this world of shadows, he sees only the reflex of the supposed theory of their production, and as the whole phantasmagoria was represented as proceeding from the mind of man alone, so the image of Humanity is alone reflected back from the mirror of the universe. Thus, like Night brooding over Chaos, darkness sits upon the waste ; and

"as a mantle doth invest  
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,  
Woe from the void and formless infinite."

The whole of life is reason and imagination.

"I thought I was in enough middle darkness borne."

being a direct link with the physical antitype of the earliest form of religious symbolism. Strange, indeed, it may be conceived to be, in connection with the labyrinthine gyrations of modern positivism, as Frenchism, or the recognition of God as a mere human type, that was the earliest dream of time, so Frenchism and the Frenchism of the dominant intellect of man, ever since, has been for a stage unshastened by revelation, the last stage of the negative Positivism, its dream of a positive religion, the dream of Frenchism, and the translation of the religious into the scientific of nature to the imagination of the modern world. What said notions of religion, M. Comte has made the type of Frenchism as the type and perfection of the modern age.

...unquestionably re-  
...and consequently the re-  
...recognising this urgent  
...difficulties especially when  
...M. Comre has  
...But the arrival of an  
...and a religion to be  
...the great stage and  
...is summary, and is a  
...a reformation of know-  
...of society.

We are informed more than once, that the acceptance of the reasoning of "sentiment," and the conviction of the necessity of a religion, were inspired by his passionate attachment to Madame de Staël de Vaux, who was prematurely snatched from his devotion by death in 1798. The charm of the late lady is before our eyes in the portrait which accompanied us in the journey. Her image, and the memory of her words, were ever present to the mind of the philosopher.

M. Comte himself declares his hope of being able to confer on the object of his bereaved love an immortality of fame, which shall secure to her a niche by the side of Dante's Beatrice and Petrarch's Laura. Though awkwardly obtruded on our notice, we have no disposition to turn into ridicule the foibles of a great man. The name and influence of the lamented Clotilde are mentioned for no such petty motives, but because the change in M. Comte's views,—their modification and expansion into the domain of sentiment, would naturally suggest an extrinsic influence, and one utterly alien to his own Philosophy. It is certainly appropriate that the quickening influence of woman's love should have tempted him beyond his earlier path; but he has yielded too much to such fascinations, when he has been thus induced to convert Positivism into Mysticism, to present the vague sentimentalism of the Positive Politics as the legitimate continuation of the hard and dry sterility of the Positive Philosophy, and has been also tempted to enthrone woman—the Goddess of Humanity, as the symbol of the new religion. This last vagary only reminds us too forcibly of the feast of Reason, and the farcical installation of that questionable deity.

But enough of the logical relations and origin of the new theology; let us examine briefly the attributes of the Divinity, the prescriptions of the creed, and the provisions of the worship.

A 'Supreme Being,' which is the mere idealization of human manifestations, is certainly a notable product of a philosophy pretending to be Positive, and an inconsequent result of a system professing the sufficiency and universality of scientific method. There is here a reconciliation effected between M. Comte and the leaders of the most metaphysical schools of the condemned metaphysicians. Hegel and Strauss lend to our Positivist this idea of Humanity, which the French devotees dresses up in the robes of divinity, as the Athenian priests did the statue of Pallas at the Panathenaic festival. The notion itself is only a recurrence, under a more fanciful and shadowy form, to an old Egyptian dogma, and substitutes a fiction purely ideal for the Divine Person, who has been rejected as an imagination. It is not, however, difficult to discover a reason for this anomaly. The characteristics of the new *Grand-Etre*, and the functions of the new religion, are only a travesty of the attributes of Deity, and a parody of Christianity. M. Comte runs nearly all the lines of his new creed parallel to the doctrines of Christianity. The chosen 'few' and the rejected 'many' of Christian belief are represented by the beings capable or incapable of "assimilation" to Humanity—a metaphorical term coarsely borrowed in such a connexion from physiology. The fragmentary portions incorporated with the new Supreme Es-

sence correspond with the purified and regenerated spirits of the just made perfect; though the analogy is vitiated by the negation of all future individuality, and by an approximation to the old Brahminic doctrine of emanation from, and re-absorption into the divine substance. The incorporation of animals\* into the Great Being of Positivism reveals the Fetichistic tendencies of a scheme, which is at variance with all revealed religion, though instinctively borrowing its characteristic features.

The 'religion of Humanity' is, indeed, a mere shadow of mediæval Christianity. M. Comte asserts it to be the aim of Positivism to "reconstruct the spiritual authority of the Middle Ages;" to give form, completeness, and effect to the brilliant attempt then made by the Catholic Church to subordinate all human action to a predominant religious inspiration. Many Christian doctrines, and most mediæval doctrines, are accordingly revived in his own scheme; but, instead of the sincere convictions and the realities of belief, which constituted the merit of former times, he gives us only, as if drawn with a pentagraph, the outlines and semblances of the religion he would reconstitute. In imitation of the canonization of saints by the Roman Church, the worship of great men is declared to be an essential part of the religion of Humanity, and is systematically developed in the *Calendrier Positiviste*, which traces the ground plan for the future labours of Positive Bollandists yet to be. Even the Virgin Mary is reproduced, and is henceforward apparently to be adored under the name or emblem of "*la sainte Clotilde*." The heavenly choir of Positivism is already nearly complete; though this peerage of the dead, conferred or withdrawn at the caprice of M. Comte, has undergone sundry modifications since he issued his first patents of nobility to the chief among the shades. A Positive saint is assigned, definitely until the next change, to every day in the year, and, in most instances, alternates are already appointed. The *Calendrier Positiviste*, in its earlier sketch, and in its revived form, exhibits a singular confraternity of lesser gods in conclave on the snowy tops of the regenerate Olympus.

The canonization of great men, while bearing a strong analogy to the usages of the mediæval Church, is a reversion to the instincts of the heathen and yet infant world; and is a still coarser procedure, inasmuch as it is consciously adopted. The religious appetencies of mankind, which freed themselves from the bondage of the lowest Fetichism, through the real or supposed adoration of departed rulers and benefactors recur,—in the full blaze of the nineteenth century, at the dictation of a philosophy

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\* Syst. Pol. Pos., vol. ii. pp. 60-62, 256, 362, 363, 448, 451.

professing to be scientific, and alone consonant with human nature,—in connexion with a religion claiming to be final, complete, and eternal,—to the same rude and beggarly worship. Thus, as the earliest age known to history exhibited the conversion of Fetichism into Polytheism, by the passage through animal worship to the deification of man, the latest, under the guidance of Positivism, exhibits the inverse movement, the return through the deification of men and of the brute creation towards Fetichism. So do extremes meet; and so does the phenomenalism of the Positive Philosophy lapse into the Fetichistic panhumanism of the Positive Religion. This is the manner in which the career of St. Paul succeeds to that of Aristotle, according to the idea of M. Comte. He traverses the circles of science to stop at the rudest instincts of the savage world; he ascends the succession of the ages to repose where civilisation began.

We have not time to illustrate further the mode in which the religion of Humanity borrows and perverts the practices and dogmas of medieval Christianity, nor to show how, in every instance, the reality is discarded, the spectral apparition alone received, and clothed with a Fetichistic aspect. The chimerical eternity of the new Supreme Being, and the appropriation of the various attributes of God, while Godhead is denied; the regular prayers, the vespers, nones, and matins; the hymns and canticles, the pictures, the feasts and fasts, the multiplied sacraments of the Church, &c.,—all are borrowed, and of course rendered as ridiculous as they are fantastic and imperative. If the mere parodies of these things can give efficacy to the Positive Religion, does not this bear involuntary witness to the virtue of the original realities which are repudiated? And if the religion of Humanity reaches back towards Fetichism, and identifies itself therewith, what becomes of that gradual emergence of the intellect from the 'theological state,' which was asserted in the First Law of the Philosophy, which characterized its form, and determined the evolution of the Positive philosophy of history?

A religion supposes a priesthood. M. Comte does not overlook this necessity; nor does he abandon his imitation of the Medieval Church. He establishes a Pontificate, constitutes himself Pope, or Grand-Lama, provides for the institution, regulates the functions, and prescribes the manner of support of his clergy, and constructs a rigid hierocracy, as authoritative, minute, and tyrannical as that of the Brahmins.\* This is what he terms a Sociocracy.

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\* *Syst. Pol. Pos.*, vol. ii. p. 305, &c.

The changes introduced into Positivism through the influence of Madame Clotilde de Vaux are sufficiently remarkable. She was deeply imbued with the poetry, if not with the faith of Romanism. M. Comte's mother was a Romanist, and he himself still retains many tendencies towards the Roman Church. Under these circumstances, the inspiration of "*la sainte affection privée*," which taught him the language of passion, suggested the device,—"*l'amour pour principe*," convinced him of the indestructibility and necessity of religion, and confirmed the assurance reported to have been given to him by St. Simon on his death-bed. This inspiration transfused a diluted spirit of Catholicism into the dry infidelity of his earlier philosophy, and also suggested the forms of Catholic organization. But what a strange jumble is the result, which is expressed in the formula, "*Réorganiser sans dieu ni roi, par le culte systématique de l'Humanité*." What a singular mixture of Christianity and Paganism, in a scheme which proposes to convert "the great abortive construction of the Middle Ages" into "the systematic glorification of man," and "of all the phases of society."

The priesthood of Positivism is the latest product of the new philosophy, being only constituted definitely in the *Statique Sociale* and the *Catechisme Positiviste*; yet already, as we are informed, there is a nest of young priestlings, "preparing themselves by encyclopedical studies for the duties of the new ministry," and participation in the fruits of "the free subsidy," instituted for the founder of the school. For M. Comte has modified the motto of Positivism, — "*Vivre POUR autrui*," and changed it for the benefit of himself and his acolytes into — "*Vivre PAR autrui*."

In the original conception of Positivism, the Philosophy of the sciences was contemplated as a corrective for the confusion and segregation of scientific studies, which were regarded as at once effects and causes of the prevalent anarchy of the intellect. In order to restore system and unity to these dispersed pursuits, it was deemed important that one class of intellectual labourers should devote themselves to the general principles and harmonious relations of all the sciences.\* The true Positive philosophers were to constitute this class; and, in the fulness of time, were to have, as a central committee, the general regulation of all intellectual exercises, and of all the applications of science to government, society and arts.† When the Positive Philosophy was sublimated into the Positive Religion,—a change declared to be henceforth imperative, this central committee was raised to

\* Cours de Phil. Pos., vol. i. p. 30.

† No more than this was contemplated in July 1843,—Discours sur l'Ensemble du Pos. Pref. p. 8, 9. But the expression "*la sacerdoce de l'Humanité*" occurs in the letter to M. Littré, 27th Feb. 1848, Pref. p. xi.

the dignity of a College of Cardinals, and invested with complete spiritual and intellectual dominion; and a clergy was extemporized to form the ministers of a new Church Universal, limited neither by time nor by space,—neither by differences of language nor of civilisation.\* Henceforward a grand Sociocracy, whose capital was to be Paris, was to replace, with larger powers, and a more arrogant supremacy, the effete and antiquated authority of the Roman hierarchy. The kingdom of the new revelation was to be of this world; though the clergy were to renounce all temporal honours and authority, and to subsist only on the voluntary contributions of the faithful, until a regenerate public may, about the beginning of the next century, assign lands and revenues for the maintenance of the Church of Humanity.

There are many profound and just views incidentally struck out in this development of the small band of Positive philosophers into a grand hierarchy. Even the voluntary support of the 'clergy,' and their renunciation of wealth, suggest an important truth, when we regard them as the representatives of intelligence. Intellect is the free gift of God, bestowed less for the benefit of its immediate possessor, than for the general service of humanity, not to be the instrument of individual gain, but the agency to further the general good. If "wisdom will be justified of her children," the justification must consist in the service rendered to society, not in the pecuniary accumulations of her favourites. They should not come into the market-place, and to the tables of the money-changers to compete with the multitude for temporal honours and gain, but, aloof from all lower motives, should pursue without coarse temptations their noble vocation, and receive their maintenance from those whom they serve. When genius is directed to profit, intellect is warped from true aims, perverted to wrong ends, and prostituted to ignoble purposes. It is corrupted at its source; it ministers to vice or frivolity rather than to virtue, and spreads desolation where its mission was to fertilize and invigorate.

The manner in which M. Comte himself explains the concatenation of his Sociological and religious system with his Philosophy is curious. It depends upon the succession and relations of the organs of the brain, that is, upon Phrenology. After many attempts, he has drawn up a craniological chart for himself, which owes little to Gall and Spurzheim, though the former is earnestly eulogized. But the new Phrenology rests apparently on no anatomical observation of the brain, and on no study of the protuberances of the skull, but simply on—conjecture. It is determined by no scientific process, but subjec-

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\* *Circulaire Annuelle.*

tively, deductively, chimerically. But even in M. Comte's wildest extravagances there is ingenuity and instruction; and, although we are no believers in Phrenology, and cannot consider his map of the brain as anything but an imaginary delineation of a *terra incognita*, we regard it as an exceedingly acute but problematical analysis of the mental and moral faculties of man. It is from this ideal Phrenology that he derives his doctrine of the subordination of action to intelligence, and of reason to sentiment. The extension of this subalternation to society determines the position, in the social scale, of the multitude, the rulers, and the priesthood; and the order of the family relations in private life. In this way, Sociology is connected with Cosmology, the Positive Politics with the Positive Philosophy, the religion of Humanity with the theory of the world. The link is fanciful and arbitrary, but it serves M. Comte's immediate purposes; and it would have been difficult to dispense with some such assistance to close the chasm between mind and matter, over which Kant and Fichte, Hegel and Schelling in vain attempted to construct a bridge.

At an earlier stage of this investigation we pointed out the necessity for some theory of the mind before proceeding to the theory of moral or of social action. This necessity weighed upon M. Comte, and a Psychology of some sort was felt to be essential. He had rejected Metaphysics; he had laughed to scorn the Experimental Psychology of the Scottish school, which he had declared to be a contradiction in terms.\* Phrenology offered the only plank by which he could hope to cross the dark abyss which separated the worlds of matter and of mind. He clutched at it eagerly; and we have the result. There was another advantage, too, in this acceptance of Phrenology; it enabled him to coerce the theory of mind,—we will not say how judiciously or consistently, into the intermediate domain of Biology; and the weak threads which connected it with the other parts of that science were strengthened, or at least multiplied, by exaggerating the analogies between animal and vegetable nature, and between the instincts of animals and the reason and sentiments of man. These links are augmented in the *Politique Positive* until it is difficult to say whether the quaint speculations on the mutual relations of humanity and the brute creation are more ridiculous or disgusting. It is gravely asserted that the various races of animals tend to constitute so many different Supreme Beings.† They are represented as Fetichists in religion, with occasional manifestations of a rudimentary polytheism. The contest for the honour of composing the

\* Cours de Phil. Pos., vol. i. pp. 34-38.

† Syst. Pol. Pos., vol. i. p. 616, &c.

true 'Supreme Being' is limited to man and the other carnivorous animals. A rude form of political organization may be detected among the brutes ; but its further development is prevented by the want of an articulate language, and this is denied them by their imperfect social aggregation, consequent on the oppression of the human race—a notable reciprocation of evils ! Unfortunately, the only records which throw light on this difficult subject are to be found in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The supremacy of Humanity over animality has not, it seems, been obtained without a struggle, by which the sociability of the inferior animals has been crushed. It is supposed that much light might be thrown on these topics, by achieving sundry Sociological voyages into those countries which are favourable to the establishment of societies of monkeys or baboons !

Besides the intervention of Phrenology, and its dependent associations, there are other links by which the religious and ecclesiastical scheme of Positivism is united with the system of the Philosophy ; and they are skilfully managed, though often rather ingeniously constructed than solid. It is a false view of system to attempt it by arbitrary parallelisms. It is, indeed, a lofty and inspiring, as it is a most seductive idea, to imagine that there is a common and discoverable law running through all the parts of creation and all the departments of knowledge, identical throughout in its spirit, but modified by the changing circumstances of its application, and blending by its power all the forms and phenomena of the visible and intelligible universe into a symmetrical whole. Such is the vision of unity by which M. Comte has been visited. But is the idea anything more than a dazzling dream ? Is not this a substitution of the vague longing of the human mind for rest,—when its wing is weary with wandering through the immense spheres of contemplation, for the apprehension of realities which lie beyond mortal ken ? If there be a perfect unity spread out in the works of creation before the omniscient eye of God, is this unity cognizable in *our* science or philosophy ? Does not the supposition spring rather from the weak and arrogant delusion, that we know all that can be known and all that exists, rather than from the true philosophic spirit of anxious and continuous inquiry ? Is it not of itself a valid proof that the orbit of the Positive Philosophy is too confined to comprehend the truth ?

Notwithstanding the efforts of M. Comte to conceal the rent between his two systems, we think the schism such as to render his intolerance inexcusable, when he declares in his last circular that none shall henceforward pretend to the designation of Positivists—" *un titre destiné bientôt à procurer l'estime publique,*" who do not accept his religious creed as well as his scientific

doctrine. There is no sufficient continuity to justify this early recourse to the excommunicatory functions of his Pontificate by the Patriarch of Positivism. For ourselves, we abjure both systems; and the thunders, not only of the Vatican but of Rue-Monsieur-le-Prince, pass harmlessly over our heads. Yet we discover less inconsistency in adhesion to either segment of the grand scheme, than in the acceptance of both. The adoption of the Philosophy may encourage scientific studies, though it cannot ennoble them. The reception of the Religion may generate a dreamy inclination towards social re-organization, though it must lead its communicants into mystical labyrinths which are lighted only by the bewildering fires of a frenzied imagination. Either choice is equally pernicious; and from neither can we expect that revival of moral sentiment, and that purification of intelligence, which are declared to be essential to the removal of the universal anarchy of the modern world.

But truth casts her shadow over even the wastes of delusion; and never was the beautiful intermixture of the spirit of rejected truth with the essence of accepted error more signally manifested than in the *Statique Sociale*. Its base rests upon the clouds and vanishes at the first breath of day into mist: but it is the mist of the morning, which heralds the approach of the sun, and drinks in brilliant hues from the coming fountain of light. It presents, along with many aberrations, many glorious anticipations of doctrines which a truly regenerate age will hasten to recognise. Its particular provisions and its special forms will be rejected as arbitrary, inexpedient, or impracticable: the extravagance of its conclusions will be softened down into more natural and spontaneous arrangements; and its dream of a religion will give place to that Christianity, which requires only to be revived in the hearts of men, to achieve with power and permanence and security, in the actual life of individuals and states, more than the Positive Religion contemplates even in theory. It, too, can alone realize M. Comte's lofty aspirations:—the subordination once again of the presumption of rights to the sense of duty, according to his noble phylactery “*nul n'a droit qu'à faire son devoir.*”

The dogmatic asseveration of the absolute truth of his Social Science ill accords with the sobriety of genuine philosophy, though it may be necessary to the pretensions of the professed founder of a new religion, and the evangelist of a new creed. Yet, when we forget the Positive religion and all its accessaries, and overlook the whole mythology and hierarchy of the worship of Humanity, we cannot accord to the Social Statics the full praise anticipated. There is much profound truth; but there is also grievous error; there are brilliant glimpses into a region of

lofty and novel philosophy, but there are still more frequent plunges into the mire of ancient delusion. The theory is incomplete, and not sufficiently comprehensive. The internal distribution is liable to similar objections. Its originality is more apparent than real, and is due less to novelty of invention, than to the peculiar expression of too restricted views. M. Comte bestows cordial eulogy on Aristotle, as the founder of Social Statics, but he is far from appreciating his intellectual services, the general significance of his philosophy, or the special results of his political speculations.

The Positive theory of material property does not include the origin, nature, conditions, or justice of property, though these questions form the basis for a large part of all legislation, and for the whole subject of public economy. It is content to explain some of the more striking effects of property, pointing out its necessity, and its beneficial operation, even when accumulated into large capitals. The theory of the family presents comparatively little that is objectionable, but it also offers little that is novel, except the mode of representation. With much that is extravagant in language is mingled, according to the habitual fortune of M. Comte, much that is acute and ingenious. His notions in regard to the language of signs are pushed to excess: his fancies about the language of animals are simply ridiculous.

The three concluding chapters of the *Statique Sociale*, are in many respects admirable, and constitute the ablest portion of the work. They are devoted to "the theory of the social organism of social existence,"—a somewhat fantastic distinction, and of the general limits of the variations of human order in consequence of extrinsic or intrinsic influences. The last theory is sketched merely in outline, the task of completing it being reserved by M. Comte for his successor. But the few lines of his picture are drawn with a bold and firm hand, and are marked with the impress of consummate genius. It comports neither with our plan nor with our limits, to examine in detail these valuable chapters. An abridgment would be tedious as well as unsatisfactory, for it would require the accompaniment of a running commentary. We, therefore, omit the summary which we had prepared. We resign ourselves to this omission with the less hesitation, as it enables us for once to commend M. Comte's views in broad terms. We do not wholly agree with them, but we can enjoy the satisfaction of lavishing upon them liberal praise. They furnish acute and luminous suggestions in regard to many most important topics connected with the organization and amelioration of society, and tend to modify the censure which we are compelled to pass on the *Système de Philosophie Positive* as a whole.

In this later work the rigid logical concatenation and the orderly sequence of the parts of the theory are no longer preserved with that regularity and simplicity which characterized the *Philosophie Positive*; nor does the composition seem to have emanated from the same full comprehension of the subject. In fact, the peculiar mission of M. Comte was ended with the close of his earlier work: the later is an excrescence, though professedly an application only. That he does not himself clearly appreciate the nature of his second task is manifest from the remark, that "it was due to the original equilibrium of his moral and intellectual powers, that he had enjoyed the philosophical privilege of consecrating in turn his youth and his maturity to two grand reciprocal elaborations, each of which seemed reserved for the other age." According to his contemplated aims and plans, according to every principle of his Philosophy, and the whole tenor of his speculations, the order which his career has pursued, was that which was theoretically appropriate. The study, arrangement, and re-organization of the *sciences* necessarily preceded the renovation and re-construction of *societies*, in accordance with the spirit of Positivism. But in his second System, M. Comte has materially modified his original views, abandoning in some sort their exclusive phenomenalism, though still yearning for the shadow, and has thus plunged into a sea of mysticism from which he entirely escaped in his earlier labours. It may be that this has infected his recent compositions; that his improvisation of an anti-christian theology has misled and bewildered him; but the *Politique Positive* is certainly characterized by a vague, loose, and indefinite complexion. M. Comte manifests openly his mystical appetencies, thus approximating in old age to that St. Simonism which he repudiated in early life, and still passionately disavows. After the dry and logical precision of his former course, he loses himself at the close of his career in sounding generalities; and at the termination of our long journey through both hemispheres of Positivism, we find neither a complete, comprehensive, and homogeneous system, nor a practical and available scheme to relieve the distress of modern society.

It only remains for us to draw to a focus the various lines of this investigation, and thus determine the general spirit and prospects of Positivism.

As a speculative system, the Positive Philosophy is invalid, for the exclusion of everything but phenomena,—as M. Comte employs that term, leaves our knowledge without reality, and our science without foundation. Its exclusive pretensions alone are erroneous, for observational science should without doubt profess no more than the discovery and application of phenomenal

laws; but reason equally requires a tenacious conviction in the reality of agencies, not to be scientifically explained, which operate behind the phenomena and determine their evolutions. The union of both these aspects in one philosophy is the distinguishing merit of the Scottish school, and, on a liberal interpretation, of Kant. The adoption of the least important half, and the absolute exclusion of the other, is the grave error of M. Comte, on which his other errors more or less directly depend. The philosophy of Kant was purely relative, because limited to human range by the exact determination of the bounds and conditions of science imposed by the constitution of the human mind. The theory of M. Comte professes to be eminently relative, but is virtually absolute, because it rejects everything which transcends scientific demonstration. And his hope of constructing a self-contained philosophy of the sciences is a delusion, because no metaphysical foundation is left whereon it may rest. We will not deny the practicability of devising such a philosophy, but the indispensable preliminary to its creation would be the recognition of principles incapable of scientific demonstration, and requiring metaphysical co-ordination.

There is abundant proof that, even if we dismiss the charge that Positivism is involved in the philosophy of Kant, as a part is contained in the whole, still as a whole it is not original. It is no advance in the march of philosophy, but rather a return towards its cradle. It links itself with the Sensationalism of the last century, is closely assimilated to St. Simonism, and presents many points of contact with the humanitarianism of Hegel, and the mythicism of Strauss. In every aspect it is rather a simplification and consolidation of past delusions, than an anticipation of coming truth. It is the dream of the by-gone, not the magic mirror of the future. While partially true,—as the theory of those parts of knowledge which the exclusive devotion of the late centuries to Physical Science has brought to provisional perfection, it lends no aid to the re-construction of those branches which have been neglected, and offers no effectual ministration towards the revival of more enlightened religious influences, nor to the re-organization of societies. Nay, its influence is cast into the opposite scale. It deplures, indeed, the ascendancy of the intellect over the heart, and promises to dethrone the usurper; but its adoption would result only in the consolidation of the intellectual power which it condemns. The functions of its priesthood spring from their appropriation of all higher knowledge—the knowledge of the laws of nature and of humanity; their power is formally declared to consist in its intellectual supremacy: their preaching is to be devoted to the diffusion of popular science or ‘secularism;’ and the chief instrument of their action is to be edu-

cation. The whole tenor of M. Comte's writings confirms the conviction that his system does re-instate intellect in that sovereignty from which he pretends to depose her. And this is only one symptom of the affinity of Positivism for past or present rather than prospective doctrines. With reverted eyes, and gaze fixed upon the present and the past, it walks backwards along the line of advancement, and explores the future in the clouds of the evening, not in the promises of the dawn.

These conclusions acquire more than double force from the consideration of the Positive religion,—a creed at variance with the scientific principles and development of Positivism. Chaos is renewed when this notion, borrowed from the outrageous idealism of the Hegelian school, incorporates the mystical mythicism of Strauss, with the chimeras of St. Simonism and the dry formalism of science, and baptizes the conglomerate fantasy with the new name of the "Religion of Humanity." Doubtless the dreamy tentatives of French Eclecticism aided and expedited this unnatural transmigration and superposition of souls, which have only acted, however, as the solvent of the body they were intended to animate. But it is no Promethean fire stolen from heaven: it is no Prometheus who has arrogated to himself the task of gods. The heterogeneous materials will not mingle; they are only compacted together. If the substance of the new religion is borrowed from Strauss,—if such a shadow may be dignified with the name of substance, its forms and vesture are taken from the Catholicism of the Middle Ages; and all its appetencies lead it back through the deepening mists of time to the darkness of primeval Fetichism. Fortunately for our exposition, the Fetichistic tendencies of Positivism are distinctly avowed by M. Comte himself. But is this to be the Church of the Future? Can we recognise, as a sign of the proud emergence of civilisation into the splendour of its brightest day, this recurrence to that worship of animals which degraded the ignorance and brutality of its ignorant and undisciplined infancy?

There are some poisons, and those the most active and deleterious, which can only be obtained by sublimation. In the same way, the essence of all the religious delusions of past ages may be concentrated in the scientific alembic of Positivism. Apart from the blasphemy of the fantastic dream, can a creed, so steeped in the wildest errors of the latest and earliest ages of the past as the Religion of Humanity is, be contemplated as on the whole an advancement in either speculative or practical knowledge? It is preposterous to ask the question in relation to practice. The social system which trusts to such a sanction is fatally pierced by the broken reed on which it leans. Whatever is admirable in M. Comte's incidental views loses its efficacy by

association with his general principles and his polity. Hence we see the founder of a system of Politics,—claiming to be prophetic because asserted to be scientific, altering its text to conceal the failure of its oracles; proclaiming the definite institution of the French Republic on the eve of the inauguration of the Empire; fawning on the autocrat whom it had ridiculed as a charlatan; and trampling in the dust before his feet that liberty whose triumph it had heralded. In his earliest productions M. Comte was a political prophet. He has often boasted of it, and his friends have called attention to it. If prophecy be the test of science, Positivism is doomed by its own canon. If social action requires the sway of religion, and social re-organization the revival of religious sentiment, the scheme must fail from the imaginary and fallacious materials of its basis. Its Cosmology is defective, its Sociology chimerical and erroneous. The world has passed M. Comte in its onward progress. He has thrown up a mole-hill on the path of ages, to be crushed to the level earth beneath the wheel of advancing time. He must take his place by the side of Jerome Cardan, and Giordano Bruno, with those who dimly anticipated the advent, but not the complexion of the coming age. His is not the praise of Bacon—

“ Anticipator mundi,  
Quem facturus erat.”



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- ART. I.—1. *Alexandre Vinet—Notice sur sa Vie et ses Ecrits.* Par EDMOND SCHERER. Paris, 1853.  
2. *Essais de Philosophie Morale et de Morale Religieuse.* Par A. VINET. Paris, 1837.  
3. *Etudes sur Blaise Pascal.* Par A. VINET. Paris, 1848.  
4. *Etudes sur la Littérature Française au dix-neuvième Siècle.* Par A. VINET. 3 tomes. Paris, 1849-51.  
5. *An Essay on the Profession of Personal Religious Conviction, and upon the Separation of Church and State, considered with reference to the fulfilment of that duty.* By A. VINET. London, 1843.  
6. *Vital Christianity: Essays and Discourses.* By A. VINET.  
7. *Gospel Studies.* By A. VINET.  
8. *Pastoral Theology: The Theory of a Gospel Ministry.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark. 1852.  
9. *Homiletics; or, The Theory of Preaching.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark. 1853.  
10. *The History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark. 1854.

VINET is the most illustrious ornament of modern French Protestantism. Distinguished alike in Literature and Theology—at once accomplished and profound—practical and meditative—he presents an example of noble qualities which are too seldom seen united. If there are others among the divines of French Switzerland more familiar to us, this arises in a great measure from the very refinement and dignity of the literary and theological labours of Vinet, which commend themselves rather to the cultivated than the popular Christian sympathy in all countries. We shall devote this article to a review of his life and writings; a task which, so far as we are aware, has not yet, in any connected form, been attempted in our language

The interesting and finely appreciative notice by M. Scherer will form the appropriate basis of our remarks, which—glancing as slightly as possible at the politico-ecclesiastical opinions that connected our author so closely with the religious history of his country—shall be concentrated on these higher pursuits in literature and Christian science, which claim the widest attention, as they must give to his name its most enduring fame.

Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet was born on the 17th of June 1797, in Lausanne, renowned for the beauty of its natural situation, and the interest of its historical reminiscences. His father held an official appointment in his native canton. From him the young Alexandre received his first instructions, which appear to have been inculcated with that undue rigour which so often defeats its end in such matters. Under the paternal discipline, the mind of Vinet developed tardily. We are not detained by any of those precocious manifestations of mental power, with which a mythical admiration has too frequently invested the youth of distinguished men. There are evidences enough, however, of that genial susceptibility—that intellectual *blossoming*, which was destined to ripen into such rich and fair fruits. The poetical talent, commonly characteristic of the Vaudois youth, displayed in him a peculiar vigour and fertility—so that songs, epistles, and even mimic epics flowed from his pen. Intended for the church, his studies were very early devoted to theology. Literature, however, continued long and powerfully to attract him—if it ever, in fact, lost for him its predominating charm. He abandoned himself with a rare enthusiasm to its marvellous enchantments, and lost himself amid its proud dreams and raptures. A story is told illustrative of his literary sensibility. While engaged in reading a tragedy of Corneille in the midst of a family, to one of the members of which he acted as tutor, the perusal affected him so intensely that he was forced to leave the room abruptly, and being sought out, he was found in his own chamber bathed in tears.

At the age of twenty, Vinet was called to Basle, as Professor of the French language and literature in the gymnasium or public school of that city. This would seem to have been before he had completed the full course of his theological studies, as it was not till after two years, on a temporary return to Lausanne, that he received appointment to the ministry. In the same year in which this latter event took place, (1819,) he married; and resuming his duties in Basle, devoted himself with laborious ardour to their discharge. An accident, the nature of which is not explained, interrupted for a season his activity, and laid the foundation of an infirmity which remained with him through life.

There is but little known of the particular events of Vinet's life during his twenty years' residence at Basle. It is to be regretted, as observed by M. Scherer, that some of his friends or pupils have not given a sketch of this period of his career. It would appear that at first, and for some time, he suffered from the prejudice of his German colleagues in the gymnasium. These gradually yielded, however, to the force of his merits and amiability. He was eminently successful in winning the attachment of his pupils; and the effect of his labours soon became observable in the quickening of a new spirit and life among them.

The whole of French Switzerland was at this time more or less the scene of a religious awakening, which, under continued and sometimes bitter persecution, has yet perpetuated itself with gathering strength. Vinet mingled very early in this new movement, and from the force of his genius, and the clear determination of his opinions and character, contributed considerably both to advance and modify it. In the first instance, however, he was more repelled than attracted by it. One of his colleagues, M. Curtat, a pious man, but an opponent of the new tendencies, had written against the *conventicles*, (as the meetings of those engaged in the religious movement were called,)—an interference which had been requited with good intention, but not very good taste, by his being made the subject of special intercession at one of these meetings. The seeming pharisaism of this act drew from Vinet a brief vindication of his colleague, in which he characterized the doctrine of the *revival* as “new, sectarian, and a curious mixture of humility and pride.” Some years later an opponent made a handle of this passage against the author, who had then become eminent as a defender of the doctrine which he previously impugned. Vinet at once retracted his words. “He had,” he said, “judged ignorantly, rashly, and wrongly.” This incident may serve to recall to some of our readers an analogous one in the life of Dr. Chalmers. Both men were certainly in a high degree distinguished by that magnanimity of nature which knows how to confess its error, and to gather dignity rather than humility from the confession.

It was in 1821 that Vinet thus felt and wrote. In 1823 a great change had passed upon him. We are not informed regarding the circumstances under which this change took place. A modesty, which shrank at all times with sensitive acuteness from the disclosure of those deeper feelings which relate the soul to God—a discretion which could only feel itself offended by such disclosures, have left unknown the particulars of this crisis of his life. But it is by no means difficult to understand its general character. Vinet clearly entered from the first into the

possession of the Truth with a rare freedom and earnestness. It was not merely on one side, or towards one aspect of Christianity, that his moral nature was stirred; but he felt his whole being drawn to it, with a depth of conviction and intensity of love which filled his soul, and brought him into direct and enduring contact with its profound harmonies and marvellous consistency. Few, perhaps, have ever risen from the darkness and distraction of a faint half-knowledge of the Divine Revelation into the sunlight of a more vigorous and happy faith.

The peculiar depth and comprehensiveness of the Christian views of Vinet, may be traced in the very first of his writings, which claim our notice,\* viz., a paper on the *Inseparable Relation of Christian Doctrine and Morals*, which he contributed to the *Journal of the Society of Christian Morals*. The subject was one in which he continued to feel a profound interest, especially in reference to the restoration of evangelical feeling in the Swiss Churches. In some of his purely literary papers he has recurred to it, and dwelt upon it in an admirably felicitous manner.†

The ecclesiastical opinions of Vinet matured rapidly along with his Christian convictions. In the year 1824, the Canton de Vaud, in which the religious reformation had been steadily spreading for some years, became the theatre of active persecuting measures, adopted by the government against the evangelical clergy. Already, in 1822, certain younger ministers had been driven from the national Church for their perseverance in holding *conventicles*. To these younger men (Juvet, Chavannes, Olivier,) the two brothers Rochat somewhat more lately attached themselves, and the foundation of evangelical Dissent was laid in Vaud. Unwarned by the futility of its previous efforts to eradicate the spirit of "religious enthusiasm," the Government issued the famous edict of the 20th May 1824. It was then, in the language of M. Scherer, that intolerance was for the first time officially inaugurated. Vinet felt himself brought face to face with the great question of religious liberty, and, if he did not all at once reach settled convictions on the subject, he yet sufficiently indicated on what side he was to be ranked. A pamphlet under the title, "*Du Respect des Opinions*," appeared with his name in the same year. It was written in the interest of freedom of opinion generally, and boldly expresses the vigour and independence of Christian thought, which the author had already attained.

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\* Besides the *brochure* in defence of his colleague, already mentioned, Vinet appears to have previously given to the public a discourse which he pronounced by the grave of Professor Durand, and a translation of one of De Wette's sermons.

† For example, in his lengthened paper on Lamartine—*Etudes sur la Littérature Française*. Tome ii. p. 193, *seq.*

In 1826 appeared the first of Vinet's elaborate works on the subject of religious liberty, under the title of *Mémoire en Faveur de la Liberté des Cultes*. A sum of 2000 francs had been left by the late Minister of Justice, the Count de Lambrechts, for the best essay on the *Liberty of Worship*. The subject was announced under the auspices of the Society of Christian Morals. Nine and twenty memoirs were given in; and M. Guizot having undertaken the task of deciding on their respective merits, adjudged the honour to that of Vinet.

In this work, our author announced those special views as to the character and government of the Church, with which his name became afterwards so prominently associated, and which are sufficiently familiar to us in connexion with *Voluntaryism*. Although it was not till some time later—so late even as 1842—that his second and larger work\* on the same subject was published, and that his convictions regarding it may be said to have attained their complete maturity, they are yet so far unfolded in this earlier work, that we can fairly estimate, once for all, their nature, and the grounds on which they rest. What we apprehend will be found chiefly characteristic of them, is their intellectual *thoroughness*. Here, as everywhere, the views of Vinet start from a clear basis of principle, and develop therefrom into a structure so logically coherent as to defy assault, if we grant to him his starting point. His constant complaint of the Vaudois clergy was, that he could not carry them back to general principles, and enable them to see their duty in the transparent and comprehensive illumination of abstract truth. It is possible, however, that in this attempt to give logical completeness to an argument which does not admit of such decisive treatment, the reader may find just the weakness and insecurity of Vinet's position.

The State, according to Vinet, is a creature of necessity. It is a social necessity which creates and conserves it. The moral advantages which it secures are among its *consequences*, but not its *end*. Government, which is the means of social organization, ("le moyen de la société,") is also its representative, and does not rest any more than the State itself upon moral ideas. The State, therefore, has no religion, and can have none. There is no doubt a social morality which society is called upon to protect, and upon which it is based. But that morality has a source different from religion. It springs simply from the rights

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\* *Essai sur la manifestation des convictions religieuses, et sur la séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat, envisagée comme conséquence nécessaire et comme garantie du principe*. The translation is included in the list of works at the head of this article.

which it is the function of society to guarantee—from the natural wants which have brought men together. We might designate it *public reason*. Its principal elements are justice and virtue—its clear character and warrant are found in its necessity. Beyond its limits entirely, lie the feelings of the heart and of the interior life, and generally all which transcends the sphere of rights positively consecrated by society.

In contrast to the State, the Church is born of voluntary community of sentiment. It is a moral feeling, and not a want or necessity which determines the formation of it. Not only is constraint entirely foreign to it, but its genuine basis is *liberty*, for it rests upon faith, and faith cannot be forced. The only valid relation, therefore, between the Church and the State, consists in the purely moral influence of the former over the latter.

In his later and more detailed work, the same ideas are expressed, and the special question of the connexion between Church and State argued at length, and still more decisively towards the same result. The system of union between Church and State, he maintains in this work, is simply the corollary of a "principle;" and this principle is, that *society* can have, and ought to have a religion—a principle so fundamentally erroneous, in his estimation, that it destroys by direct consequence the right and validity of *individual* religion. "If society possess religion, the individual," he holds, "can have none."

In these views of Vinet, briefly but faithfully enunciated,\* the radical idea obviously is, that the State, in its very nature, is always something entirely alien from the Church. The civil or national life is not merely distinguished from the spiritual or Christian life, but so distinguished as to leave the territory of the one always necessarily lying outside the territory of the other. That society rests on an independent basis—that there are certain principles of public reason which form at once its condition and guarantee, none will deny; for the very fact of national existence, still more of national civilisation, before the Gospel, is sufficient proof that such principles exist by themselves independently of Christianity. But this is not the real question. The real hinge of the controversy is not here, but, as to whether such principles of public morality, admitted, in the broadest manner, to exist separately, ought or ought not, under the Gospel, to become transfused and elevated by its power into a higher social spirit, presenting its own peculiar conditions and guarantees of preservation. It will not be denied that Christianity, wherever it lives—in whatever community—has an essential tendency to

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\* The above rapid *précis* of Vinet's views is given in the clear and fair language of M. Scherer.

incorporate itself with the *whole* life of that community. Primarily addressing the individual heart and conscience, it has yet a special social action—or, at any rate, springing from the soil of the individual nature, it rises through every vein of society, assimilating the whole social organization to its own purity and dignity. Let the fact then be freely conceded,—that there is a sufficient basis of civil order in certain principles of common reason, yet it by no means follows that the State does not, through the infusion of higher Christian principles, have its basis and character necessarily elevated. We believe that it always has. We believe that the diffusion of Christianity in any nation imparts to it a new power and responsibility. And it is this new national life—a life taking its rise in individual conviction, yet which acquires by itself a *real* existence, acknowledged and judicially dealt with by the Divine Government as such—which is the fundamental idea wherein, on the one hand, a Christian State, and, on the other, an Established Church, find, it is believed, their true meaning and realization.

It appears to us to be a defect of Vinet's ecclesiastical doctrine, that it separates so essentially between Church and State as to leave the latter wholly without religious character. It takes up the accidental distinction, or rather antagonism, which *originally* existed between them, and perpetuates it in the form of an *abstract theory good for all times*. The State, according to his view, can never be Christian, but must still always remain alienated from the Church, just as really as when the latter began its great regenerative work in the heart of the old Roman world. A Christian nation is not with him even an ideal, but, in the nature of the case, an impossibility.

It is interesting, in this point of view, to contrast the theory of the late Dr. Arnold with that of Vinet. With the latter, the State is a form of society, we have seen, essentially alien from the Church, finding not only its warrant, but its highest sanction in a lower range of moral ideas. With the former, the State is not only Christian, but is itself the Church. It is not only bound to acknowledge and protect the national Christian life, but is, in its own order and authority, the only proper expression of that life. While Vinet separates Church and State to an extent practically untenable, Arnold unites, or rather identifies them in a way no less practically unjustifiable. Yet the theory of Arnold is, to our fancy, the nobler one; for, while the Church is not, and can never be, in the present state of things, the State, it is yet its ideal to become commensurate with it,—to diffuse its own divine spirit throughout all the movements of the national society, in all its ramifications,—and thus to become co-extensive with every local organization within which it acts.

It is the error of Arnold's theory, that it exceeds the actual fact of the case, and builds the construction of the Church upon a merely ideal basis; but it is the error of Vinet's theory, that it does not rise to the actual fact of the case, and therefore strikes not only at the union of Church and State in the ordinary sense, but, so far as we can see, subverts, by strict logical sequence, the Christian responsibility of nations yet blessed with the knowledge of the Gospel.

In another point of view, the ecclesiastical teaching of Vinet appears to be defective. In its extreme reaction from the old Catholic theory, it is not content merely to assert the right of private judgment, but to isolate it till the idea of authority seems altogether to disappear. Catholicism sinks the individual in the Church: Vinet forgets the Church in the individual. With the former, the Church is a mother nursing her children,—the baptized throughout the earth. With the latter, the Church is merely an aggregate of individuals, freely adhering under the force of a common faith and sympathy. Taken distinctively, there is no doubt truth in both of these views; but in the former assuredly not less than the latter. We cannot help feeling that Vinet has too much obscured the former, and that the truly scriptural notions of a Divine *institution* and *education*, preserved in the Catholic doctrine, are too little regarded in his system of individualism. The fact is,—a fact elsewhere so clearly recognised by our author,—that here, as in every such general question, there is a duplicity of ideas which we must not overlook, but in the strongest manner maintain—difficult as it may be to determine, in point of actual working, their exact correlation—to ascertain their mutual *practical* adjustment.

Having in our remarks somewhat anticipated the progress of Vinet's ecclesiastical opinions, it will be well to pursue, before again pausing, the series of external events with which that progress was intimately bound up, and which so strikingly helped it forward.

The law of May 1824 constituted, as has been said, the formal commencement of persecution in Vaud. In 1829 the persecuting spirit broke out with fresh and redoubled violence, on which occasion Vinet stepped forth as a determined opponent of the Government, and became in consequence involved in a public prosecution. It is impossible not to admire his frank and manly bearing throughout this matter. In the extended defence of himself and his views, which he published—distinguished alike for the resources of its logic and the vigour of its style—he takes his stand on the inviolable rights of conscience, and expresses his opinions with fearless boldness.

The Vaudois Revolution of 1830 revived with new warmth

the discussions as to religious liberty, and Vinet again lent his active pen to aid in the solution of the controversy. He published a *brochure* vindicating the utmost latitude of religious freedom, as alone compatible with the interests of Christianity. Far, however, from requiring the overthrow of the national church, he congratulated himself that all the facts and reasonings of his publication tended to shew that the highest prosperity of this institution was involved in the most perfect freedom being allowed to all modes of worship. Vinet indeed remained even for some time after this a member of the national church, although the force of conviction and the course of circumstances were ever bearing him further away from it. Already a dissenter in principle, he did not hasten to become one in practice; and for the obvious reason, that the severance of church and state was as yet to him rather an "ideal than a dogma." He still believed in a Christian nation, if doubts were also beginning to assail him on this head. The sentiments which still in 1831 attached him to the national church are expressed in a very touching manner in one of his articles in the *Nouvelliste*.\*

The new Vaudois government, after many agitations, rejected the clause in the proposed constitution intended to secure religious liberty. This was a great blow to the cause which Vinet had so much at heart, and in whose behalf he had incessantly raised his voice during the prolonged debates regarding it. The result was to him full of grief, and his health, never strong, became about this time a source of great anxiety to his friends.

While mingling so directly in the political and ecclesiastical conflicts of his native canton, Vinet had remained at Basle up to the period of which we speak. Hitherto attached to the university of that city merely as an extraordinary professor, the government at length in 1835 sought to fix him as one of its regular members, by instituting for him a chair of French Literature and Eloquence. The Vaudois authorities, however, about the same time commenced a movement for his recall to his native city, of which he promised to prove so brilliant an ornament; and accordingly, when in 1837 the chair of *Practical Theology* became

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\* " Sans doute, je ne suis pas plus étranger qu'un autre à ce sentiment qui attache au passé, à ce respect pour les anciennes institutions, proche parent du respect pour la vieillesse. Je me reprocherais presque autant de manquer à une vieille chose qu'à un vieil homme. L'âge de notre Eglise ne la recommande, son origine bien davantage, ses écrits encore plus, et je considère en outre l'inconvénient de la supprimer. Mais j'aime encore plus en elle ce qu'elle peut devenir que ce qu'elle a été. J'aime en elle un des départements, un des territoires de l'Eglise invisible. J'aime en elle ce que nos pères y ont aimé; un asile pour les âmes travaillées et chargées, une hôtellerie pour les voyageurs en chemin pour l'éternité, un filet jeté par la main du Seigneur sur ma terrestre patrie. J'aime en elle quelque chose de plus ancien que tout notre passé: Je veux dire ce qu'elle a encore de l'Eglise de Christ, ou plutôt c'est l'Eglise de Christ que j'aime en elle."

vacant in the Academy of Lausanne, he was appointed to it. Vinet yielded to what he regarded a duty, but he did not quit Basle without a struggle, and he often looked back with lingering regret to the years he had spent there.

The revolution of 1830 resulted in a political compromise, which it was obvious to all discerning eyes could not be permanent. Although yielding for a time the reins of government, Democracy then really triumphed—as subsequent events fully proved. In the meanwhile, discussions continued as to the proper relations between Church and State. In place of the old ecclesiastical ordinances adopted at Basle in 1793, the council of state occupied itself in 1837 with the preparation of a new ecclesiastical constitution, which, before bringing up for adoption to the grand council, it submitted to delegates of the four classes of clergy. Vinet was appointed delegate for the class of Lausanne and Vevay. The sittings of the delegates were public, and may be said to have been devoted to the whole range of the ecclesiastical controversy that had so long agitated the canton. Such questions as the admission of the laity to the government of the church, and adherence to the Helvetic Confession of Faith, were prominently discussed. On both of these questions Vinet ranged himself once more in opposition to the ultimate decision of the government. In reference to the important point of adherence to the Helvetic Confession, the part taken by him is well worthy of attention. He did not defend the Confession considered in itself—as in all its parts a thoroughly accurate or adequate exhibition of Christian truth; but he maintained the essential relation subsisting between the two terms *church* and *symbol*. It was necessary in his opinion that the Vaudois church should have a symbol, and, symbol for symbol, he preferred that which was known to that which was unknown—that which represented an historical faith to that which would probably prove a mere series of negations.

The new ecclesiastical constitution came into operation in 1841. Vinet did not think it in his power to accept the *régime* to which it submitted the church; and accordingly, in the end of 1840, he withdrew from the national church, setting forth the grounds of his determination in a letter addressed to his clerical brethren of the class of Lausanne. He resigned at the same time his office as Professor of Theology. He appears, however, to have continued privately his theological lectures, and again, in 1844, connected himself openly with the Lausanne Academy as temporary Professor of French Literature.

The Vaudois revolution of 1845 constituted the actual triumph of that wild Democracy which was only temporarily stayed by the constitution of 1830. The ecclesiastical consequences which

followed this triumph are well known. A direct collision arose immediately between the clergy and the government, and soon thereafter terminated in a large secession of ministers from the national church. The position of Vinet in reference to this movement was somewhat singular. He felt himself alternately attracted and repelled. He sympathized with the sacrifices of the clergy, but he could not understand the partial grounds on which alone they sought to defend their secession. He complained of their inability to grasp the real importance of their position, and aimed to convince them that the step which they had taken, under the force of circumstances, was not a *pisaller*, but a step glorious and momentous to the Church. He urged his ecclesiastical views in "Considerations" addressed to them; but there were few comparatively that he could raise into the same clear atmosphere of conviction with himself. Even the Evangelical Society of Geneva, in its General Assembly of 1846, protested by two of its most eminent members, against the importance attached to such merely ecclesiastical questions. D'Aubigné, their President, complained that there was given to such questions a place which only belonged to the cross of Calvary. M. Gaussen, in a report on the theological School, proclaimed that the best church is that which speaks least of the *Church* and most of *Christ*. These were among the last assertions on the subject to which Vinet made reply.

It was thus that in the closing years of his life, Vinet returned to questions which had occupied his youth. He preached tolerance to a persecuting people. He preached the spirituality of the Church to a clergy whose demission, he believed, had not sufficiently impressed them with this great principle. He laboured, at the same time, till the state of his health rendered this no longer possible, in the actual formation of the communion which was born of the Demission. Although himself, we have seen, a dissenter of older standing, he attached himself to this communion and exercised his ministry in it. A project of a constitution was presented to a synod which met at Lausanne on the 10th of November 1846, and was remitted by this synod to a committee of nine members, who were to report upon it at the commencement of the following year. Vinet was a member of this committee, and hastened to expound in the "*Semeur*" the principles which he considered indispensable as the foundation of such a work. These principles he reduced to three. The first contemplated not merely the admission of the laity to the councils of the church, but the modification of the ministry itself, so that there should be different orders for preaching and ruling. The second proposed that the simple fact of secession, and the profession which such an act implied, should constitute the terms of admis-

sion into the church. The third sought to adjust the relations between the church as a whole and its different congregations. There was to be a general church—a church of the canton; but every separate church—every ecclesiastical monad—was to be the centre of authority for itself. The independence and proper life of the church were considered to be bound up in this principle, which secured as much liberty as unity permitted, and as much unity as was compatible with liberty.

The committee did not limit itself to the revision of the project submitted to it, but prepared a new work, which was presented to the synod in the month of February 1847. This work was composed of two parts—a project of constitution for the Free Church of the canton of Vaud, and a report containing an exposition of the principles on which the project was based. This report in its most essential parts was from the pen of Vinet. The influence which he exercised in the committee was not however transferred to the synod; and the result was, that not a few of his proposals and principles met with strong opposition, and were ultimately rejected, or at least so modified as to leave them scarcely the same as when they came from his hand. There is reason to think that he deeply felt this defeat of his cherished views. Prevented by the state of his health from taking an active part in the labours of the synod, he gave vent to his feelings in the pages of the *Reformation* in the form of a letter to a member of this assembly. He had announced a second letter, and even dictated the commencement of it from his couch of suffering, when death put an end to this and all his other labours.

For some time the health of Vinet had been a subject of great anxiety to all his friends, and he was urged to seek repose. But the spirit was willing, though the flesh was weak; and in the commencement of this very year (1847,) besides the ecclesiastical labours we have mentioned, and from which throughout his whole life he had scarcely rested, he was busy with many literary projects. He cherished the intention of retiring to Clarens, and devoting himself there in quietness to the execution of extended plans of authorship which he had long contemplated. He desired especially to revise and complete his *Courses of Lectures on the Practical Philosophy of Christianity*, (of which we have only some fragments in one of the volumes at the head of this Article,\*) and on *Pastoral Theology*. He proposed collecting his papers on Pascal, (since done by his friends,) in which he defends that illustrious Christian thinker from the charge of philosophic Pyrrhonism, advanced against him by Cousin. He spoke of a selection of sermons from Bossuet, and

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\* *Essais de Philosophie Morale et de Morale religieuse.*

of a new translation of the "Imitation," with preface and notes. He had already made arrangements for the publication of a History of French Literature in two volumes. He thought even of writing a grammar. Such was, nevertheless, the degree of debility to which he was reduced, that he was scarcely able to proceed from his bed to his lecture-room. At length he was forced to abandon all his professional duties, and on the 20th of April he was conveyed to Clarens. He bore the journey better than was expected, but any hopes of his recovery were of short duration. "Vinet knew clearly," writes M. Scherer, "the gravity of his situation. At the same time, as he had not made of his heart two parts, the one for the world and the other for God, so neither did he make of his life two divisions, the one for living and the other for dying; but he continued up to the last moment to occupy himself with the thoughts and labours which had filled his life." He continued to take a lively interest in literary matters. His last pleasure in this way was the perusal of Lamartine's History of the Girondists. In the beginning of May, on Sabbath the 2d, his sufferings greatly increased, and for the few last days he was unable to speak much. He is supposed to have purposely abstained from such statements as are often collected and recited from the lips of the dying,—having cherished always a distaste for such recitals. The only memorials that have been preserved of his last moments are expressions of affection and humility. One of his friends having said that he would pray earnestly for him, he replied, "You could scarcely pray for a creature more unworthy." At another time he asked pardon for all the offence,—so he expressed himself,—which he had given by his impatience and intolerance. He left the following message for his son:—"Tell him that he persevere in the love of Jesus Christ, since he has found it." On Monday evening he appeared better, and there seemed yet a glimmering of hope. His sister and Madame Vinet, worn out with fatigue, went to take some repose. A friend remained with him. These were their last words of conversation. "What shall I ask for you?" said his friend. "Ask for me?" replied Vinet, "all grace, even the most elementary." At one o'clock in the morning his breathing became heavy and his sufferings returned. They continued to the end, but without any great struggle or agony. Some one asked a question. "I can no longer think," he answered; and these were his last words. He expired at four o'clock in the morning, on the 10th of May 1847.

A great multitude from Vevay, Lausanne, and even Geneva, met to pay the last duties to one whom they had so much admired and loved. A monument raised by his friends marks the

place where Vinet rests, in the cemetery of Clarens, on the summit of a smiling hill, in one of the most beautiful spots in the world.\*

In turning now to the writings of Vinet we feel that it would be a vain task to criticise them in detail. They are at once so diversified and so fragmentary. We shall best accomplish our purpose by rapidly glancing at his successive publications, and endeavouring to gather up from them his most prominent characteristics as a man of letters and a divine. It is necessary to consider him, to some extent, separately under these aspects; but we would by no means lose sight, even temporarily, of the one character in the other. It is, in truth, impossible to do so from any right point of view in which our author can be regarded. For, as will be fully apparent in the sequel, it is just the very unusual combination of exquisite literary taste and skill, with the depth and comprehensiveness of the Christian philosopher, which imparts to the name of Vinet its highest lustre.

Literature was the idol of Vinet's youth, and although graver employments often interrupted his literary ardour, he still clung to it, and, at different intervals, recurred to elaborate plans of literary preparation. He had already in Basle, amid his more ordinary functions as a teacher, begun his literary career. In 1829-30 he gave to the public his first work entitled *Chrestomathie Française*, which appears to have been intended as a sort of text-book for the use of his classes in the Gymnasium. It was based upon a principle to which he attached great importance in the teaching of languages,—viz., the communication of instruction in the concrete, from the actual text of some author, instead of the common abstract method of teaching from the grammar as a species of geometry. The second edition of this work he enriched with various fragments in the form of letters, in which he communicated the fruits of his long meditation on his favourite task, and treated cursorily of language and the study of literature. An historical survey of French literature, which formed the introduction to the third volume, was also entirely recast for this edition, and so admirably accomplished its object, as to draw from critics a warm tribute of praise. "It was a veritable literary *chef-d'œuvre*," wrote M. Sainte-Beuve, "at once full and finished."

In 1831 the *Semneur* was commenced, and this journal formed henceforth for many years the centre of Vinet's literary activity. It might be said, according to M. Scherer, to be *his* journal, so much was it indebted to his pen, and determined in its character by his influence. Especially was it the depository of those lite-

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\* For the details of these paragraphs, we are indebted to M. Scherer.

rary criticisms which he delighted to throw off, with such easy fertility, and in which he manifested such aptitude as to lead some to consider them his special work and calling.

A famous course of lectures on the French Moralists, which he delivered at Basle during the winter of 1832, deserves special mention. The success which attended them was remarkable. The felicitous union of literary criticism of the most delicate and searching character, with a vein of profound and ingenious moral sentiment, was something quite new and striking. Among the many regrets, remarks his biographer, which are left to us from the interrupted career of Vinet, one of the most lively is that which arises from the impossibility of our ever possessing as a whole these memorable lectures. We have only some fragments of them published in the *Semeur*.

In 1837 he collected certain of his miscellaneous writings, and published them in a separate volume, under the title of *Essais de Philosophie Morale*, one of the works before us. These Essays, as the title indicates, bear in the main on a common topic. "One train of thought pervades them, and is reproduced under diverse applications."\* They cannot be said, however, to exhibit anything of the unity of a treatise, while several merely literary criticisms are appended to fill up the volume.

The Introductory Essay of this collection is among the most characteristic of all Vinet's productions. It is devoted to the consideration of those seeming intellectual contradictions,—“dualities,” he calls them,—which meet us everywhere as we push backwards our speculative inquiries. He brings out into clear and sharp prominence a great variety of such *antinomies*, to use the more exact Kantian expression; and dwells strongly on the impotence of all mere Eclecticism to resolve them,—pointing at the same time to the direction in which he is disposed to seek their solution. It will be felt by all who have grappled with such difficulties, that Vinet is, as ever, more successful in the exposition of the problem than in the hints which he throws out towards its solution. We believe no less strongly than he did that Christ is the great centre of mediation here, as in all respects, and that in the “Gospel alone there is a key which opens all doors;” but it is utterly to mistake the true character of that reconciling power which lies in Christianity, to ascribe to it, as he would seem to do, a purely intellectual as well as moral force. Christ came not to resolve the enigmas of human philosophy, but to restore the harmony of human life. If the Christian, therefore, finds a refuge in the Gospel from the oppression of those intellectual contradictions which have been in all ages the torture of speculation,—it is not because he is enabled

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\* Introduction, p. ii.

to see with the intellectual eye more clearly than others, but because he is enabled to repose in the perfect peace which flows to him from the Cross, amid all speculative difficulties whatever. We would not say with Vinet, therefore, "this word (the Cross) re-organizes *thought* and the *world*," but simply this word re-organizes the world, and, through the practical unity which it brings, prepares the way, if not for speculative unity, yet for speculative submission.\* To proclaim anything more than this is, we believe, radically to misrepresent the Truth, and to gainsay the most obvious and undeniable evidence all around us. A Christian Philosophy,—a satisfactory solution of the problems which meet us wherever we penetrate to the depths of Christian Thought,—is still notoriously a desideratum; and if the traces of it may be discerned at length by the patient and thoughtful eye among the suggestions of a more genial, and reverent, and comprehensive philosophic spirit, it assuredly does not yet present itself as a clear and complete doctrine.

The other essays in the volume treat of such special subjects as the *freedom of the will*—*the nature and principle of morals*—*the standard of morals*—*utilitarianism*—*individuality and individualism*. They all bear abundant marks of Vinet's literary skill, but they do not in this respect claim from us any particular notice.

We hasten to introduce to the reader those more purely literary productions of his pen which his friends have collected since his death, in the three large volumes at the head of our paper, entitled, "*Etudes sur la Littérature Française au dix-neuvième Siècle*," and in his other writings on the History of French Literature.† The chief foundation of the three volumes, is the lectures which he delivered at Lausanne during the years from 1844 to the close of 1846, while he occupied the chair of French literature there in room of his friend M. Monnard. This, indeed, appears to have been one of the most brilliant periods of Vinet's intellectual activity. Rapid, inge-

\* This subordination of speculation to practice, according to the condensed pith of Christian philosophy, expressed in the pregnant words,—“If ye do the will of God, ye shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.”—is, indeed, elsewhere distinctly acknowledged by Vinet; and in the Essay in question he probably did not mean to teach an opposite doctrine, although his concluding paragraphs, in their peculiar emphasis, would seem to point to such a conclusion.

† Messrs. T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh have just issued a translation of Vinet's posthumous *History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, founded on his last Course,—(see list at the head of this Article,)—a work of great interest, which abounds in illustrations of the profound views and broad literary sympathies of the author, and is the first attempt to estimate the literary age of Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, from a Christian point of view.

The mention of this subject suggests another work, recently translated from French literature into our own. We refer to *Voltaire and his Times*, by L. F. Bungener. (Edinburgh, Constable and Co., 1854.) This fascinating work should be in the hands of all who are interested in that memorable period in the history of France and of Europe.

nious, and fruitful, as is the display of his powers in these volumes, they convey but little idea of the real resources and charm of his lecturing. This, according to one of his auditors, was "in its form and method of the highest character. Free from all pedantry and scholastic coldness, it was at once lively and profound, thorough and copious. The effusion of his whole soul into the souls of his pupils,—it was eminently fertile and creative, inspiring as much as merely instructing. No one ever went from his lectures without some spark of that enthusiasm which a noble and sympathetic spirit always kindles in the hearts of the young." M. Sainte-Beuve has added his testimony to Vinet's rare powers as a lecturer. Entering his class-room one day unexpectedly, he reports,—“I listened to a lecture profound and elevated—to an eloquence grave and earnest. In language exquisitely finished, weighty and yet animated, the lecturer unfolded his rich mental treasures,—what a profound and genial and complete impression of a Christianity thoroughly real and spiritual. . . . I have never tasted a purer mental joy, nor experienced a more lively exaltation of moral sentiment.”

The whole of the extended criticisms on Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand, which fill the first volume of collected "Studies," appears to have been given during this period, as well as the criticisms on the contemporary French lyric and dramatic poets, which compose the second volume. The remaining volume consists mainly of selections from the author's critical papers in the *Semur*.

These "Studies" furnish us with abundant means of determining the literary merits and character of Vinet. He ranges with a free and facile pen, through the most diverse subjects,—commenting with equal copiousness on such writers as Beranger and Victor Hugo on the one hand, and D'Aubigné and Sainte-Beuve on the other. All subjects and writers—if they be only French, for he does not seem to have interested himself much in foreign literature—come to the critic alike. Philosophy, history, eloquence, poetry, are handled with the same apparent ease and mastery; and especially, it is deserving of notice, in their subtle and less obvious bearings on the interests of religious thought and feeling. For in the midst of all his diversity Vinet never forgets that he is a Christian critic. On the contrary, he acknowledges it at all times to be one of his main duties to penetrate beneath every sphere of intellectual activity, and to lay bare the principles there at work in relation to the Gospel.

This feature of Vinet's literary career possesses for us peculiar interest. Manifesting everywhere a wide and hearty apprecia-



most delightful features of his "Studies." Always in the writer he recognises, and, wherever he can, honours the man.

In their more general character these "Studies" are remarkable for being in the strict sense criticisms. They are not dissertations, setting out from the works of an author as merely a sort of text, but truly analytical digests and reviews of the work before him, although in the introductions he often launches into a thorough and expanded discussion of literary principles. This minutely critical complexion tends to detract from their permanent interest and value in a collected form, especially as many of the works so carefully reviewed—the *Divine Épopée* of Soumet, for example, and the *Prometheus*, or Edger Quinet, can never be said to have emerged from the oblivion which was their natural destiny. This feature of the "Studies" serves at the same time strikingly to display the acuteness and versatile subtilty of Vinet's genius, and not less his painstaking conscientiousness. Everywhere his conscientious thoroughness is in fact remarkable. Fragmentary as are his works, they are never superficial and never commonplace. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the same variety of literary material marked throughout by a more scrupulous earnestness. His incessant productiveness was, especially in this view, a mystery to his friends. M. Scherer says, "he read, examined, and often re-read, always returning to the study of Pascal, Racine, and Bossuet. He never undertook to lecture upon a literary epoch without studying anew its principal authors, and sometimes even their least important writings. And all this intellectual exertion, divided among lecturing, teaching, preaching, and the composition of innumerable articles, was liable to constant interruption from the inroads of a cruel malady."

We cannot, with the space at our command, pretend to exhibit anything like an adequate specimen of Vinet's literary powers, as displayed in these volumes. We present the reader with only a single extract from the critique on Lamartine's *Jocelyn*, illustrative of that Christian quality in the criticism of our author, of which we have spoken.

"Christianity, the work of God, who knows what is in man, admirably fits man for actual life, and for every part of life. It leaves untilled no corner of the field of human existence. It furnishes thinkers to science—arms to labour. It accepts nature and its most diverse gifts, earth and its most various abodes, life in all its circumstances—man in a word wholly; and everywhere qualifies him for action,—disposes and excites him thereto. It is the religion of reality, of action, of life. It is a wisdom as fit for man, as it is worthy of God. It at once stimulates to activity, and sanctifies it.

"M. Lamartine, who knows well that religion like thought must



of Lamartine, "It nourishes reason and conscience too little to restore them. It is neither bread nor meat, but a delicate perfumed blanc-manche, which every one is happy to taste, but upon which no one can live." Again, of Chateaubriand's,— "The author calls the situation of René *le vague des passions*; he might call it so too, but it is rather *la passion du vague*." This exquisite finish of Vinet's pen is warmly commented on by M. Scherer. He draws a comparison in this respect between him and two illustrious contemporaries, M. Sainte-Beuve and our own Macaulay, which may interest the reader. "M. Sainte-Beuve," he says, "has a finer and more sustained colour, but at the same time a colour too uniform and unrelieved by any vigorous, and, so to speak, victorious touch. Macaulay shews himself an admirable portrait painter, in many of the essays with which he adorned the Edinburgh Review. But if these portraits appear sometimes to leap out of the canvass and walk, they are yet also at times more lively than like. Shading is sacrificed to effect. The colour is more dazzling than solid. Antithesis and paradox are too conspicuous on the palette of the artist. The pencil of Vinet, on the contrary, is always true; it is true above everything, and he derives from this very truth a vigour and a grace all his own. We might say, changing the image, that Vinet holds a balance, wherefrom he strikes on the finest gold a multitude of medals incomparable for the *netteté* of the impress and the relief of the image."

The style of Vinet is in these, and in all his works, excellent;—more severe and classical in his early—more ingenious, impressive, and *recherché*, with less simplicity, in his later writings. There is a tendency perhaps in some of his critical papers to a brilliancy too strained and antithetic. The radical French vice of trying to say everything with effect and contrast, is apparent here and there. More plainness and repose would be welcome at times. There are few, however, who can more truly be called a master of style, or whose writing presents a more lively series of separate felicities of expression, if it does not often rise into sustained grandeur or pathos.

As a more especially theological author, Vinet presents us with a variety of works. In 1831 he published a volume of "Discourses," which he had preached in the French church at Basle; and again, in 1841, a similar volume. It is from these volumes that the selections, translated and published first in America, and then in our own country, under the name of "Vital Christianity," were taken. These Discourses, when first published in France, excited a lively and profound impression. If, in their selected and translated form, they cannot be said to have attained to anything like popularity, there are some sufficiently obvious reasons for this.

In the first place, Vinet suffers more than most writers by transfusion into a foreign tongue, even in the hands of a good translator. The peculiar niceties and exquisite turns of expression which give charm to his style in the original, necessarily disappear to a large extent in the translation. The Discourses themselves, moreover, in their range of thought, are rather academical than popular. Some of those in the second volume were in fact never preached, but were prelections delivered in his class-room at Lausanne. Throughout they resemble more the carefully weighed address of the Christian philosopher than the simple and direct utterances of the Christian preacher. Even those which bear more plainly the character of sermons, have an obviously elaborate aspect. And this is easily explained, when we understand the mode of their composition. Vinet, it appears, like Robert Hall, (whose sermons we have always felt to be obnoxious to the very same objection,) first preached his sermons, and then committed them to writing. It was only perhaps after he had preached a sermon several times, that, in the quiet of his study he gave it a permanent shape. The consequence was, that there appeared to many in his spoken style a simplicity, warmth, and variety which they missed in his published writings. The emotion which gave animation and directness to his preaching, yielded in the study to the reflective habits of the author. Hence that frequent appearance of overwrought ingenuity, both of argument and expression, which strikes us in the discourses—that antithetical brilliancy and excessive polish which fatigues sometimes without instructing—that apologetical air, in short, which marks them all, and which suggests the theological professor defending at every point his position, more than the preacher aiming to seize by a hearty violence the souls of his hearers. Hence what M. Scherer well calls the “incomplete fusion of the oratorical and scientific tone—of the sermon and the essay.”

The subtle severity of Vinet's logic,—a dialectic which never loses sight of its object, amid whatever bursts and winding of sentiment,—is apt also to weary, especially as the mind receives no help in its course from his mode of arrangement. This work is never “distributive,” but always “progressive.” He never lays down his plan in distinct divisions, but links thought to thought in an advancing sequence, highly logical in reality, but without these forms of reasoning which enable the mind to pause and gather in the strength of the argument at given points.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Vinet is not, in many of his Christian writings, thoroughly practical and edifying. He is often so in the highest degree. Even in the “Discourses” the pure impulses of Christian feeling break ever

and anon in vivid and startling flashes through the restraints of academic treatment. And in the two posthumous volumes published by his friends, under the title of *Etudes Evangéliques*,\* and *Méditations Evangéliques*, this practical character is, upon the whole, the prevailing one. Throughout many of the pieces in these later volumes, there runs in fact a deep vein of spiritual experience, rising at times into a rapture of devotion, not more delicate and beautiful in its expression than intense and powerful in its enthusiasm.

In one respect these religious writings of Vinet deserve special commendation. The mere technical verbiage of the pulpit, the professional nomenclature which so often disfigures religious works, and (as deplored by John Foster) renders them distasteful to the literary student, finds no place in them. The refined taste, and the deep sincerity of Vinet, equally repudiated such conventionalisms,—apt to pass current, like old money from hand to hand, long after they have lost all beauty and meaning. Everywhere he translates the profoundest meaning of the Gospel into the language of life, and the ordinary expressions of modern literature,—a feature of his religious composition, which gives to its most devotional utterance an air of powerful and impressive reality.

This character is said to have even more attractively belonged to his preaching. A secret charm of reality, of *truth*, in the most comprehensive sense, was, according to M. Scherer, that which especially enchained and delighted his hearers. "You had before you," he adds, "a man who mounted the pulpit, because he had something to say. You felt that what he expressed was his life—himself—no mere acquired dogmatism; no set phrases; no religious jargon; no passages tacked the one to the end of the other, in order to hide the emptiness of the thought; all was in the highest degree useful. Nothing betrayed for a moment the oratorical complacency which contemplates itself thinking, or delights to hear itself talking—The tone moved and penetrated, because he who spoke was obviously himself first moved and penetrated."

We have alluded to the apologetical character of the "Discourses." We feel we should overlook one of the most significant points in the theological career of our author, if we did not advert to it more particularly. Vinet found himself, by the necessity of his position, in the attitude of a Christian apologist. Amid the infidel opposition which the newly-awakened Evangelical

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\* This volume has also been translated in Collins' cheap series of religious works, (see the head of our article;) and we have seen also, we think, a small volume of selections in English from the *Méditations*.

feeling of his country encountered, he felt himself called upon to hold forth, in what seemed to him the most effective manner, the Divine verity of the Gospel. This may be said to be more or less the pervading aim of the first volume of Discourses. The branch of Christian evidence which Vinet has there peculiarly exhibited, is that drawn from the adaptation of the Gospel to the necessities of human nature. He does not indeed for a moment disparage the ordinary historical proofs. On the contrary, he expressly acknowledges their appropriate force to many minds.\* But these were not the proofs which obviously most interested and impressed himself. The fitness of Divine truth to satisfy the spiritual cravings of man, and its power to *regenerate* his life, were the facts of Christian evidence which he delighted to treat, and to present under a great variety of aspects. This moral fitness and power of the Gospel appeared to him in the strictest sense *evidence*, approving itself not merely to the minds of those who had realized them, but also to the minds of others; for even those who continued strangers to the moral experience, could not fail to observe and appreciate its influence on others. They could not help recognising *facts* presented to them, nor dispute the explanation of these facts. But he argues, it is impossible that a religion which leads to God should not come from Him; and it were the grossest absurdity to believe that our moral life could be regenerated through a lie. "Suppose, after all," he says, "you shall be told this religion is false; but, meanwhile, it has restored in you the image of God, re-established your primitive connexion with that great Being, and put you in a condition to enjoy life and the happiness of Heaven. By means of it you have become such, that, at the last day, it is impossible that God should not receive you as his children, and make you partakers of his glory. You are made fit for Paradise, nay, Paradise has commenced for you even here, because you love. This religion has done for you what all religion proposes, and what no other has realized. Nevertheless, by the supposition, it is false; and what more could it do were it true? Rather do you not see that this is a splendid proof of its truth? Do you not see that it is impossible that a religion which leads to God should not come from God, and that the absurdity is precisely that of supposing that you can be regenerated by a falsehood."

The influence of Pascal, of whose "Thoughts," we have already hinted, Vinet was a profound student, is very obvious in these apologetic views. With both, it is the marvellous adaptation of the Gospel to the exigencies of human nature which constitute the peculiar evidence of its divinity. On the

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\* Discourses, p. 45.—Translation.

one hand, man, cast aside from God, yet cannot rest without Him. The vision of a Divine home, from which he has wandered, pursues him. The brightness of a vanished light haunts him. The very depth of his sinful misery asserts the reality of his original holiness. On the other hand, the Gospel appears as the satisfaction of these confessed wants of humanity—as the remedy of its guilt and wretched discord. This was the fruitful idea of Pascal, to whose full development his great work, of which the *Pensées* are but the disjointed fragments, was to be dedicated. This was also, it is well known, a favourite branch of evidence with Chalmers. But neither of these great writers, perhaps, has seized the view more completely, or dealt with it more effectively, than Vinet, who pursues it with a force of comprehensive analysis, and a confidence of illustration, deeply impressive. “The Gospel,” he says, “unites itself intimately with all that is most profound and ineradicable in our nature. It fills in it a void—it clears from it darkness—it binds into harmony the broken elements, and creates unity. It makes itself not only be believed, but *felt*; and when the soul has thoroughly appropriated it, it blends indistinguishably with all the primitive beliefs, and the natural light which every man brings into the world.” Again, in a beautiful passage:—“You remember the custom of ancient hospitality. Before parting with a stranger, the father of the family, breaking a piece of clay on which certain characters were impressed, gave one half to the stranger, and kept the other himself. Years after, these two fragments, brought together and rejoined, acknowledged each other, so to speak,—formed a bond of recognition between those presenting them, and in attesting old relations, became at the same time the basis of new. So in the book of our soul does the Divine Revelation unite itself to the old traces there. Our soul does not discover, but recognises the Truth. It infers that a reunion (*rencontre*) impossible to chance—impossible to calculation—can only be the work and secret of God; and it is then only that we believe—then when the Gospel has for us passed from the rank of external to the rank of *internal* truth, and, if I might say so, of *instinct*—when it has become in us part and parcel of our consciousness.”

Throughout the Christian writings of Vinet there is a sufficiently marked growth of opinion. We think, however, that M. Scherer, under the force of his own peculiar convictions, somewhat exaggerates the character of this progress. It does not appear to us that Vinet in any respect abandoned the clear and definite orthodoxy of his earlier years.—Only in the more thorough transfusion of the different elements of Christian Truth in his own consciousness, he certainly came to dwell less upon their

logical prominences. He ceased to take any pleasure he may have ever had in sharply defining the boundaries between the different items of his creed. Realizing evermore the whole system of Christian Truth as a living synthesis in his own heart, it appears to have been his great aim in his later works to exhibit this synthesis more entirely. He felt always more strongly the force of what he himself says in his Homiletics, and owned more thoroughly the influence of such a conviction. "Every dissection of moral truth," he observes, "is prevarious and hypothetical; we separate what is not separate, what cannot be so, what being separate, loses its nature; there is, therefore, in the best made analysis, something false, were it only in the character of succession which it impresses on simultaneous facts." He became, in short, always more of a profound Christian philosopher, and less of a mere abstract theologian. This appears to us to be the whole explanation of that development in the theological views of Vinet on which M. Scherer insists so much.

For example: he propounds in his earlier Discourses a certain view as to the relation between *Reason* and *Faith*—a view still common in more than one of our theological schools; according to which Reason and Faith are apprehended as wholly distinct faculties of the human mind, and it is represented as the glory of faith to receive that which is stumbling to Reason. Already, however, in the second edition of these Discourses the idea of his error in this respect had obviously dawned upon him. For, he says in the preface, "It is necessary always that the truth without us correspond to the truth within us—to that intellectual conscience which, no less than the moral conscience is invested with sovereignty, asserts its claims, and may be said even to feel remorse—to those irresistible axioms which we carry in us, which are part of our nature, and the necessary support and basis of our thoughts—in a word, to *Reason*." A higher conception of Reason had here, it is clear, sprung up in the mind of our author, and this, blending it with a higher and more comprehensive conception of Faith, was carried by him up into a unity of power, which, directed to the divine verities of the Gospel, may be indifferently denominated *Reason* or *Faith*;—the truth being that the soul does not in any case put forth separate faculties, but in every case truly puts forth its entire activity, only now charged more with a moral, and now more with an intellectual element. This approaching unity of Reason and Faith, conspicuous in his later writings, does not, however, in the least degree impair his orthodoxy. It only exalts and purifies it. In carrying Reason with him in this nobler sense not merely to the threshold of the divine Temple, but within the Sanctuary, he is so far from approaching Rationalism, that he destroys it in the most effectual manner, by

showing the eternal conformity between the revealed glories of Christianity and the demands of the human soul. Deep is beheld answering to deep; and in the perfect congruity of Reason (expressing the highest attitude of the soul towards the Truth) and Revelation, the door is shut effectually against all those lower questionings whose issue is alone Rationalism in any intelligible sense.

Again, it is no doubt true, that the distinction between justification and sanctification is much more sharply apprehended and expressed by Vinet in his earlier than in his later Discourses. This does not arise, however, from his having lost sight of the radically distinguishing element in the former, without the due apprehension of which the latter soon loses all its peculiarly evangelical meaning. The whole explanation of his difference of view appears to us to be that, in his earlier representations of the gospel, he looks more at its objective side—at the fact accomplished *for us* by Divine Grace—while in his later representations, particularly in his famous discourse on “the Work of God,” he looks more at its subjective side—at the work accomplished *in us* through the Divine Spirit. But while this subjective aspect of salvation assumed latterly a special interest for him—while the realization of the Truth in the life of the believer, and his continual purification thereby, became with him obviously the favourite theme of meditation and preaching, there is yet no reason to believe that he for a moment forgot the eternal reality expressed in the peculiarly Protestant doctrine of justification, on the assurance of which the sinner can alone rest amid all his doubts and shortcomings. This great test of a standing or a falling church, we have no right to think, was dimmed for a moment from the gaze of Vinet. Only its analytic exposition did not much attract him in his later years, especially in reference to certain Antinomian tendencies which he thought he traced in the Swiss churches. He did not care to dwell on the distinctive theological significance of the doctrine, (truly as he prized it,) but rather on its synthetic practical relation to the whole Christian life. Hence his beautiful and impressive illustration of the river and its source, whereby he shows how in *act* and *life* all the technical and scientific distinctions, by which the theologian characterizes the different stages of salvation, merge into an indivisible unity, even as the river in its source and throughout its course is still the same, however often it may change its name in its onward passage.

Vinet, we have already said, was appointed Professor of Practical Theology in the Academy of Lausanne in 1837. The installation discourse which he delivered on this occasion is a fine specimen of the mingled depth and simplicity of his Christian

views.\* It strikes with a firm yet delicate hand the key-note of the theological course, the preparation of which henceforth formed among the main labours of his life. Fervent and even impassioned in evangelical tone—glowing throughout with love and devotion to the cross—it is at the same time eminently rational, and in a word *human* in its sympathies. It blends spirituality and reality, faith and nature, piety and literature, in an exquisite harmony of composition, which fills, as with a full and mellow satisfaction, the mind and heart.

The two volumes on "Pastoral Theology" and "Homiletics," are the fruits of Vinet's theological labours at Lausanne which have been preserved to us. They are both of them posthumous volumes, and appear under every disadvantage attaching to such works. In both cases they are in fact little else than the materials, collected in the shape of notes, for the complete works which the author, had he been spared, would have fashioned out of them. Here and there elaborated with obvious care, and characterized by the utmost finish of sentiment and expression, they yet bear many marks of imperfection. They are apt in consequence to disappoint in the mere perusal,—the thread of continuity is so often broken, and the attention so frequently distracted by the fragmentary note-like aspect of the page. They are admirable, however, in spirit, and contain as a whole more valuable matter of study for the Christian minister, than any similar volumes which we know.

It will not be expected that we can present any analysis of these works at the close of this extended paper. Each in itself might form a theme for separate treatment. The smaller volume on "Pastoral Theology" is especially excellent in the point of view from which it contemplates the whole subject. Here the clear openness of Vinet's nature displays itself with the best effect. In almost every treatise on the Pastorate, from Chrysostom's downwards, the great defect has always appeared to us to be the air of exaggeration and unreality which to a great extent pervades them. The Christian priest is too much isolated, and his position and duties treated of too much as belonging to a wholly separate region of experience and responsibility. So much so, sometimes, that, as with certain manuals of mystical devotion, the heart which has not abandoned itself to that subtlest of all delusions—a false and empty spirituality, is driven back in a sort of fright and despair at the picture presented to it. The truth of *life* admitting of such numberless compromises

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\* The reader will find it at the close of the recently published volume on Homiletics, the translation of which we have placed at the head of our article.

—marked by such beautiful compensations—is sacrificed to the rigours of theory. Common sense—that vivifying essence in all duty, is made to yield to abstractions. We believe profoundly that such treatises, much as they are sometimes talked about, have exercised but little actual influence in moulding the Pastoral mind in successive generations. Eminently adapted to keep an ideal of the Pastorate before those who, through the life already in them, are seeking after such an ideal, they yet present far too few points of contact with the necessities and exigencies of daily existence, to serve effectually in the great work of Pastoral education.

The value of Vinet's work, on the contrary, just consists in the diffused presence of this element of common sense and reality throughout. At every point he brings the position and duties of the pastor into contact with *life*. No man can be more impatient of abstractions in every sense; none care less for raptures and spiritual excesses of any kind. Ceremonialism has no sacredness for him where it cannot render a speedy account of its reason or usefulness. He carries into all departments of ministerial work the positive spirit, which, as he truly says, "distinguishes our age—which brings back to their proper sense, all the metaphors of life—which demands from every sign an account of its value, from every form an account of its reason—which wishes every word to be a fact, every discourse an action—which banishes from style, as from society, all arbitrary or unintelligible ceremonial, and which wishes that eloquence, in particular, should render an account of its processes, no longer to I know not what art, to I know not what proprieties, but *to life*." The reader is accordingly presented in Vinet's volumes with no mere ideal—the vague responsibilities of which, as suggesting their own impracticability, he can easily shift from himself; but he is presented with a real and living picture, whose truthfulness in its very plainness and simplicity often startles him, calling forth from the slumbering depths of the conscience an answering emotion not easily put to sleep either under the impulses of a fantastic spirituality or a hardening worldliness. Before such a clear portrait, the self-delusions both of the one and the other fall away. It is this union of nature and faith—of the reality of the one and the sanctity of the other—which we feel to constitute the peculiar excellence and usefulness of Vinet's "*Pastoral Theology*."

*Pastoral Theology*, according to Vinet, concerns the whole theory and practice of the Christian ministry. The expressions "pastoral duties," and "pastoral prudence," he considers incomplete, as suggesting merely the practical side of the subject, whereas it also claims and deserves our attention on the speculative side.

"He who has only regarded the various elements of his profession as they are presented to him in active life, will act neither with liberty, intelligence, nor profundity." The name of Pastoral Theology might thus very well be given to all the collection of topics embraced in the wider name of Practical Theology, for the idea of the pastorate is implied in all these, and governs them all. It is in the light of the Christian ministry, and as bearing on its adequate fulfilment, that they all find their peculiar meaning. At the same time it is desirable, with a view to the more complete treatment of the different branches of the general subject, to apply the designation of Pastoral Theology more immediately to what belongs to Christian *Worship* and *Discipline*, leaving *Homiletics* and *Catechetics* to be discussed as special subjects. Vinet has not, however, attempted to carry out this distinction with any rigour,—as, indeed, it cannot be done, so thoroughly do the different functions of the ministry mutually suppose and involve one another. The subject of preaching is, therefore, treated by him in the volume on Pastoral Theology, as well as in the larger volume especially devoted to it.

This volume on "Homiletics" appears to us, upon the whole, to be stamped with a higher and more comprehensive ability. The truth is, that Vinet from his previous studies was especially at home on such a subject, in which he finds scope not only for his powers of exposition, but also for his rich faculty of criticism, some exquisite gems of which are scattered up and down its pages.

The subject is divided by Vinet according to the "immemorial and inevitable division" of a course upon the art of oratory; viz., *Invention, Arrangement, Elocution*. Under the first of these heads he has two separate sections, devoted, 1st, to the subject of the *pulpit discourse*; 2d, to the *matter of the pulpit discourse*. "The matter is to the subject what the edifice is to the foundation." "The subject is the proposition; the matter is the development of it; the very substance of the discourse, the pulp of the fruit." The *subject*, in short, is contained in the text or title of the sermon,—the *matter* in the sermon itself. Under the second head, he considers the whole method of the sermon in its general outline,—exordium, transitions, and peroration. Under the third division he treats at large of style and delivery. The field over which he ranges in this volume is thus very copious and interesting, and one just peculiarly fitted for the display of the author's highest gifts,—one in which his fine Christian intelligence and rare literary skill find the freest scope and exercise.

We have exhausted our space, however, and can add only a few words of general appreciation of the great writer from whom we have received so much delight and instruction, and of

whose life and labours we feel we have presented so inadequate a portrait. The peculiar distinction of Vinet, it is obvious from that portrait, does not consist so much in any special eminence as a man of letters, or a divine, as in the beautiful combination which he exhibits of the higher qualities which at once adorn Literature, and give life to Theology. A mere man of letters he certainly was not;—a Christian interest being found, we have seen, to underlie his most purely literary productions, and to touch all the springs of his criticism. Still less perhaps was he a mere theologian. There are even some who would be disposed to grudge him this name at all—so entirely destitute was he of the *technique* of theological science. The critico-historical element, which enters so essentially into the constitution of the theological mind, was certainly too much wanting in him, as in one with whom he has been sometimes, although with little propriety, compared, Dr. Chalmers.

But while Vinet may not thus occupy separately the first rank, either as a *Littérateur* or a Theologian, he was something undoubtedly greater than either. He was a Christian thinker, who had the rare skill to clothe his thoughts in precise and beautiful language. He was eminently one of those nobler spirits whom God ever and anon raises up to stir by their living utterances the hearts of many,—to bring into powerful relief that perfect harmony of the Divine and Human which has been given eternally in the Gospel—to speak, in short, “the language of the Gospel to the world, and the language of the world to the Church.” His comprehensiveness as a thinker we reckon his highest intellectual characteristic. He seizes with direct grasp the central principle of every subject of speculation and discussion—the unity in which it inheres, and from which its whole meaning goes forth. What a refreshing strength and buoyant interest does this give to his writings, after, it may be, wading through volumes of disjointed, however important, learning. His fertility and variety,—the rich profusion of intellectual treasure which he expends so freely and sometimes so brilliantly,—is probably his next most prominent endowment. We feel that while we have attempted to exhibit this diversity to some extent, we have only partially succeeded. There is one interesting department of literary effort—that of sacred song—in which he occupied, it may be truly said, a distinguished place, to which we have not even alluded.\* It were difficult, certainly, to point out any

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\* These sacred pieces of Vinet are mainly found in a collection entitled *Chants Chrétiens*. The first edition of this collection appeared in 1834, and contained seven pieces from his pen. Others were added in successive editions, although he is believed to have written many more than he ever published. These

one—save his own countryman, Pascal, we know of no one—who possessed in a higher measure that manifold gift which can touch with mastery the lighter felicities of Literature, and at the same time sound with freedom the utmost depths of Christian Thought.

A genuine simplicity gave their enduring charm to all his qualities. The most polished intelligence, combined with the most perfect moral purity, is the picture which we meet in every page of his writings. A uniform elevation of sentiment—a frank sensibility, which rejoiced in, while it did not invite sympathy—a profound humility—a fearless candour—is the picture which, associated with the name of Vinet, lives in the hearts of all who rejoiced in his friendship. And in bidding farewell to him, we feel that while there are no doubt greater names which the “Church of the Future” will delight to honour, there are yet few, if any, which will suggest a finer union of Christian graces and gifts—a character at once more noble and beautiful.

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pieces are precious as containing the most intimate expression of the writer's secret feelings. “It was his only way,” said one very near to him, “of communicating to me what passed in the depths of his soul.” Generally, according to M. Scherer, they fail in preserving the character of the *hymn*. The reflective habit of the philosopher overmasters the inspired mood of the poet. Some of them, however, are very beautiful and touching, and especially one on the death of his daughter in 1838. “If we compare it,” says M. Scherer, “with the elegy which a similarly mournful event drew from the pen of Lamartine, we cannot fail to be struck by the real superiority which a living faith has given to the Christian poet in the expression of his grief, and the revelation of its true meaning and end.” This piece is found in a separate collection, by Mme. Olivier, entitled *Poésie Chrétienne*, Lausanne, 1839.

ART. II.—*My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of my Education.* By HUGH MILLER, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," "Footprints of the Creator," &c. &c. Edinburgh, Johnstone and Hunter, 1854.

FOR some ten or twelve years at least, the name of Hugh Miller has been known all over Scotland, and also in not a few circles out of it, as that of one of our most remarkable men. It was in 1840 that he came from his native district of Cromarty to settle in Edinburgh as the editor of a newspaper, then established to advocate, with a moderate amount of whiggism in general politics, the cause of the non-intrusion party in the Scottish Church. The fame that preceded him to Edinburgh on this occasion was that of a man who, having worked the greater part of his life as a common stone-mason in the north of Scotland, had in that capacity exhibited very unusual powers of mind, and, in particular, such unusual abilities as an English prose-writer, as to have attracted the notice not only of local critics, but also of men of eminent public station. Of his last and best known production—a pamphlet on the non-intrusion question—no less a person than Mr. Gladstone had said, that it showed a mastery of pure, elegant, and masculine English, such as even a trained Oxford scholar might have envied. Apart from Mr. Gladstone's opinion, Scottish readers of the pamphlet were able to see that its author had beaten college-bred clergymen and lawyers in his own country, as a popular writer and reasoner on the national question of the day. It was, therefore, with a ready-made reputation as a self-educated prodigy from Cromarty, that Mr. Miller settled in Edinburgh as editor of the *Witness*. He was then thirty-seven years of age. During the fourteen years which have elapsed since then he has largely increased his reputation, and, at the same time, considerably modified its character. As a Scottish journalist his place has been one of the highest, and his method almost unique. Without that sharp immediate decisiveness which enables some of the best of his brother-editors to write currently and well on topics as they momentarily occur, he has exercised a weighty influence, by sending forth a series of leading articles remarkable for their deliberate thought, their elevated moral tone, their strong Presbyterian feeling, and their high literary finish. These essays, as they may be called, have been of very various kinds,—some of them little disquisitions on points of passing interest; others sketches of contemporary men and events; others humorous and satirical; and others in a highly poetical and

imaginative vein. All of them, however, bearing the stamp of a massive individuality, and received with an amount of attention not usually accorded to newspaper articles, have contributed powerfully to the formation of Scottish public opinion during the period over which they extend; while, on some questions—as, for example, on Scottish banking, and on national education—Mr. Miller has stood forward manfully, and with all the energy of a leader, on ground of his own. All this, in spite of the necessary disadvantage attending a position where conflict both with individuals and with parties has been unavoidable, has rendered Mr. Miller a far more influential man than when he first came from Cromarty. But this is not all. During the fourteen years of his editorship, Mr. Miller has made various appearances in other walks than that of the journalist. Before his editorship, and while yet a comparatively unknown man, he had published one or two volumes, both of prose and verse, showing imaginative powers of no common order,—particularly his *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*; and these, either reproduced by himself, or sought out by his admirers since he became better known, have helped to give a more full impression of the character of his mind. He has also found time to write one or two new works of a literary nature, exhibiting, on a tolerably large scale, his genius for description and narration, his fine reflective tendency, his cultivated acquaintance with the lives and works of the best English authors, and his shrewd relish for social humours. One of these works—an account of a vacation tour, entitled *First Impressions of England and its People*—has been of a kind to find numerous readers out of Scotland. That, however, which has done most to add to his eminence in Scotland, and to make his name known over a wider circle since he began to be conspicuous as a journalist, is the independent reputation which he has since then acquired by his services in one most important department of natural science,—that of practical and speculative Geology. At the very time, it seems, when his first local admirers about the Moray Firth were hailing in the Cromarty stone-mason a man likely to take a place in literature, and especially in the literature of Scottish legend, as high as that won in the south country by the Ettrick Shepherd, the same man was in possession of another, and, in some respects, more substantial title to public regard, of a kind to which Hogg never had any pretensions. Led partly by circumstances, partly by inclination, he had, from his boyhood, been an industrious student in a science the principles of which he learnt almost before he knew its name. On the beach and among the rocks of his native district, he had picked up fossils and other objects of natural history; and afterwards, in his various journeys as an opera-

tive in different parts of Scotland, he had so extended his observations, and so digested their results, with scanty help from reading, as to have become, while yet hardly aware of it, not only a self-taught geologist, but also a geologist capable of teaching others. He had broken in upon at least one geological field in which no one had preceded him, and had there made discoveries which only required to be known to ensure him distinction in the scientific world. When he came to Edinburgh, therefore, it was with a collection of belemnites, fossil fishes, &c., and a collection of thoughts and speculations about them, which formed, in his own eyes, a more valuable capital than his merely literary antecedents. Nor was he mistaken. In the very first year of his editorship, bringing his literary powers to the aid of his geology, he published those papers, since known collectively under the title of *The Old Red Sandstone*, in which, while treating the general public to a series of lectures in the science more charming than any to be found elsewhere, he detailed the story of his own researches. The effect was immediate. Geologists like Murchison, Buckland, and Mantell in England, and Agassiz and Silliman in America, at once recognised Mr. Miller's discoveries as forming an important addition to the geology of the day, and hailed himself as a fellow-labourer in the literature of the science, from whose powers as a writer great things were to be expected. At the meeting of the British Association in 1840, Mr. Miller and his discoveries were the chief theme ;—on that occasion honest Scotch fossils, modestly picked up by him several years before in his native district, were promoted to their due Latin rank as the *Pterichthys Milleri*, and so qualified for the British Museum ; and Murchison and Buckland spoke of his expositions as casting plain geologists like themselves into the shade, and making them ashamed of their meagre style. Since that time, accordingly, the editor of the *Witness* has held a place among the first living geologists, as well as among the best Scotch writers. In his scientific capacity he has not been idle. Among the many replies on the orthodox side called forth by the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," Mr. Miller's *Footprints of the Creator* has been esteemed one of the most solid and effective ; and it is no secret that, in the intervals of his other labours, he is, piece by piece, achieving what he intends to be the great work of his life—a complete survey, practical and speculative, of the geology of Scotland.

From this retrospect of Mr. Miller's history during the last fourteen years, it is obvious that, if his admirers still persist, with a kind of fondness, in thinking of him as the Cromarty stone-mason, and if he himself continues to accept that designation, it is from a deeper reason than any cringing appeal *ad*



himself in London, it turns out a lawyer; applied in Italy, it turns out a virtuoso; or invited men. The best academic classes are but vestibules to the library of published literature,—in which vestibules students are detained that they may be instructed how to go further: with the additional privilege of hearing one unpublished book deliberately read to them, whether they will or no, and of coming in living contact with the enthusiasm of the writer. To have been in those vestibules of literature is certainly an advantage; but a man may find his way into the library and make very good use of what is there without having lingered in any of them. In short, whoever has received from schools such a training in reading and writing as to have made these arts a personal possession to him, may be regarded as having had, in the matter of literary education, all the essential outfit. The rest is in his own power.

All this we say, Mr. Miller knows well; and if now, after fourteen years of obscurity as a journalist, a man of letters, and a geologist, he still reverts in his intercourse with the public, to the circumstances of his former life, it is for a nobler reason than the desire of increased credit for himself. It is because, like Burns, he can regard the fact of having been one of the millions who earn their bread by manual toil, as in itself, something to be spoken of with manly pleasure. It is because, reverting in his own memory to his past life, and finding that nearly one half the way through which that memory can travel lies through scenes of hard work in quarries, and on roadside moors, and among headstones in Scottish churchyards, he feels that it would be a kind of untruth, if, appearing in the character of a descriptive writer at all, he were to refrain from drawing his facts largely and literally from that part of his experience. Lastly, it is because, having thoroughly discussed with himself that very question of the mutual relations of school education and self-education upon which we have been touching, he has come to certain conclusions upon it, which, in sober earnest, he thinks the story of his own life as a Cromarty stone-mason better fitted to illustrate than anything else he knows.

As the title shows, it is this last reason, in particular, that has prompted Mr. Miller's present book, or, at least, that has been kept in view in its composition. Under the title of *My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of my Education*, the book is really an autobiography. Written by Mr. Miller in his fifty-second year, it is an account of his whole life anterior to the period when public reputation evoked him from obscurity; that is, it closes with his thirty-eighth year, when he left Cromarty for Edinburgh. Mr. Miller had previously published occasional fragments from his autobiography; and, indeed, as has been

stated, an autobiographic vein runs through most of his writings, even those which are geological; but here, for the first time, we have a large portion of his autobiography complete. It is, as all would anticipate, no ordinary book. Written with all Mr. Miller's skill and power, and exhibiting all his characteristic excellencies, it is about as interesting a piece of reading as exists in the whole range of English biographical literature. Its healthiness, its picturesqueness, its blending of the solid and suggestive in the way of thought with all that is charming and impressive in description and narrative, make it a book for all readers. It is calculated to please the old as well as the young, and be no less popular in England than in Scotland. But though thus sure to attract generally as a work of fine literary execution, and as the autobiography of a remarkable man, it is still an autobiography written with a special purpose. It is less an account of Mr. Miller's whole life, than an account of what he considers the process of his education. Proceeding on the idea, which he may well assume, that the last fourteen years of his life are regarded as a *result*, the steps towards the attainment of which cannot fail to be interesting to many, and especially to working men, he undertakes to shew honestly what these steps were. The very ambiguity of the title, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, has its effect in relation to the writer's purpose. Reading such a title before seeing the book itself, one might expect a series of sketches of north country pedagogues, somewhat after the manner of Wilkie's paintings. Catching the reader in this trap, Mr. Miller gains his first point. — Yes, he as much as says, addressing more particularly working men, — *there is the mistake. The word 'schools' cannot be mentioned without calling up the idea of certain buildings where youths of different ages sit on forms to be taught: the word 'schoolmasters,' without calling up the idea of certain men in desks teaching in those buildings. This is a mistake, of which the story of my life is calculated, I think, to disabuse you. I have been at schools, but the best of them have not exactly been these: I have had my schoolmasters—good schoolmasters, too—but they have not been chiefly of that kind. My education has been mainly of a kind from which no one is debarred: and, as it may interest you to know what it has been, and where it is to be had, I propose to give an account of it.* That this is exactly Mr. Miller's meaning, appears from his own express words in his preface.

— It has occurred to me that by simply laying before the working men of the country the 'Story of my Education,' I may succeed in first exciting their curiosity, and next, occasionally at least, in gratifying it also. They will find that by far the best schools I ever attended are schools open to them all,—that the best teachers I ever

had are (though severe in their discipline) always easy of access,—and that the special *form*, at which I was, if I may say so, most successful as a pupil, was a form to which I was drawn by a strong inclination, but at which I had less assistance from my brother men, or even from books, than at any of the others. There are few of the natural sciences which do not lie quite as open to the working men of Britain and America, as geology did to me. . . . My work, then, if I have not wholly failed in it, may be regarded as a sort of educational treatise, thrown into the narrative form, and addressed more especially to working men. They will find that a considerable portion of the scenes and incidents which it records read their lesson, whether of encouragement or warning, or throw their occasional lights on peculiarities of character or curious natural phenomena, to which their attention might be not unprofitably directed. Should it be found to possess an interest to any other class, it will be an interest chiefly derivable from the glimpses which it furnishes of the inner life of the Scottish people, and its bearing on what has been somewhat clumsily termed ‘the condition-of-the-country-question.’ My sketches will, I trust, be found true to fact and nature. And as I have never perused the autobiography of a working man of the more observant type, without being indebted to it for new facts and ideas respecting the circumstances and character of some portion of the people with which I had been less perfectly acquainted before, I can hope that, regarded simply as the memoir of a protracted journey through *districts* of society not yet very sedulously explored, and scenes which few readers have had an opportunity of observing for themselves, my story may be found to possess some of the interest which attaches to the narrative of travellers, who see what is not often seen, and know, in consequence, what is not generally known.”

Bearing in mind this definition of the book,—regarding it, to use our own mode of describing it, as an account of the process by which a very notable result has been attained, that result being the addition of the name of Hugh Miller, once a Cromarty stone-mason, to the roll of eminent Scotchmen,—we find in it, at the outset, a set of particulars which (as many a one, eager to institute a similar process in his own behoof, will think with a sigh) already contained the main elements of the result. In other words, the first topic of interest in Mr. Miller's Autobiography is his *parentage* and *pedigree*.

Hugh Miller was born in Cromarty in the year 1802. Such is the first fact ; and there is something bearing on the result even here, if we knew how to bring it out. The year 1802 can never come back again ; neither can every working man be born in Cromarty. To be a Scotchman of the east coast,—to be one of that half Scandinavian population which inhabits the Scottish shores of the German ocean from Fife to Caithness, and so to have the chance of a bigger head and a more massive build than

fall to the lot of average mortals, or even of average Britons, is, as some believe, itself a privilege of nature. Most eminent Scotchmen, say some, have come from the east coast, or from certain districts of the Border. The "some" who say this, are, we fear, east coast people themselves, which may mar their testimony. It is, at all events, a fact for their budget, that Hugh Miller is an East-coast man. What special type of the general east coast character belongs to Cromarty, or wherein a Cromarty man should differ from a Fife man, or an Aberdeen man, are points of local Ethnography which we are not qualified to discuss; though we believe there *are* notions even on these points. The traditions of Cromarty, as a fishing and trading town, go as far back as the Macbeth days; and any time within this century, we suppose, it has contained as many as two thousand inhabitants. It has produced, we have no doubt, many a stalwart fellow in its day; but Hugh Miller, we believe, is the first man of *literary* eminence to whom it can lay claim. Considering how slow the turn comes round for the appearance of a Scottish product of this kind out of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and one or two other favoured spots, both the town and the shire of Cromarty may think they have had good fortune. How far the Cromarty characteristics, supposing them ascertained, are represented in Hugh Miller, how far he has brought the Cromarty genius into literature, it is for his fellow-townsmen, and not for us, to decide. Some *physical* traits, at least, which we suppose the Cromarty men share with their brethren of the east coast generally, he does seem to possess in a very pronounced manner. From direct indications in his books we gather that he is, as Burns was, a man of unusual personal strength. He speaks of "raising breast high the great lifting stone of the Dropping Cave," near Cromarty,—a feat which those who have seen the stone will be able to appreciate better than we can; and he speaks also of being able, as a mason, to raise weights single-handed which usually required two men. We gather also that phrenologists may place him among their large-brained men,—his hat, on one occasion during his tour in England, almost extinguishing a venturesome Englishman whom he inveigled into an exchange of head-coverings as they were walking together on a dusty road. In fact, not to beat about the bush, we have seen him, and can speak from personal observation on these points. He is a massive, rough-hewn, broad-chested man, upwards of five feet ten inches high,—somewhat taller, therefore, than Burns was; from whom he also differs in being of the fair, whereas Burns was of the swarthy or black type. His head would be a large one in any Scottish parish,—not reaching the dimensions of that of Chalmers; but larger considerably than

that of Burns.\* In short, if Mr. Miller is an average specimen of a Cromarty man, the men of Cromarty must be a rather formidable race.

Mr. Miller, however, is not only a Cromarty man; he is the descendant of a long line of Cromarty's most characteristic natives,—her sailors. As far back as the times of Sir Andrew Wood and the bold Bartons his ancestors had coasted along the Scottish shores; and during the generation or two immediately preceding his birth, hardly a man of them but died a sailor's death. His father, following the family career, had, after a hard and manly sea-faring life, become master of a vessel of his own, when in the mature prime of his age the family fate overtook him. He was lost with his vessel in a storm off the Scottish coast, when his son was five years old. We know of no tribute of filial affection finer than that paid in the beginning of Mr. Miller's Autobiography to the memory of this father whom he is just old enough to recollect. One sees him as he was, a noble genuine man, in sailor's garb, "one of the best sailors that ever sailed the Moray Firth;" one sees yet his sloop, just as it was nearly fifty years ago, with her two slim stripes of white on her sides, and her two square top-sails; and it is with a feeling almost of supernatural awe, as at a death of yesterday, that one follows the fated sloop from her last harbourage in the port of Peterhead out into that storm of November 1807, in which she foundered. On the very evening when, so far as could afterwards be ascertained, Miller of Cromarty was lost, a strange thing happened in the long low house which he inhabited in Cromarty. A letter from him, written at Peterhead, had just arrived; there were no forebodings of harm, and his wife and child were sitting by the fire, the only person present besides being the servant girl. Here we quote from the Autobiography:—

"My mother was sitting beside the household fire, plying the cheerful needle, when the house door, which had been left unfastened, fell open, and I was despatched from her side to shut it. What follows must be regarded as simply the recollection, though a vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before.

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\* Mr. Miller himself, though not an implicit phrenologist, is a great observer of heads. When visiting Stratford-on-Avon he was particularly struck with the bust of Shakespeare in the church, thinking it, as we do, far likelier to be the true Shakespeare than the idealized portraits of the artists. Speaking of that bust he says, "The head, a powerful mass of brain, would require all Dr. Chalmers's hat; the forehead is as broad as that of the Doctor, considerably taller, and of more general capacity." In this we believe he is wrong. Whatever Shakespeare's head may have been, the head in that bust is not above average English size; and Mr. Miller's own hat would be much too large for it. The professed plaster casts of the bust are too massive.

are not on the same terms to begin with. "This is a 'school,'" they may say, "which we at least can never enter. We have not the bone and muscle of stalwart progenitors to bear us up, nor the brain of east coast sailors in our heads, nor the blood of old Donald Roys and old John Feddeses flowing in our veins. No noble links connect *us* with the past; nor is it in *that* direction to which we can look for stimulus and inspiration. Not an uncle of ours was ever fit to give advice to anybody, or to take advice, poor man, when he got it himself; nor are we quite sure how either of our grandfathers would have behaved if placed in too close neighbourhood to a loaded cannon." All this may be said; and yet Mr. Miller is right. The first "school" at which every man ought to learn, and indeed does learn, is the school of his own kindred and ancestry. Every one may and does derive lessons from this school, though the lessons need not in all cases be the same. If one's grandfather was hanged, there is a lesson even in that, if one has the skill to learn it; and men do learn very variously. Besides, the probability is that, after all, the heroic abounds in humble lineage to an extent not fully known. This is one of the lessons of the present book. By the power of one man possessed of the literary gift, we have brought before us in these pages a group of kinsmen living together some forty or fifty years ago in one small Scottish town of the east coast—sailors, harness-makers, and cartwrights; and the impression left is that for the real purposes of outfit in life it was better then to be a Miller of Cromarty, residing as an orphan in an old house, than to have been born in a castle and had the blood of all the Plantagenets.

The next "school" in a man's life, after that of ancestry and kindred, is the school of what may be called *surrounding local circumstance*. In one sense, this is a school in which one learns continuously as long as one lives, and can exercise the five senses. In the more restricted sense, however, which we have in view at present, it is a school at which one is best educated during the early period of life. One of the finest arrangements of human society is that which relates every man in a peculiar and express manner to a particular district of the earth, which he is taught to regard as his "parish." For a man in early life to be shifted about from spot to spot, perhaps even for a man to be removed at all in early life from the spot to which birth and ties of family have attached him, may be regarded as a misfortune. Every man ought to be related more especially to one district which he can regard as his own, to which he can attach himself sentimentally, and with the whole aspect and circumstance of which he can, without unnecessary labour,

make himself familiarly acquainted. One of the evils of very large towns is that they wrong those who are born in them of much that is best in this species of schooling. To be a native of the London parish of Marylebone is little better, one would think, than having been born nowhere. Such, however, is the strength in human nature of that feeling which leads men to take a peculiar interest in whatever exists within a certain definite district of earth marked out for them by arrangement or tradition, that even the natives of London do manage to cultivate the parochial sentiment. Persons born and bred in Rotherhithe or Bermondsey acquire an affection for these districts of the metropolis, which they retain long after they have migrated into others. Even in such cases there is always plenty of local circumstance round which, more especially in youth, it is possible to twine memories and associations—certain dingy streets, for example; certain old houses and inns; certain patches of grass within railings; certain pretty cottages with very green gardens; certain churches, with oddly sounding bells on Sundays; nay, even certain very conspicuous chimneys, pumps, and lamp-posts. Even in London surrounding local circumstance acts as a very powerful means of education—the difference, on a comparison with other places, consisting chiefly in the more artificial nature of the circumstance, and its infinitely closer texture. A Londoner may contract a genuine passion for brick-and-lime antiquities, and an exquisite sense of the socially characteristic by mere continued residence within the bounds of his own parish; but if he is to seek that higher education which it lies in contact with a sufficient amount of very miscellaneous circumstance to afford, he must transcend his parish, relate himself to the common life of the vast city as a whole, frequent the parks and other central places, shoot up and down the Thames, and occasionally stroll out into the fields and suburbs. In a city like Edinburgh the entire miscellany of local educating circumstance, such as it is, (and no city is richer in this respect,) lies contained within a more convenient circle. There is the splendid natural ground-plan over which the natives may walk till they know every foot of it, and are familiar enough with all its notable objects of physical interest—its natural fetiches, so to speak—to be able to sketch them from memory; there are its picturesque masses of building, old and new, with all their associations artistic and historical; there is its moderate bustle of various life, which one may penetrate from the outside, and till every important physiognomy is known, and every peculiarity thoroughly understood. In towns such as Edinburgh, again, there is, for this very reason, a more convenient arrangement and proportion of the various

kinds of educating circumstance. In lieu of Arthur Seat—the influence of which, as a great natural magnet affecting the organisms of the Edinburgh people as they walk beneath it, might be a subject for a prize essay—other hills, or, where hills are scarce, other objects of physical note, take a powerful effect on the local nerve; the quantity of artificial civic circumstance, whether in the shape of buildings or of social concourse, is diminished; and there is an increased amount, in compensation, of circumstance purely rural or agricultural. Again, coming down to the mere fishing village, or, going beyond it even, to the solitude of a tract of Peebles-shire sheep-walk with its scattered hamlets, here, though the kind and proportion of circumstance is again altered, there is still local circumstance enough to afford by itself a characteristic education for the natives. Let a villager of the Fifeshire coast live out his aged maturity in the American backwoods, or in the Indian jungle, the images most natural to his fancy will still be images of rocky shores and a bleak sea-board and scaly fish boats and jetties thick with kelp and tangle. Let a native of the pastoral region of Peebles-shire become secretary to an embassy in Vienna, and attend balls and concerts in that luxurious capital; still all the images of this his later existence will be but as paintings over a former picture, and when memory washes out the palimpsests, there will re-appear, vivid as ever, the original images of the brown hills with the circular steep pens visible on their sides, and the plaided shepherds descending far asunder, and the white line of stony road in the valley, and the patient man angling in the peaty trout-stream. So also with the Englishman born on his flat tract of fertile wheat land. In short, the greater part of the education which every man receives is this education of native local circumstance: and a systematic attention to the fact that there is such an education universally going on might do much to bring it to perfection. It ought to be a principle with all interested in education, that every boy ought to have, as part of his intellectual outfit, a tolerably complete acquaintance with the natural phenomena, the social processes and goings, and the legendary lore of at least his own parish or district. Healthy boys do attain a good deal of this for themselves: and this is the meaning of that perpetual locomotion and inquisitiveness of the boys about towns, leading them for ever down lanes, and on board ships, and through markets, and into the purlieus of tan-pits and weaving-shops and iron-foundries, and wherever else nobody wants them. When kindly educational theorists shall have duly systematized all this for the poor fellows, if such an event shall ever happen, they will be led through a regular course of parochial natural history, studies

in the parochial arts and manufactures, inspection into what is parochially whimsical or morbid, and information respecting the parochial antiquities, traditions, and social arrangements. As it is, we see many of them by instinct, as it were, far more eager students in this school of the parish than they are in the parish-school. And, in point of fact, there have been few eminent men, not of the purely speculative order of intellect, to whose genius the local circumstances around which they passed their lives will not be found to have imparted a characteristic quality and colour. In many of Shakespeare's plays we trace the influence of circumstances peculiar or all but peculiar to woody Warwickshire; in all Charles Lamb's writings we seem to breathe the air of Cheapside; and in the very face and phraseology of Chalmers, we recognise an affinity with the village of Anstruther. About the most hideous fate, in the way of nativity, we could wish to our worst enemy, supposing we could stand in that relation to a merely prospective individual, would be that he should be born and bred in Wapping.

All this is appropriate in connexion with Mr. Miller's book. It is not without a peculiar significance that even to this day, although for fourteen years he has been an inhabitant of Edinburgh, he is often spoken of and thought of as Hugh Miller of Cromarty. Not only is he a Cromarty-man by birth and lineage; he is a Cromarty man in that higher sense to which we have been alluding—as having received a great part of his best education in what we may now be allowed to call the school of Cromarty scenery and Cromarty circumstance. Of the thirty-seven years of his life, preceding his final removal to Edinburgh, not more than a few in all were spent out of Cromarty or its neighbourhood; so that, of necessity, a large proportion of all that he has learnt, whether of nature or of men, by direct observation, has been drawn from this part of the general Scottish area. We have said that the case is similar with almost all men, and that in almost all distinguished men it will be found that the substratum of acquired fact and image upon which they have built the thoughts of their lives, has been constructed of firm local material. In Mr. Miller's case, however, this is visible in a more than ordinary degree. Few men seem to have so thoroughly exhausted, in the process of their education, all the circumstance of all kinds within the limits of their native district, capable of being in any way turned to account. About two-thirds of the present volume may be regarded as a continuous illustration of this remark. It is in the earlier part of the volume, however, containing the records of Mr. Miller's boyhood and youth, that one will be most struck with his ardour as a student in this "school," from which he

has learnt so much. We follow him there with all the more interest that his scholarship was instinctive—that he had not yet learnt to know that what he was doing was scholastic at all. We see him ranging, as a boy, over every rood and acre of the surrounding district,—strolling along the beach, climbing the rocks, making bonfires in the caves, deviating into the morasses, pushing through the woods, swimming round ships in the harbour, and entering at his pleasure the shops of tradesmen and mechanics in the town. We see him becoming acquainted with specimens of almost all the types of Cromarty humanity, from boys of his own age upwards to more elderly personages both of staid and of eccentric character, some of whom he sketches from memory. How much knowledge relating to ways, things, and people, he thus picked up in the mere course of his spontaneous locomotion and research as a boy, will be best inferred from the volume itself. The following passage, however, may stand as a specimen of the kind of information which, even without any research and without any locomotion, he could not help acquiring. The passage might be called “A glimpse of Cromarty circumstance from the windows of the grammar-school of the town.”

“As the school-windows fronted the opening of the Frith, not a vessel could enter the harbour that we did not see; and, improving through our opportunities, there was perhaps no educational institution in the kingdom in which all sorts of barks and carvels, from the fishing yawl to the frigate, could be more correctly drawn on the slate, or where any defect in hulk or rigging, in some faulty delineation, was surer of being justly and unsparingly criticised. Further, the town, which drove a great trade in salted pork at the time, had a killing-place not thirty yards from the school-door, where from eighty to a hundred pigs used sometimes to die for the general good in a single day; and it was a great matter to hear, at occasional intervals, the roar of death outside rising high over the general murmur within, or to be told by some comrade, returned from his five minutes’ leave of absence, that a hero of a pig had taken three blows of the hatchet ere it fell, and that even after its subjection to the sticking process, it had got hold of Jock Keddie’s hand in its mouth, and almost smashed his thumb. We learned, too, to know, from our signal opportunities of observation, not only a good deal about pig-anatomy,—especially about the detached edible parts of the animal, such as the spleen and the pancreas, and at least one other very palatable viscus besides,—but became also knowing about the *take* and the curing of herrings. All the herring-boats during the fishing season passed our windows on their homeward way to the harbour; and, from their depth in the water, we became skilful enough to predicate the number of crans aboard of each with wonderful judgment and correctness. In days of good general fishings, too, when the curing yards proved too small

to accommodate the quantities brought ashore, the fish used to be laid in glittering heaps opposite the school-house door; and an exciting scene, that combined the bustle of the workshop with the confusion of the crowded fair, would straightway spring up within twenty yards of the forms at which we sat, greatly to our enjoyment, and of course not a little to our instruction. We could see, simply by peering over book or slate, the curers going about rousing their fish with salt, to counteract the effects of the dog-day sun; bevvies of young women employed as gutters, and horridly incarnadined with blood and viscera, squatting around their heaps, knife in hand, and plying with busy fingers their well-paid labours, at the rate of sixpence per hour; relays of heavily-laden fish-wives bringing ever and anon fresh heaps of herrings in their creels; and, outside of all, the coopers hammering as if for life and death,—now tightening hoops, and now slackening them, and anon caulking with bulrush the leaky seams. It is not every grammar-school in which such lessons are taught as those, in which all were initiated, and in which all became in some degree accomplished, in the grammar-school of Cromarty."

This, however, is but a sample of what may be called the tamer species of circumstance presented to a schoolboy by life in Cromarty. Out of school, the range was wider and more exciting. There were the sports on the town-links, in which all the boys participated. There were excursions, in which our author led the way, and was followed but by a few more enterprising spirits, along the precipices on the coast. There was the sea, in all its aspects of storm and calm, with occasionally the variation of a ship in distress, or the dead body of a shipwrecked sailor cast up on the beach, to become the subject of mingled pity, disgust, and speculation. There were opportunities of going out to sea with the fishermen, and witnessing scenes of herring-fishing at night, with darkness and water all round, and torches gleaming from the boats. Nor was there wanting, in our author's case, such instruction and leading as might impart order and scientific direction to all this medley of sensations, objects, and incidents. His uncle Alexander, who was by far the most frequent of his grown-up companions out of doors, furnished him with what was in fact equivalent, though the lessons were not dignified with such a name, to a rudimentary course of expositions in the Natural History. He learnt himself, to collect on the beach, and to distinguish from one another, the various individual minerals of the locality,—porphyries, granites, gneisses, quartz, clay-slates, mica-schists, &c.; and he could claim the credit of having discovered for himself, that Cromarty had one precious stone among her minerals,—the garnet. In the mineralogy, therefore, of his native district, and by consequence in the elements of its more obvious geology, he was practically self-taught at an early age; though, even here, uncle Sandy was his

referee in cases of difficulty. Of the botany of Cromarty he learnt a great deal in the same way, acquiring an extensive knowledge of the names and appearances of all the commoner local wild-flowers, plants, and forest-trees, as well as of the nature and grain of the different woods. It was in the meteorology, the hydrology, and the zoology of Cromarty, however,—if we may use such grand words, where uncle Sandy would doubtless have used their concrete equivalents,—that uncle Sandy was greatest. In walks with his nephew along the beach, he taught him much about the weather, much about the tides, and infinitely more about the shell-fish, the crabs and other crustaceans, and the sea-fowl, with which the coast abounded; while, if leaving the beach, they strolled into the woods, there was plenty to talk about in the birds, bees, wasps, spiders, and the like, which, though content to be parishioners of Cromarty, preferred being out of the aroma of the sea-weed. Meanwhile, within doors, uncle James was, in a similar manner, organizing and enlarging his nephew's observations and acquisitions in another direction. What uncle Sandy was to him in the natural history of Cromarty, or the little world of its natural physical circumstance,—its rocks, its clouds, its rains, its tides, its trees, its ferns, its shell-fish, and its insects,—uncle James was in the other and no less important department of its social and human history, or the whole little world of its humours and legendary circumstance. From him he acquired no small stock of local traditions, and sketches of past and present Cromarty life. Add to this, that an occasional trip carried him away out of Cromarty and its neighbourhood altogether, into wider and stranger fields of observation. Of these trips he records, as of most interest, one or two into the highlands of Sutherlandshire, where, among cousins of the true Gaelic breed, he had glimpses not only of natural scenery, but also of customs, physiognomies, and modes of living and thinking, very different from those of his own Lowland and semi-Scandinavian home. Finally, and also properly belonging to this schooling of native and local circumstance, there were numerous direct living links, besides the well-stored memories of his uncle James and his grandfather, by which he could ascend into a world of past incidents, manners, and costumes, very different from that which he saw around him. He knew and talked with men who had fought at Cul-loden, and who could tell him, as no book could tell him, of the incidents of that day, and the scenes after the battle. He had seen one old lady who had been carried, when a child, to witness the last witch-burning in the north of Scotland, and still remembered, with horrible distinctness, the sputtering of the charred flesh of the poor wrinkled victim, and the stench of the smoke

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as the wind blew it where she and her nurse were standing. And he had conversed with an aged woman, who had herself conversed with an aged man, who told her his own recollections of the Covenanting times, and especially of the great popular excitement caused by the death of Renwick in 1687.

There is no respect, we repeat, in which the autobiography of Hugh Miller is more interesting than in the unusual dignity it confers on this education of local circumstance, which all have experienced but so few appreciate. Nor, indeed, have there been many lives in which the efficacy of this kind of teaching as compared with other kinds has been so signally illustrated. Goethe, in the early part of his autobiography, takes care to do justice to the educating effects of the multifarious circumstance of his native city of Frankfort—its streets, its markets, its civic festivals, and the like—on *his* boyhood; but even in that beautiful work, probably on account of the smaller proportion which the local occupied in Goethe's completed life, the exhibition of the specific value of this kind of educational influence is less decisive. Burns took up and turned to very full account the circumstance of his native Ayrshire; but even in his case we do not see so minutely through an education in the school of characteristic local fact as in that of Hugh Miller. Burns took in with a keen general eye the aspects and objects of Ayrshire scenery, and he knew the real life of the district, its legends, its humours, and the like; Hugh Miller, in his intimacy with Cromarty descends also to its mineralogical, botanical, and zoological minutæ. He is, or, fourteen years ago, he *was*, Hugh Miller of Cromarty. Even to this day Cromarty circumstance, or, to widen the area a little, the circumstance of Cromarty and its adjacencies of the Moray Firth, pervades his genius and writings like a tinge, if we may say so, of native reddish powder. Well may he give a high place to this "school" in the list of the seminaries in which he has learnt most; and well may he develop this portion of his own experience into a general maxim likely to be useful to others. "One of my best schools," he virtually says to all working-men, "was the miscellany of objects and circumstances, natural and social, which lay round me in my native district, challenging the first exercise of my senses and fancy; and this is a species of education equally open to all of you." And no one can deny the truth of this. Every one cannot be born and bred in Cromarty; but most people are born and bred somewhere, and Cromarty surely has not a monopoly of what is interesting and instructive in art, mythology, or nature. It is not necessary to walk over granite and gneiss and porphyry, or to be near a region of rocks and herrings and seagulls, to have one's attention attracted ot

natural history. It is not necessary to live in an east coast fishing and trading town, where there are reminiscences of Cul-loden and of witchburnings at Dornoch, to have one's interest aroused in social incidents and singularities, and in traditionary lore respecting generations long gone by. There is no district where a man's lot can be cast, be it bleak sea-shore, or sylvan inland, be it solitary sheep-walk or the dense heart of a city, be it on the Moray Firth or the banks of the Severn, be it over old red sandstone or over the latest tertiary, but in the circumstances of that district there are the means of an ample education both in the wonders of nature and in the ways of humanity. Even in Wapping there is not only all the heterogeneous bustle by day of its wharves, its docks, and its narrow streets blocked up by dray-carts; there is the broad Thames flowing past, and, when night comes, there are the stars overhead. Nay more, though the prevailing kind of circumstance and the proportion of the various kinds of circumstance do vary in different localities; though in one the obvious temptation is towards mineralogy, in another towards botany, in a third towards the socially characteristic, and in a fourth towards the historical and legendary; yet in no one district is there wanting variety enough to give a taste of all. It may be deliberately asserted that no patch of British earth can be taken, containing and supporting two thousand inhabitants, (Dr. Chalmers's ideal of a parish,) in which, both in respect of natural phenomena and of social processes, there is not a tolerably fair representation of British nature and British life as a whole. And thus the education of local circumstance is not necessarily a narrow education. With but a field of two thousand inhabitants wherein to expatiate, there are no limits to what a man may know; for within that circle there is not a fundamental process of universal human nature, from love-making and bargain-making up to mad tyranny and murderous revenge, that is not proportionately epitomized. Kant never went out of his native Königsberg; and Socrates used jocularly to say that the only way to lure him beyond the walls of Athens was for some one to inveigle him into an argument and then walk backwards like a roper. Even between a district in one country and a district in another, the amount of difference is less than the amount of circumstance which both have in common. The stalwart Cromarty man eating his porridge, the olive-faced Italian eating his polenta, the languid Hindoo eating his ghee and rice, have all acquired, in reality, despite their superficial differences, the same substantial stock of experimental knowledge; so that, give us the aphorism of a Cromarty man, and it shall be wisdom in Italy and Hindostan, give us the aphorism of an Italian, and it shall be wisdom in Hindostan and

Cromarty, give us the aphorism of a Hindoo, and it shall please both in Cromarty and Italy. Bating a slight overplus of allusion to the single Spanish circumstance of garlic, Sancho Panza's proverbs and maxims might have been produced anywhere.

And this leads us on to another "school," to which our author assigns hardly less importance in the history of his education than to that of which we have just been speaking, and to which many will be disposed to assign considerably more. If a man does desire to transcend, for the purposes of self-education, the little world of scenery and fact afforded by his native district, there are two ways of doing so—by books and by travel. One may become acquainted with the physical, social, and historical features of other places either by actually moving into the midst of them, and personally receiving their impressions; or one may have the information brought to one's own door in books. The second is by far the most convenient mode for the majority, and for all it possesses certain obvious advantages. Accordingly, while the education of travel has always been in high repute as a method of supplementary culture for the rich and the leisurely, the education of books has always taken the precedence of it as, of the two, the more essential and comprehensive. So much is this the case, that for several centuries in all civilized nations the word education has come to mean almost exclusively book-learning or literary culture.

Like Burns, Hugh Miller had a perfectly competent amount of good school-education. In his fifth or sixth year he went to a dame's school, where he learnt to read. Thence he was transferred to the grammar school of Cromarty, where, with one hundred and twenty other boys, his coevals in the town and neighbourhood, he went through the ordinary course of reading, writing, arithmetic, and whatever else was taught in parish schools in the north of Scotland. He even began Latin with a view to college. Finally, in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, as near as we can make out the date, he attended for some time a kind of private or subscription school set up in the town as a rival to the grammar school. All this, we suppose, amounted to just as good a school education as was at that time to be had by any youth in Cromarty; and if Burns, remembering *his* school training, with its smattering of French and Trigonometry, could say with literal truth, according to the standard of Ayrshire,

"My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my education O,"

Hugh Miller, among his contemporaries of the north of Scotland, can say quite as much. The truth is, as we have already hinted, there is much misapprehension on this point, especially among Englishmen. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize the state of

things in Scotland, or, at least, in the north of Scotland, as regards the possibility of education for a poor man's son. Fifteen years ago, (and, we believe, still,) the very best classical school education that a boy could have in the chief city in the north of Scotland, was to be had for ten shillings and sixpence a quarter. Any boy, a native of that town and living with his parents, could receive not only the best, but absolutely the most *dignified*, school education that the town afforded, for precisely that sum; and it was not in the power of the wealthiest citizen to procure for his son a better classical schooling than that sum purchased for the poorest. The sons of the richest and of some of the poorest men in the town passed equally through that school, and were taught Latin five hours a day all at the same rate of half-a-guinea a-head quarterly. That was the grammar school of a university town, and a kind of preparatory classical seminary where boys of the town, or who were boarded in the town, were prepared for the university. To the same or to a neighbouring university came youths who had received their preparatory training in the ordinary parish schools scattered over the north of Scotland, the difference between the city grammar school and these parochial schools being that in the former the instruction was wholly in Latin, Greek, and their accompaniments, whereas, in the latter, Latin was taught only as something accessory, to the few who wanted it. Cromarty grammar school then, was the parochial school of a considerable town, where a boy could receive all the elements of an English education, and could also, if he chose to enter the Latin class, be fitted for college. Thus, in the matter of school education, Hugh Miller's position is exactly this, that he went, along with his coevals, up very nearly to the last point that Cromarty means and appurtenances could carry him. To go farther would have involved leaving Cromarty and going, for five months every year, to King's College, Aberdeen, as the nearest university. About two or three per cent. at the utmost, of the Cromarty youths did so; and Hugh Miller was not one of these, though he was on the point of being one. Or, to represent the matter on a larger statistical scale, about six or seven hundred youths annually at that time in all Scotland were drafted into the universities; and Hugh Miller of Cromarty just stopped short of being one of the seven hundred of his year. That is a fair measure of his education in the scholastic and technical sense.

And what is the great boon which, according to Mr. Miller's conscientious estimate in looking back, he derived from this quite respectable amount of pedagogy? Precisely this—it gave him the faculty of reading books. In this, interpreted in its full meaning, he considers that he may sum up all that he ever de-

rived from that portion of his education which is generally regarded as constituting the whole of education. Accordingly among his 'schoolmasters' it is by no means his pedagogues that figure most conspicuously. The only person of this class to whom he pays any tribute of indebtedness is the master of the grammar school, whom he describes as a scholar, and a man of some literary taste, and some loose impressiveness of character. With this exception, he seems to represent all that he obtained from his attendance at school as amounting merely to what he might have obtained otherwise, though perhaps more circuitously and laboriously—the accomplishment of reading, with its correlative, writing. Seeing that he cast Latin aside with the Rudiments, uncle James or uncle Sandy might really have taught him substantially what he learnt at school; though, on the principle of division of labour, the work was judiciously devolved on the dame and the two pedagogues, who made teaching a business. In this respect, we believe, Mr. Miller's estimate of the value of the pedagogic element in education, as ascertained for himself by his own experience, will fall considerably below that which many, no more disposed than he is to consider pedagogues the only or even the chief schoolmasters of youth, will yet be constrained to form by reference to *their* experience. We have ourselves known men of the class of pedagogues whose effect on the entire education of the district to which they belonged was immense—men who rayed out spirit and enthusiasm among the youth of whole neighbourhoods, and whose service to society consisted in nothing less than this, that, annually for twenty or thirty years, they had sent forth fifty or eighty lads into it, more docile, more methodical, more upright, and more brilliant beings than they would otherwise have been. Arnold of Rugby was but the conspicuous type of a class of men of which there are at this hour, both in England and Scotland, many obscure representatives. Bearing this in mind, one must, even on the largest view of what education is, assign a high educational value to the scholastic element. That this element figures so low in Mr. Miller's account of the process of his education may arise in a great measure from the fact, that his experience of professional schoolmasters was not particularly fortunate; but it must arise also, in part, from the unusual preponderance in his case of other agencies of education, and from the fact that he stopped short, in his schooling, precisely there where pedagogy begins to reveal its peculiar power and rises into an art. At the same time, we are glad that such is the case, seeing that it lends the whole weight of Mr. Miller's experience to what we consider a most important practical conclusion—namely, that, after all, the schools of a country fulfil their main and most proper function

when they thoroughly impart the faculty of reading books. It might be well if, in these days, when the great problem of National Education is so much discussed, this limited notion of what we can expect from schools were, for a time at least, more prevalent. If by schools we understand institutions for completely educating the youth of a country, that is, for uniting in themselves all those educational functions which in Mr. Miller's case were distributed among so many 'schools' and 'schoolmasters,' then the task of constructing a national system of schools does seem hopeless. Nay, if, taking a more moderate view, we desire to have schools that shall include a complete system of arrangements for the formation of all the habits, and the inculcation of all the doctrines considered primarily necessary to make a youth a tolerably good member of civil society, even then we shall find the construction of a national system of schools a truly Herculean labour. How shall we fix in schools what we have not yet fixed in society? But if we choose for a time to define schools as institutions set up to accomplish thoroughly the one good object of teaching all the children of a community to read and write, then, though we shall greatly narrow our notion of schools in so doing, it will not seem an impossible task to devise a machinery adequate for the purpose. As yet in Great Britain we have never attained even to this very moderate ideal of a national school system. Not to mention the masses among us who cannot read or write at all, the number of those who, in the language of statistical returns, can only "read and write imperfectly," is enormously great. With regard to such, it ought to be considered that schools have simply not fulfilled any function whatever. Until the entire mechanical difficulty of reading has been overcome and the art made a pleasant and unconscious possession, no child can be said to have had the benefit of a school. The one grand separation between the educated and the uneducated of a community is, as we have already said, the accomplishment of perfect and easy reading. All on the one side of this line of separation fall back into the one promiscuous class of the illiterate; all whom an adequate school-training has placed on the other side, constitute another class, among whom, indeed, there may be grades and peerages, but who yet all have in common that which distinguishes them from the Helots, and puts their future in their own power—the franchise of books. The traditional superiority of the humbler ranks of Scotchmen over the corresponding ranks of Englishmen has consisted, we believe, very much in this single circumstance, that, thanks to our school-system, such as it is, the poorest Scotchman, wherever he goes, does carry with him, as a part of his outfit, some capacity and taste for reading. Whether, however, in the view of all this, we ought

to be content with such a system of schools as shall merely provide for universal instruction in reading and writing, is another and a very difficult question. All that we say is, that Mr. Miller's autobiography contains suggestions on this point that ought to be taken into account. If Mr. Miller's work did nothing else than fully bring out and impress upon people the one notion that education requires a *plurality of schools*, it would do a great service. Perhaps we are in error in supposing that, by any ingenuity, we can ever contrive any *one* educational institution that shall do for a boy all that work which, in our author's case, it required an uncle James, and an uncle Sandy, and the various circumstance of a Scottish east coast, and a hard life as a stonemason, and much teaching besides, to perform.

What pedagogy did for Hugh Miller, we repeat, was to put him in possession of the franchise of books. At the dame's school, as he himself says, he thoroughly "mastered the grand acquirement of his life—the art of holding converse with books;" his subsequent schooling being little more than a continued exercise of this acquirement under superintendence. He became, as is invariably the case with such men in their boyhood, an insatiable and omnivorous reader. First, of course, came the Bible and the Shorter Catechism—the foundation of all, even if regarded only as so much literature. Then came a course of congenial reading in "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," the "Yellow Dwarf," "Sinbad the Sailor," and other "immortal works" of that class. Moving on, our author attacked in succession "Pope's Odyssey and Iliad," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," the judgment chapter in Howie's "Scotch Worthies," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," "Ambrose on Angels," "Miracles of Nature and Art," the "Adventures of Philip Quarll," and a collection of "Voyages and Travels," including those of Cook, Byron, Anson, Drake, Dampier, Raleigh, and Captain Woods Rogers. All these were read, sometimes in odd volumes, before his eleventh year, by which time also he had dipped into "Flavel," Henry's "Commentary," the "Cloud of Witnesses," and other works of old Scottish theology. Then came Hamilton's version of Blind Harry's "Wallace," and with it the usual fit of enthusiastic Scotticism. Dryden's "Virgil" and other translations followed. The family stock of literature having been thus exhausted, neighbours and friends in Cromarty were laid under contribution, and especially one Francie, a retired clerk and supercargo, out of whose stock were obtained the "Nineteen Years Travels of William Lithgow," the complete "British Essayists," from Addison to Mackenzie, Goldsmith's "Essays" and "Citizen of the World," a number of translations

of "Voyages and Travels" from the French, translations from Klopstock, Lavater, and some other German writers, and a collection of the minor poems, &c. of the wits of Queen Anne. "Shakespeare" came in due time, and other books and medleys of which it is useless to take reckoning. We have only to fancy such a mass of miscellaneous pabulum as the above healthily digested, and to remember that the ingredients most likely to take a permanent effect on the constitution were the *Voyages and Travels*, *Blind Harry*, the *Scottish Worthies*, *Pope*, the *British Essayists*, and the *Queen Anne Wits*, and we shall have an idea of what may have been the literary capacities and tastes of our author in his sixteenth or seventeenth year. That he should by this time have begun to venture on literary production for himself was a matter of course. At the grammar school he had acquired a reputation among his class-fellows as a narrator of stories. In his letters to his school-fellows he began to consider expression and style. Lastly, obeying the usual imitative instinct, he wrote verses. His last exploit as a schoolboy was to engage in a wrestling-match on the school-floor with the master, and then, in revenge for having been thrown, to write a satire upon him. The piece, entitled "*The Pedagogue*," was much relished by those who were in the secret of the authorship, and was duly copied out and forwarded to its victim by the penny-post. It opens thus:—

With solemn mien and pious air,  
S—k—r attends each call of grace;  
Loud eloquence bedecks his prayer,  
And formal sanctity his face.  
All good; but turn the other side  
And see the smiling beau displayed—  
The pompous strut, exalted air,  
And all that marks the fop is there.

Our young Cromarty hero is evidently becoming formidable. If he can first nearly throw his schoolmaster in a wrestling-match, and then make him wince by the use of his pen, it is clear that the man is already stirring in him, and that it is time for him to be done with pedagogues. Accordingly, the foregoing lampoon was his farewell to school-life.

Doing our best to realize the exact state of the case, and expressing distinctly what, in the modesty of autobiography, can only indirectly appear, we can pronounce Hugh Miller to have been, at this period of his life, undoubtedly the foremost youth in the whole district of Cromarty—the strongest in body; the largest in brain; the most adventurous in pedestrian excursions; the best-informed in local natural history, local legend, and local fact of all kinds; the most extensively read in books; the best

writer of letters and verses; the most cultivated, in short, in everything held in scholastic repute, except spelling, Latin, and English pronunciation. This, though we have to infer it, seems the literal truth. The only natural faculty in which, so far as we can gather, he was decidedly deficient, was that known as the musical ear. Nature, he says, in despite of unusually large phrenological indications, had entirely withheld from him this one of her gifts. His uncle Sandy, who was profound in psalmody, had, as he thought, once taught him to recognise the psalm-tune of St. George's; but even this supposed acquisition broke down the first time that another tune was sung in church, in which, as in St. George's, the last line of the stanza was repeated. If, however, even now, the real connexion between the musical ear and the general intellect is an insoluble problem; if, even now, Hugh Miller's is another name to be added to those of Coleridge, Chalmers, Scott, Burns, and many more, all proving that the technical ear for music is distinct even from so apparently similar a thing as the passion for rhythm, cadence, and rhetorical harmony—it is not likely that in Cromarty at that time the want was regarded as anything very serious. At the outset of life, at least, the swarthy Ayrshire poet was no better endowed with the ear for music than his fair-haired admirer and fellow-countryman of the north,—Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert having been, according to the testimony of their schoolmaster, the least musically sensitive of all the lads in the parish. By perseverance on the violin Burns partly overcame this defect in later life; but Mr. Miller, it seems, remains as he was. But whether he could distinguish St. George's from Peterborough or not, he was decidedly the ablest and most accomplished lad in all Cromarty and its neighbourhood. *That* was, or ought to have been admitted; and it would have been but a very probable calculation, on the back of this, that he was also the ablest and most accomplished lad in all that region of the north of Scotland which Cromarty could survey. What was to be done with this youth, in whose subsequent career his native place and the whole north of Scotland might well feel interested?

No public meeting of the inhabitants of Cromarty was convened to decide this question. It was decided in a small committee, of which the youth himself, and his uncles, James and Sandy, were the principal members. Family circumstances and the custom of the place had limited the choice of courses to these two—a migration, after a little while of farther preparation, to King's College, Aberdeen, there to study for one of the learned professions, and, most naturally, for the Scottish Church; or, immediate apprenticeship to some trade. There were serious discussions in the committee on the subject. Uncles James

and Sandy were decidedly for college and a learned profession, towards which course their own scanty means were freely offered. The youth demurred. "I had no wish and no peculiar fitness," he says, "to be either lawyer or doctor; and as for the Church, that was too serious a direction to look in for one's bread, unless one could honestly regard one's self as *called* to the Church's proper work; and I could not." This argument was decisive; "better be anything," said the uncles, "than an *uncalled* minister." Even then, fifty pounds in hand might have arrested the decision; but, as it was, a trade was resolved upon. The husband of a maternal aunt was a stone-mason in a small way of business, and to him Hugh Miller was apprenticed. An important fact, as it has turned out, in the history of the mason trade!

We cannot pretend to do anything like justice to this new "school" into which our author thus entered in his seventeenth year, and in which he remained, with only a change from *form* to *form*, till his thirty-fourth. One thing is to be borne in mind: The scholar carried with him into the new school not only all his previous acquisitions, but also a firm resolution that the circumstances of his new position should not interfere with his efforts to add to them. "Daring to believe," he says, "that literature, and mayhap natural science, were, after all, my proper vocations, I resolved that much of my leisure time should be given to careful observation, and the study of our best English authors." Bearing this in mind, bearing in mind that our author, when he donned his apron and took the mallet in hand, carried with him into the trade a determinate character and bent, which its occupations could neither subdue nor satisfy, and to which he was resolved that they should even all minister, it will not be difficult to see, farther, that there were precisely two ways in which his new mode of life could affect him. In the first place, as a philosophic friend of ours would say, it would affect himself *subjectively*, by gradually bringing him into that point of view from which the stone-mason, in particular, surveys nature and society,—it would gradually beget in him the stone-mason cast of thought. In the second place, it would affect him by introducing him to quite a new range of *objective* circumstances and particulars—the peculiar world, so to speak, of the Scottish stone-mason. To express the same thing otherwise, the man whose profession it is to handle a mallet and hew and set stones, learns to think in a certain corresponding manner, the peculiarities of which might be investigated; and he is also led into scenes and places where only men who handle mallets and hew and set stones habitually go. The two effects, it will be seen, are fundamentally one; but they are, nevertheless, distinguishable.

As every profession or craft calls into play certain bodily sinews or senses more than others, and so produces a certain gait or attitude in its practitioners, so every profession or craft calls forth more especially certain intellectual and moral faculties, and thus impresses on its practitioners a stamp of individuality. We all know the external aspect and gait of a stone-mason, strong, manly, whitish fellow that he is; what is his interior type and build of intellect? Mr. Miller can answer this question far better than we can.

"Between the workmen that pass sedentary lives within doors, such as weavers and tailors, and those who labour in the open air, such as masons and ploughmen, there exists a grand generic difference. Sedentary mechanics are usually less contented than laborious ones; and as they almost always work in parties, and as their comparatively light, though often long and wearily-plied employments, do not so much strain their respiratory organs but that they can keep up an interchange of idea when at their toils, they are generally much better able to state their grievances, and much more fluent in speculating on their causes. They develop more freely than the laborious out-of-doors workers of the country, and present, as a class, a more intelligent aspect. On the other hand, when the open-air worker does so overcome his difficulties as to get fairly developed, he is usually of a fresher and more vigorous type than the sedentary one. Burns, Hogg, Allan Cunningham, are the literary representatives of the order; and it will be found that they stand considerably in advance of the Thoms, Bloomfields, and Tannahills that represent the sedentary workmen. The silent, solitary, hard-toiled men, if nature has put no better stuff in them than that of which stump-orators and chartist lecturers are made, remain silent, repressed by their circumstances; but if of a higher grade, and if they once do get their mouths fairly opened, they speak with power, and bear with them into our literature the freshness of the green earth and the freedom of the open sky. [Here follow some interesting remarks on the barber, the tailor, the smith, and the shoemaker.] The professional character of the mason varies a good deal in the several provinces of Scotland, according to the various circumstances in which he is placed. He is in general a blunt, manly, taciturn fellow, who, without much of the radical and chartist about him, especially if wages be good and employment abundant, rarely touches his hat to a gentleman. His employment is less purely mechanical than many others: he is not like a man ceaselessly engaged in pointing needles or fashioning pin-heads. On the contrary, every stone he lays or hews demands the exercise of a certain amount of judgment for itself; and so he cannot wholly suffer his mind to fall asleep over his work. When engaged, too, in erecting some fine building, he always experiences a degree of interest in marking the effect of the design developing itself piecemeal, and growing up under his hands; and so he rarely wearies of what he is doing. Further, his profession has this advantage, that

it educates his sense of sight. Accustomed to ascertain the straightness of lines at a glance, and to cast his eye along plane walls, or the mouldings of entablatures or architraves, in order to determine the rectitude of the masonry, he acquires a sort of mathematical precision in determining the true bearing and position of objects, and is usually found, when admitted into a rifle club, to equal, without previous practice, its second-rate shots. He only falls short of its first-rate ones, because, uninitiated by the experience of his profession in the mystery of the parabolic curve, he fails, in taking aim, to make the proper allowance for it. The mason is almost always a silent man; the strain on his respiration is too great, when he is actively employed, to leave the necessary freedom to the organs of speech; and so at least the provincial builder or stone-cutter rarely or never becomes a democratic orator. I have met with exceptional cases in the larger towns; but they were the result of individual idiosyncrasies, developed in clubs and taverns, and were not professional. . . . It is, however, with the character of our north-country masons that I have at present chiefly to do. Living in small villages, or in cottages in the country, they can very rarely procure employment in the neighbourhood of their dwellings, and so they are usually content to regard these as simply their homes for the winter and earlier spring months, when they have nothing to do, and to remove for work to other parts of the country, where bridges, or harbours, or farm-steadings are in the course of building,—to be subjected there to the influences of what is known as the barrack, or rather bothy life. These barracks or bothies are almost always of the most miserable description. I have lived in hovels that were invariably flooded in wet weather by the overflowings of neighbouring swamps, and through whose roofs I could tell the hour at night by marking from my bed the stars that were passing over the openings along the ridge; I have resided in other dwellings of rather higher pretensions, in which I have been awakened during every heavier night-shower by the rain-drops splashing upon my face where I lay a-bed. . . . In these barracks the food is of the plainest and coarsest description; oatmeal forms its staple, with milk, when milk can be had, which is not always; and as the men have to cook by turns, with only half an hour or so given them in which to light a fire, and prepare the meal for a dozen or twenty associates, the cooking is invariably an exceedingly rough and simple affair. . . . One marked effect of the annual change which the north-country mason has to undergo from a life of domestic comfort to a life of hardship in the bothy, if he has not passed middle life, is a great apparent increase in his animal spirits. At home he is in all probability a quiet, rather dull-looking personage, not much given to laugh or joke; whereas in the bothy, if the squad be a large one, he becomes wild and a humorist,—laughs much, and grows ingenious in playing off pranks on his fellows. Yet, amid all this wild merriment and license there was not a workman who did not regret the comforts of his quiet home, and long for the happiness which was, he felt, to be enjoyed only there. It has

long been known that gaiety is not solid enjoyment; but that the gaiety should indicate little else than the want of solid enjoyment, is a circumstance not always suspected. . . . There are, however, two circumstances that serve to prevent the bothy life of the north-country mason from essentially injuring his character in the way it almost never fails to injure that of the farm-servant. As he has to calculate on being, part of every winter, and almost every spring, unemployed, he is compelled to practise a self-denying economy, the effect of which, when not carried to the extreme of a miserly narrowness, is always good; and Hallow-day returns him every season to the humanizing influences of his home."

Subjected to all the influences of the mode of life here so well described, our author, first as a stripling apprentice among older masons, and then for some years as a full-grown journeyman, skilled in his craft, and earning its highest wages, willingly contracted his competent share of "the mason's" peculiarities. It is to be noted, however, that it was only during the first half of his entire connexion with the trade of a stone-mason that he was subjected to those more coarse and rough experiences of bothy-life and the like, which he has pictured in the foregoing passage. After having worked as a journeyman for some years, and having, during that time, had his due share of such hardships, he was able in part to release himself from them, and to support himself in a manner more agreeable to his tastes, and more conducive to his comfort, by exchanging the life of a journeyman operative, working, season after season, for different masters, and in company with other journeymen, for that of a jobbing-mason, undertaking such small private commissions in the way of his trade as he could himself execute within a moderate distance either of Cromarty or Inverness. Of this kind of work—and much of it consisted in the sculpturing and lettering of tomb-stones, stone-dials, and the like,—he found quite enough to enable him during nine or ten years to earn a subsistence at least equal to that which he had before earned as a journeyman under contractors. Still, even during this improved period, his worldly condition was, in all respects, that of an operative mason. If he did not work, as one of a gang, in quarries or in sheds, near buildings in course of erection, and lodge in barracks and bothies with companions, his work was still hard manual labour in the open air in all weathers, and his domestic accommodations were the same as those of any plain careful Scotch mechanic. Literally, therefore, and in the strictest sense, Hugh Miller's education during the greater part of his whole adult life, was that of a common mason; and as truly as Thom or Tannahill can be regarded as representatives in literature of the peculiar style of mind brought on by the habits of their *trade*, may Hugh Miller

be regarded as a literary representative of the habits brought on by *his*. And certainly, there is nothing in *him* of that morbid and acrid humour, that too keen and peevish state of nerve, which is apt, if his observations are correct, to characterize the genius of the sedentary operative. He thinks and writes muscularly, cheerfully and healthily, like a man whose work has been in the open air, and whose fare has been solid and farinaceous. He has carried something of the gait and massiveness of the stone-mason with him into literature. He even lays down his sentences slowly and deliberately, as if they were so many blocks to be set squarely in their proper places, plain and ornamented, just as they come. A page of his writing in type presents to the accustomed eye a compact, and, as one might say, a well-built appearance. And the thought which is bedded in the type is always substantial, and, even where the form is most delicate and the colour richest, of hard and firm material.

But, though taking on genially enough the impress and manner of his new mode of life, it was still as a man who had brought more into it than the desire to earn its wages and conform to its usages. In every company of workmen to which he belonged during his apprentice and journeyman days his taste for reading alone must have marked him out as a man far out of the common way. Faithful to his resolution on entering the trade, he employed, from the very first moment, all the leisure which it left him in the work of earnest intellectual cultivation. In noisy bothies, on summer and autumn evenings, or at home during the winter, he continued uninterruptedly to read all kinds of books. It must have been during this, the most laborious period of his life, that he began to form that intimate and extensive acquaintance with the works of the English poets and prose writers, as well as with their lives, of which his writings give such ample proof. Of the English literature of the eighteenth century in particular, with its Swifts, its Addisons, its Popes, its Shenstones, its Goldsmiths, and its Cowpers, there was probably in all England itself no such assiduous student as this obscure Scottish operative of the years 1818-25, whose days were spent in quarries or under masons' sheds, and his evenings in wretched Highland bothies, or in scarcely superior hovels in Lowland villages. The old Scottish poets and prose-writers were also duly overtaken as occasion threw them in his way; and at this day we believe there is no Scotchman who could repeat so many passages of Barbour, Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, or Lyndsay by heart, or who could, out of his own stores, give so vivid a sketch, at bidding, of the past history and gossip of Scottish literature. To read Burns, Allan Ramsay, Byron, and the Waverley Novels, is by no means an unusual

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amount of literary achievement among Scottish working-men; but a course of such various and steady reading as that which our author went through would, even in these days of mechanics' institutions and local libraries, be an undertaking for a select few. Nor was it to the mere literature of fiction, history, poetry, legend, biography, and anecdote—the various field of what might be called pleasant or amusing reading—that our author restricted himself. Something like justice was also done to the chief works of English and Scottish philosophical thought—more especially those of Locke, Kames, Hume, Reid, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and other metaphysicians of the eighteenth century. This, if we may judge from certain allusions, was rather a matter of conscience than of real liking; and probably the reader found more of genuine interest in the *biographies* of this class of British authors, the concrete facts of their lives, than in their speculations. The same, however, can hardly be said of such readings as he found opportunity for in one other field not properly included in pure literature—that of natural science. Here he ranged at large with a sense of real enjoyment; and though books in this department were not then so numerous as now, such as came in his way, from encyclopædias to manuals, must have been turned to very good profit. We are not sure even whether, leaving the walks of merely descriptive science, such as botany or zoology, our author did not also find time at this period to carry his school-mathematics a little farther by private studies in Euclid and other manuals, and to cultivate some acquaintance with the principles of the higher physical sciences, such as astronomy, mechanics, and chemistry. Possibly these higher exercises of self-education were reserved for the later period of his career as an operative, when his opportunities of leisure and quiet evening study were greater. This, at all events, we remark about his writings, that he never shrinks from an allusion requiring knowledge in these directions—be it to asymptote, equation, curve, parallax, atomic weight, or anything else equally naughty to your spruce Cockney *littérateur*; and that his allusions of this kind are always perfectly accurate. When and where, too, did he get all that very good Latin for the names of his plants? Moreover, he speaks of making sketches, architectural drawings, and no end of other things; nor does it require his own statement to let us know that all this while he was writing verses, rhapsodies, reflections, and soliloquies of his own, which if picked up among the moors or in some country churchyard, on their original dingy and well-economized paper, would have made a travelling Cambridge student wonder what uncaught Addison or Goldsmith was going loose in that

hyperboreal region, falling short of stationery, and scattering his scraps to the winds.

The profession of a stone-mason, however, not only left our author time to prosecute for himself all that species of culture which could be acquired by reading and reflection; it opened up to him, also, a more direct and specific means of education, by moving him about from spot to spot, and introducing him to an ever-varying succession of new Scottish scenes and circumstances. His first scenes of labour, indeed, as an apprentice and a journeyman, were among the quarries and in the solitudes of his native region of the Moray Firth; but even there he broke in upon new ground, and became acquainted with spots with which he had not till then been familiar. His acquaintance with the Highlands, too, till then confined to Ross-shire and Sutherland, was gradually extended by journeys into totally new districts, with features peculiar to themselves. Many a spot of wild beauty, lying round the little circle of hewn and unhewn stones where he and his companions piled their mid-day labours, received his solitary evening visits, and breathed its quiet but everlasting influence into his trains of meditation. Even now, we suppose, he has but to shut his eyes, and a succession of these old local visions will come back—sweet inland glens created for nothing but the hush of the waterfall; clusters of hamlets, each under its patch of stars; remote village-churchyards studded with their homely tombstones; rocky coves and promontories where memory still bears the sullen swinge of the sea. One journey in particular he refers to as of peculiar interest at the time—that which introduced him first to the scenery and circumstance of the western coasts of Scotland. He records at some length the novel impressions which this part of Scotland made upon him, coming upon it as he did fresh from the east coast, and with his mind full of east coast images. The very sea on the west coast was different: one could see the pebbles at the bottom through a far greater depth of water; and the fish and molluscs were not the same. All this, and hundreds of other facts of the kind, he noticed with the practised eye of a tourist and a naturalist: and all this he now accounts to have been no inefficient part of his schooling while a working man. More important in many respects than his visit to the west coast, was his professional journey to the south, and his residence in the vicinity of Edinburgh during the entire season of 1824-5. The first visit to Edinburgh and its neighbourhood is always an event of note in the life of a Scottish provincial, and especially in that of a young native of the north of Scotland: and that in the case of Hugh Miller the migration was one of unusual consequence, appears from the

large space assigned in the Autobiography to his reminiscences of the south country. It was immediately after this visit to the south that he abandoned the rougher life of a journeyman, and began that of a jobbing mason or stone-cutter,—finding sufficient employment in such private commissions as the neighbourhood of Cromarty afforded, with occasional excursions into the adjacent counties of Ross, Elgin, and Inverness.

The whole of this education supplied to Mr. Miller between his seventeenth and his thirty-fourth year immediately out of the exercise of his trade, consisted, it will be seen, but in an extension and continuation of that "education of circumstance," of which his preceding life as a youth had afforded so conspicuous an example. The only difference was that the school was wider. For "Cromarty scenery and circumstance," substitute "Scottish scenery and circumstance," still allowing the north of Scotland and its east coast to predominate, and the essential nature of the progress will be sufficiently indicated. Here, too, the former classification of the kinds of circumstance into the two main divisions of circumstance of the Uncle Sandy vein, and circumstance of the Uncle James vein will still hold good. As, formerly, our author, combining in himself the tastes and predilections of the two uncles, had shewn an equal aptitude for the natural history of Cromarty, and for the miscellaneous studies which it offered in the shape of legends, antiquities, social habits, and quaint individual physiognomies, so now, with his firmer powers of self-control, and his larger stock of principles and ideas, he still moved on gathering facts from both worlds wherever he went. New minerals were picked up and polished, new arrangements of rock observed, new plants identified, new fishes and molluscs studied and dissected. What with such an increased store of materials personally collected, what with the higher scientific organization that could be given to them by hints caught from books or by original hypotheses and generalizations, Uncle Sandy and Cromarty were soon left far behind. Above all, in geology the progress was immense. Until the time of his becoming a mason, the geology of our author had amounted to little more than an empirical knowledge of the mineral characters of rocks. The wonders of the fossil-world had hardly dawned upon his view. An occasional fact, such as the disinterring of the trunk of an antediluvian tree in a morass, had sufficed to bring the vision of a Pre-adamite universe of organized life just within his range. But hardly had he been a few days at work in his first quarry when, attracted by the organisms in which, as it chanced, the locality was unusually rich, he began, almost instinctively, his course of geological researches. From place to place, wherever he went, from the

shores of the Moray Firth to those of the Firth of Forth, the hammer was continually in his pocket, and his eye ever indefatigable in the search for fossils. The results, all the world knows. Not only did the stone-mason, blending what he saw with what he read, become a self-taught geologist, learned in all that contemporary science professed to know; not only did he add to the number of his private enjoyments that of being able to speculate as profoundly as some of the first intellects of the age on the great theme of our planet's primeval history; it fell to him also to make for himself the name of a discoverer, and to be the first to decipher in the volume of nature a passage till then unread. Hugh Miller and the Old Red Sandstone are names now indissolubly associated; and the connexion was formed long before the world knew of it. Thus, at least, Uncle Sandy might have been more than satisfied with the fruits of *his* elementary teaching. But the vein of Uncle James was still as strongly marked in the genius of *his* pupil; and the claims of Scottish antiquities, legends, and social facts, were not sacrificed to those of Scottish geology. This, indeed, is Hugh Miller's peculiarity, that into whatever district he goes, the geology and the humanity of that district seem equally to attract him. There are, we doubt not, readers of his volumes who invariably skip the geological pages; and there may possibly be also—though this is not so likely—readers who skip the other pages to alight on these. Such a union of Uncle James and Uncle Sandy is very rare among our British authors. Scott, for example, was Uncle James all over. It was enough for him to have the living population with its humours, its bustling life of joy and sorrow, its habitations and traditions, and a sufficient surface of Scottish scenery whereon to plant them. And this is what literature properly requires. Our author, however, begins deeper. He constructs the stony skeleton of a district, and carries it through the Pre-adamite ages, and fossilizes for you all that has ever been in it, or on it, from its ferns to its saurians, before he considers it an available landscape, on which you and he can intelligently keep your footing. If he is discussing Argyllshire, his imagination ranges back through all those unknown and antecedent zoologies which have been swept from that region to fit it for the Campbells. But, once he has laid down his landscape, he is not like some of our geologists, who have no sympathy with what is on it. In his present volume, for example, there is hardly a single variety of Scottish concrete circumstance in which he does not seem at home. Wherever he goes, he visits old towers and forts, and collects local legends, Highland or Lowland, with all the zest of a patriot and an antiquarian. He is no less delighted with the

trace of a kelpie than he would be with that of a pterodactyl. With his pockets full of fossils he would go miles to see a battle-field of Wallace; nor in any of his geological tours would he omit seeing a Covenanter's grave. Well also may he claim for his work that interest which arises from contemporaneous glimpses into the life of the Scottish people. Here we have a series of pictures of Scottish society, as various as they are authentic. East coast fishermen and sailors, Highland farmers, north country masons, south country masons, colliers of the Lothians, gipsy outlaws—all these types or varieties of Scottish life are sketched from actual knowledge, and with a range of background varying from the wild solitude of scene in Sutherland to the low squalor of a public-house in Edinburgh. There are incidental sketches also of outlying curiosities of Scottish humanity not exactly belonging to any class;—Highland maniacs, half-witted eccentrics in Lowland villages, and others besides. And lastly, there are portraits of striking *individuals* with whom the author came in contact—with some of them casually, with others more habitually and intimately. There is old John Fraser, the prince of north country masons, who could do with ease three times as much work as any other man; there is "Cha," the hero of the south country squad, and the type of a noble nature wrecked into a blackguard; there is William Ross, the house-painter, weak-bodied and diffident, but with the genius of a born poet and artist; there is Peter M'Craw, the tax-gatherer of Leith; there is the aristocratic-looking silver-haired mason's labourer, the lineal descendant of the Earls of Crawford, whom the Niddry masons used to salute with—"John, yerl of Crawford, bring us anither hod o' lime;" and, as one reminiscence at least of a man known to fame, there is a glimpse of Dr. M'Crie of Edinburgh, walking in the lane near Libberton, an erect military-looking old gentleman, with his collar stained with powder and his hat turned up behind. From each and all of these men our author learned something; and each and all of them, accordingly, he ranks among his "schools." In fact, to whatever man, thing, or event taught him anything, he wishes it to be understood that he applies this name.

It is not, however, merely as so many surrounding circumstances furnishing matter for observation and reflection that men are "schools" to each other. At all events in early life this cannot be the case. In later life men do, to a great extent, exist independently of others, and regard others as merely so many *objects*—so much circumstance of costume, physiognomy, and character—more or less interesting. But in earlier life far closer educational relations are easily formed between man and man. One man becomes an educating power in the life of

another, not merely by standing before him as an object to be gazed at, but by becoming, so to speak, a second subject, an additional self, through whose eyes also nature may be seen. This is the education of friendship. Our author, as much as any man, seems capable of living independently of aid from others, and of taking people as they occur to him simply as so much circumstance drifted into his net. But he also has learned not a little in the school of friendship. Of the individuals whose portraits he sketches, in addition to those of his relatives, several were men who not only interested him as objects, but had also a hold upon his affections, and thus contributed to his education in two ways at once. Even for "Cha," the blackguard-hero of the Edinburgh squad, there is evidence that his feeling was one of personal regard. But the friend, *par excellence*, of his life—the man with whom, of all those mentioned in the Autobiography, with the exception of his near kinsmen, his relations were most decisively of a sentimental character—was the house-painter, William Ross. This interesting person is thus described: the time to which the description more immediately refers being the first year of our author's apprenticeship as a mason.

"During this winter I was much in the company of a young man about five years my senior, who was of the true stuff of which friends are made, and to whom I became much attached. I had formed some acquaintance with him about five years before, on his coming to the place (Cromarty) from the neighbouring parish of Nigg, to be apprenticed to a house painter who lived a few doors from my mother's. But there was at first too great a disparity between us for friendship—he was a tall lad and I a wild boy; and, though occasionally admitted into his sanctum—a damp little room in an out-house, in which he slept, and in his leisure hours made water-colour drawings and verses—it was but as an occasional visitor, who, having a rude taste for literature and the fine arts, was just worthy of being encouraged in this way. My year of toil, however, had wrought wonders for me: it had converted me into a sober young man; and William Ross now seemed to find scarce less pleasure in my company than I did in his. Poor William! his name must be widely unfamiliar to the reader, and yet he had that in him which ought to have made it a known one. He was a lad of genius, knew truthfully, and a true sense of the beautiful, and possessed the true poetic faculty: but he lacked health and spirits, and was naturally of a melancholy temperament, and diffident of himself. He was at his time a thin, pale lad, but tanned, with a clear waxen complexion, flat chest, and stooping figure, and though he lasted considerably longer than could have been anticipated from his appearance, in seven years after he was in the grave. He was unfortunate in his parents, his mother, though of a serious family of the old Scottish type, was an aberrant specimen,—she had taken in early youth, and had subsequently married an igno-

rant, half-imbecile labourer, with whom she passed a life of poverty and unhappiness; and of this unpromising marriage William was the eldest child. It was certainly not from either parent he derived his genius. . . . His boyhood had been that of the poet; he had loved to indulge in day-dreams in the solitude of a deep wood beside his grandmother's cottage; and had learned to write verses and draw landscapes in a rural locality in which no one had ever written verses or drawn landscapes before. And finally, as, in the north of Scotland, in those primitive times, the nearest approach to an artist was a house-painter, William was dispatched to Cromarty, when he had grown tall enough for the work, to cultivate his natural taste for the fine arts in papering rooms and lobbies, and in painting railings and wheelbarrows. . . . We used to beat over all manner of subjects together, especially poetry and the fine arts; and, though we often differed, our differences served only to knit us the more. He, for instance, deemed the 'Minstrel' of Beattie the most perfect of English poems; but, though he liked Dryden's 'Virgil' well enough, he could find no poetry whatever in the 'Absalom and Ahithophel' of Dryden; whereas I liked both the 'Minstrel' and the 'Ahitophel,' and, indeed, could hardly say, unlike as they were in complexion and character, which of the two I read oftenest or admired most. Again, among prose writers, Addison was his especial favourite, and Swift he detested; whereas I liked Addison and Swift almost equally well, and passed, without sense of incongruity, from the Vision of Mirza, or the paper on Westminster Abbey, to the true account of the death of Partridge, or the Tale of a Tub. If, however, he could wonder at the latitudinarian laxity of my taste, there was at least one special department in which I could marvel quite as much at the incomprehensible breadth of his. He was a born musician. When a little boy, he had constructed for himself a fife and clarionet of young shoots of elder, in which he succeeded in discoursing sweet music; and addressing himself at another and later period to both the principles and practice of the science, he became one of the best flute-players in the district. Notwithstanding my dulness of ear, I do cherish a pleasing recollection of the sweet sounds that used to issue from his little room in the outhouse, every milder evening as I approached, and of the soothed and tranquil state in which I ever found him on those occasions, as I entered. I could not understand his music, but I saw that, mentally at least, though, I fear, not physically,—for the respiratory organs were weak,—it did him great good. . . . It was once said of Thomson, by one who was himself not at all morbidly poetic in his feelings, that 'he could not have viewed two candles burning but with a poetical eye.' It might at least be said of my friend, that he never saw a piece of fine or striking scenery without being deeply moved by it. I have seen him awed into deep solemnity, in our walks, by the rising moon, as it peered down upon us over the hill, red and broad, and cloud-encircled, through the interstices of some clump of dark firs; and have observed him become suddenly silent, as, emerging from the moonlight woods, we looked

into a rugged dell, and saw far beneath, the slim rippling streamlet gleaming in the light, like a narrow strip of the aurora borealis shot athwart a dark sky, when the steep rough sides of the ravine, on either hand, were enveloped in gloom. My friend's opportunities of general reading had not been equal to my own, but he was acquainted with at least one class of books of which I knew scarce anything ;—he had carefully studied Hogarth's 'Analysis of Beauty,' Freanoy's 'Art of Painting,' 'Gesner's Letters,' the 'Lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' and several other works of a similar kind; and in all the questions of criticism that related to external form, the effects of light and shade, and the influences of the meteoric media, I found him a high authority. He had a fine eye for detecting the peculiar features which gave individuality and character to a landscape,—those features, as he used to say, which the artist or poet should seize and render prominent, while, at the same time, lest they should be lost as in a mob, he softened down the others; and recognising him as a master in this department of characteristic selection, I delighted to learn in his school,—by far the best of its kind I ever attended."

William Ross afterwards removed to Edinburgh, where our author found him, on his temporary visit there, working as a decorator, and as full of genius, but as desponding as ever. "Ah! Miller," he used to say, "you have stamina in you, and will force your way; but I want strength: the world will never hear of me." Nor, but for this tribute of his surviving friend, should the world have heard of him. He died in Edinburgh, not long after Mr. Miller's return to Cromarty; and the news came at the very time when his friend had a heavier and nearer loss to grieve for in the death of his uncle James. Perhaps his case is not an uncommon one. For one Hugh Miller that has stamina to force his way, there are, not improbably, many William Rosses who die ere they can emerge from obscurity, or even attain a step towards the position they merit. Such men we have known ourselves.

As far as we can discern, none of all Hugh Miller's subsequent acquaintances succeeded to exactly that place in his regards which had been occupied by William Ross. To some of these acquaintances, however, he acknowledges debts of a very important kind. To one, in particular—an old school companion, with whom, after a long interruption, his intercourse was renewed, about the time of his return from Edinburgh to Cromarty—he assigns an influence over his thoughts of no ordinary nature. Whoever knows what Hugh Miller is must be aware that if there is one part of his intellectual history, the omission of which in an account of his life would, more than any other omission, leave the man himself unexplained, it is that part where his personal relations to the faith and the theology of his native land would have to be considered. If Mr. Miller himself,

however, has deemed it right to maintain a certain reserve on this point, it is not for others to discuss it more at large. It is enough to say that, in the few pages which he does devote to the topic, he represents himself as having been, up to the period of his return to his native place from his temporary residence in the south, in an uncertain condition as to religious belief—sufficiently decorous in his demeanour towards the Presbyterianism of Scotland, and feeling even a patriotic and hereditary respect for it, as became a descendant of Donald Roy, but personally at sea on the whole question, “now a believer and anon a sceptic,” and “without any middle ground between the two extremes on which he could at once reason and believe.” At this period, he says, and chiefly in consequence of theological conversations with his friend, now a minister of the Scottish Free Church, but then only a student of divinity, he began to find that rest which he had long wanted in the cardinal principles of Scottish evangelism. And the new impulse thus given to his thoughts was powerfully assisted by his subsequent intercourse with the late Rev. Alexander Stewart of Cromarty, a man who, though not widely known beyond his own parish till shortly before his death, was in reality, according to Mr. Miller’s opinion, the most original mind in the Scottish pulpit of his generation, with the single exception of Chalmers.

From this period the plot of Mr. Miller’s life rapidly thickens. Found out, as one may say, by the parish minister, and gradually by others, and still others not only in Cromarty but in its neighbourhood also, the stone-mason became a local celebrity. Geologists in other towns corresponded with him; editors of local newspapers solicited communications from him; he published a volume of verses, entitled, “*Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*,” the Cromarty ladies began to lionize him, and would walk up to where he was at work to have the pleasure of conversing with him; and, to add dignity to good will, he was elected a town-councillor. In one respect, up to this time, he had been very obdurate. Though turned thirty, he still walked in bachelor meditation, fancy free. In due time, however, a conqueress appeared, and chains were wound round the Cromarty Hercules. We will not spoil this graceful episode in our author’s life by attempting to narrate it. Suffice it to say, that walking by the side of a young, fair, and highly accomplished companion, between whom and himself it was well understood that they should so walk together during their whole lives, the Hercules came very soon to the conclusion that, in that case, it would not do to remain a stone-mason. What else to become, however, was not so easy a question. The editorship of a country newspaper offered, in some respects, not unsuitable

prospects ; but to write savage local politics was not an occupation that one could conscientiously, in most cases, undertake. For several years no progress was made, and the idea of an emigration to the American backwoods became more and more familiar both to Hercules and the lady, as the only likely solution of the problem how to make their marriage possible. In the end their patience was rewarded. A branch bank was opened at Cromarty, and the agent, a respectable gentleman in the town, was left to nominate his own assistant. He offered the post to Mr. Miller, who at once accepted it ; and after a short visit to Linlithgow, for the purpose of learning the nature of his future business in a branch bank there, he returned to Cromarty no longer an operative, but an accountant. In this situation he remained one or two years, during which the marriage took place. During this time, also, his "*Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*" first saw the light, and he began to contribute with some regularity to various Scottish periodicals. The Non-Intrusion controversy was then just rising to its height, and, at the critical moment following the adverse decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, Mr. Miller, whose feelings had been gradually but strongly engaged on the side of the Church, published his celebrated "Letter to Lord Brougham." At that moment the Non-Intrusionists of the south were in quest of a suitable man to be the editor of their projected newspaper. Dr. Candlish pointed out the author of the popular pamphlet as the very man of all others to fill this post ; and in 1840 Hugh Miller of Cromarty removed to Edinburgh.

- ART. III.—1. *Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten. Herausgegeben von A. H. L. Heeren und F. A. Ukert. Geschichte von England. Von Dr. R. PAULI. Hamburgh, 1853.*
2. *The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution. By E. S. CREASY, M.A. London, 1853.*
3. *Forsyth's History of Trial by Jury. London, 1853.*
4. *Les quatre Conquêtes de l'Angleterre. Par M. EMILE DE BONNECHOSE. Paris, 1852.*

EVERY year that we live, a final history of England comes more and more to be regarded as a fond imagination of our grandfathers. A story which should gather together the whole mass of human experience, which a lifetime of more than a thousand years has evolved, and roll it out, once for all, in fair round periods, would require for its narrator not only an archæologist of the toughest fibre, and a littérateur of the most elastic thread, but a prophet of the keenest foresight and the loftiest view. How much of such a history, even if it were written, would be intelligible to the present generation, we cannot tell, unless by first performing the impossible task of determining what proportion our present development bears to that which we are yet destined to achieve; that much of it would be unintelligible, however, we may safely infer from the fact that what has been revealed to Kemble, and Palgrave, and Lappenberg, and Pauli, was hidden from the eyes of John Milton and Algernon Sidney. The Tower stood by the Thames then as now, the zeal for truth was not weaker, and the records of experience were covered with the dust of two centuries less, but sufficient for their day as for ours were the labours which belonged to it; and if we can read the past, as they did, so as to draw from it an antidote for present evil, together with some not doubtful indication of our course over the tract which lies within the reach of an intelligent human anticipation, we may well rest contented without indulging the vain fancy that we have exhausted what, to our children's children, will be an exhaustless mine, to the scrutiny of which the novel occasion will never fail to bring its newborn light.

But whilst a history of England, in this impossible sense, is being abandoned, the history of England, in the only sense in which it is possible, is being written. The political and judicial institutions of our ancestors, their social and domestic life, their literary and æsthetic activity, both during the Anglo-Saxon time and after the Conquest, have all received invaluable illustration within the last twenty years. The publication of the

charters of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, Ealdormen, and Prelates, down to the year 966, (the so-called *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici*,) by the English Historical Society, under the able editorship of Kemble, worthily recommenced, on the more solid foundation which Gibbon had indicated, the work which Milton and Burke had left incomplete, and in which hitherto Sharon Turner alone had laboured satisfactorily. Then came the edition of the Anglo-Saxon laws, commenced by Price, and completed by Thorpe, under the authority of the Record Commission. In Anglo-Saxon ecclesiastical history the labours of Sir Henry Spelman, Dr. Wilkins, and still more those of Dr. Lingard, both earlier and later, deserve notice. But the first work which combined vigorous and bold, if not always just thinking, with an adequate mastery of the sources, was Sir Francis Palgrave's "*Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*." The work of Palgrave was speedily followed by that of a foreign investigator, who enjoys no small reputation for thoroughness, in a country where men do not shrink from labour. Lappenberg performed the task, which he tells us his still more celebrated countrymen Niebuhr and Ranke had at one time proposed to themselves, and in Benjamin Thorpe, one of the most eminent of English Anglo-Saxon scholars, whom we have already mentioned as the editor of the ancient laws and institutes of England, he found more than a translator. It is only a portion of Lappenberg's work, however, which has yet appeared in English, and we have long been eagerly looking for the fulfilment of Mr. Thorpe's promise to bestow upon us a translation of the volume which treats of the first four Norman reigns, with additions and emendations of equal value with those by which he has made the Anglo-Saxon history his own. Towards the comprehension of this latter period, of which Thierry has been the most conspicuous, though, as his own countrymen now acknowledge, by no means the most trustworthy exponent,\* the labours of Sir Henry Ellis on Domesday book have rendered invaluable aid. With marvellous industry and acuteness he has contrived, from the perusal of this remarkable register, to throw the light of authentic history on the public and private relations of the conquerors and the conquered, on the value of land and money, on territorial jurisdictions and franchises, on tenures, services, ecclesiastical matters, and many miscellaneous subjects of equal interest, and scarcely less importance. It was with such materials as the starting point for his own investigations, that Mr. Allen composed his very remarkable contribution to the history of our

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\* *Les quatre Conquêtes de l'Angleterre.* Par M. Emile de Bonnechose, *passim*.

public law, the "rise and growth of the royal prerogative;" that Kemble, on the foundation of his own previous work, raised as a superstructure the best book on Anglo-Saxon institutions which has yet appeared; and that Palgrave is now engaged in writing his "History of Normandy and England." We have still to mention two writers, distinguished in this as in other departments of historical literature, with whose names the general reader is better acquainted, Mr. Hallam and Dr. Lingard. Mr. Hallam has recently added to his history of the middle ages a volume of supplementary notes, in which will be found, with less labour than elsewhere, a summary of the results brought to light by the various investigators who, during thirty years, have followed the author over the tract of mediæval history;—Dr. Lingard, in his History of England, whatever may be its defects in other respects, has largely availed himself of modern labours, and in the third edition of his "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," has so interwoven the new with the old as to give the whole the freshness of a recent work.

In this enumeration we have purposely confined ourselves to those writers who have illustrated the social, political, and judicial institutions of our ancestors. If our object had been to furnish an exhaustive list of those who have charged themselves with the task of writing the history of England for this generation, we should have had to add to it the names of several eminent expositors of our earliest literary efforts, and of the successive changes which our language underwent from the Saxon of Alfred to the English of Chaucer. Amongst these the most prominent are, perhaps, Dr. Latham, Sir Frederic Madden, and the Conybeares. But our chief business at present is with a writer who, hitherto at least, has distinguished himself rather in the former than the latter field, and as it is wide enough, if not for his future activity, at least for our present survey, we shall not trespass upon what many might consider greener pastures.

It was natural that the study of Anglo-Saxon should be chiefly undertaken by persons already conversant with the language and literature of Germany, and it is not, therefore, astonishing, that the writers whom we have mentioned should all of them have adopted the method which, in that country, has been so successfully employed by the historical school of which Ranke is the head. The peculiarity of this method consists in accepting no fact which cannot be authenticated by contemporaneous, or, at all events, nearly contemporaneous, documentary evidence. In construing the documents, however, regard is had not simply to the matter which they professedly contain. By a searching philological scrutiny into the forms of speech

employed, by comparing them with those of an earlier and later date in the same, and in different provinces, and in countries where a kindred dialect was spoken, sometimes by the more mechanical expedient of a *comparatio literarum*, not unfrequently by the obvious means of more accurate chronological collation, it has been found possible to read, as it were, "between the lines," and thus to make them, unintentional, though by no means on this account less trustworthy, witnesses, to many facts which they had not revealed to former questioners. To the importance of the matter thus brought to light, and to the air of unquestionable authenticity which it bears about it, the writers of this school are contented to trust for enlisting the sympathy of their readers. In point of form, all that they aim at is an unaffected simplicity and business-like clearness of narration. With the rhetorical school, which regarded history as a vehicle for the display of eloquence, they have no sympathy. If their readers are too trivial or too torpid to discover the value of what is laid before them, they have other work to do than to blow a trumpet to amuse them, and keep them awake. To the imaginative school, in which the writer, from the treasures of his own consciousness, and his sympathy with the modes of thinking and acting of his fellow-men, professes to fill up the details of a scanty story, or to furnish the topics of an unrecorded debate, they are openly opposed; and of all the services which they have rendered to literature none has been greater than that of assigning to the imagination its proper function in the historical labour-field. According to them it is to be regarded, not as a witness, but as a guide, not as revealing what must, but as indicating what may be true, and thus enabling the explorer to set out with a chart, constructed on *a priori* principles, in his hand. The writers of romance might legitimately rest satisfied with its suggestions—to the historian, till confirmed by other evidence, they were finger-posts to guide him to the seat of truth. Of the important services which it is capable of rendering in this latter capacity we have nowhere more brilliant examples than in some of the discoveries of Niebuhr, the great father of modern history, and the special patriarch of this particular school. But if the English archæologists of the present century may be classed with Ranke's followers,\* such is still more true of the two German writers, Lappenberg and Pauli, of whom the former is his friend and contemporary, the latter his pupil.

When, by the loss of his sight, Dr. Lappenberg was com-

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\* One of Mr. Kemble's earlier works, "*Die Stamntafel der Westsachsen*," was written in German.

pelled to relinquish those labours for which our countrymen have even greater cause than his own to thank him, Dr. Pauli's success in the field of English history pointed him out as the natural inheritor, both of the uncompleted task, and of the notes and other preparations which Dr. Lappenberg had made for its prosecution ; and, in an interesting preface which the latter has contributed to the volume before us, he thus introduces his successor :—

“ My joy at having found, for the completion of the work on English history, so distinguished a labourer as Dr. Pauli, was proportioned to the regret which I had felt at relinquishing, if not the presumptuous, at least the bold and comprehensive plans which I had sketched for my own future life. A gifted disciple of the historical school of Germany—Dr. Pauli's own Hanseatic origin had brought him nearer to the relations of English life than is usual with Germans, and his fortunes have led him to various parts of England and Scotland, where many favourable circumstances have combined to make him acquainted with Great Britain and its history. His book on Alfred the Great, as a solid performance, has been received with approbation, not only by the learned of Germany, but, what is somewhat surprising, by the English themselves, always ready, as they are, to acknowledge the merits of a foreigner, only so long as he leaves their history and national institutions untouched.”

This complaint is one from which, we think, Dr. Lappenberg was barred by the reception which his own history has received ; and when we called the attention of our readers to the life of Alfred, on its first appearance in Germany, far from treating it as an impertinent tampering with our insular affairs, we hailed it as a valuable contribution to our history, and predicted that it would soon become an integral portion of our national literature. The prediction was scarcely made when it was verified by two translations, and a popularized edition of the work. We rejoice to hear that Dr. Pauli proposes to continue his residence in England, and to extend his researches to the subsequent periods of our history. The value of such an examination as he is in a condition to bestow on our national archives, is, as Dr. Lappenberg remarks, not a little enhanced by the fact, that the printing efforts of the record commission terminated with the reign of John.

In his present volume, Dr. Pauli takes up the historical thread at the end of Stephen's sorrowful reign, “ when to till the ground was as vain as to till the sand of the sea shore,” and when “ men said openly that Christ and his saints were asleep.” The accession of the youthful Henry II. comes in like a ray of sunshine ; and Dr. Pauli has so well availed himself of the occasion, in the very first sentences of his book, as to vindicate for

himself the character, if not of a more solid historical inquirer, at least of a far clearer and more spirited writer than Dr. Lapenberg :—

“ Henry of Anjou was residing in Normandy, when, on the 25th October (1154), the death of Stephen called him to England and to the throne. He had not yet completed his twenty-second year, and a long eventful life, and a dominion more extended than that of most princes of his time, lay before him. Normandy, the hereditary possession of his ancestors, had been preserved and held for him by the widowed empress, his mother. The death of his father, Geoffrey Plantagenet, in 1150, had made him lord of Anjou and Maine ; and, two years later, his own marriage with Eleanor, the rich heiress of Poitou and Gascony, the divorced queen of Louis VII., had brought him the largest portions of the ancient Aquitaine.

“ For these brilliant possessions he was indebted, in addition to the firmness of his mother, Matilda, and her partisans, mainly to the conclusion of the treaty of 1153, in accordance with which he was now able to ascend the vacant throne, without lighting the torch of civil war in England anew. Seldom has a prince entered on his lofty career more happily provided with all material aids, and gifted at the same time with so many excellent dispositions. To describe the manner in which he used these advantages, and to measure the extent to which, during a long reign, they developed themselves and became available, is the problem which the delineation of his life is to solve. The scene is the twelfth century, and the two most prominent movements of the spirit of that time may be seen stretching into England with the mightiest influence. It was Henry's fate to play a conspicuous part both in the great struggle between the spiritual and the temporal power, and in the development of the feudal system.”

We cannot attempt to present our readers with a satisfactory outline of Dr. Pauli's solution of this vast problem ; and even for the new features which his researches have added to the received portraiture, either of individuals or of the times, we must refer them to his pages.

Henry himself, and Becket in the earlier part of the reign, are of course the centre figures ; and a presumption is at once raised up in favour of our having at length got hold of something like their actual lineaments, by the fact that, as brought out by what we may call the inductive historical process, they have become vastly more lifelike, the inconsistencies and inconsequences of actual human character, having taken the place of the suspiciously symmetrical conceptions to which we were accustomed. The monarch, as the less consequent character, suffers greater change than the ecclesiastic. Not yet a century has elapsed since Hume, to the general satisfaction of his generation, rounded off the character of Henry II. in the following

sentence. "His character in private, as well as in public life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man either estimable or amiable;" and Lord Littleton's picture, though scarcely so shadowless, belongs decidedly to the same school. In Dr. Pauli's pages the harsher features of the Conqueror's great grandson will force themselves rather obtrusively on those whom this Carlo Dolce mode of treatment has hitherto contented. Fully admitting his abilities, and his surprising activity, he thus sums up his character as a ruler and as a man.

"He exercised the rights of a feudal ruler in the most despotic manner, surrounding himself by arrangements of crafty statesmanship, which, in after times, became pillars of freedom, but which he shaped and used in the true spirit of a tyrant. These despotic propensities, by means of which he hoped to bring even the clergy under subjection, plunged his government into the greatest danger during his struggle with Becket, an opponent who was his equal in obstinacy and cunning. Henry was false on more than one occasion, . . . and troubled himself little about the means by which his ends were to be accomplished. Whilst he appeared in arms against the French, against the rebels in his dominions, and against his own sons, he carried on negotiations in the most persevering manner, supporting them, especially when papal legates were in the plot, by means of klinking money. Money was at all times the mainspring of his politics, and even opponents must confess that, alongside of much that was blameworthy, he accomplished much good by its means; that he kept the great object of peace steadily in view, was magnificent in his alms, held a turbulent nobility in check, and came to the assistance of the Holy Land. His whole character was made up of contradictions, he was an enemy to war and bloodshed, and when the former stood before him he took refuge in bribery, and when the latter presented itself in the form of a judicial sentence of death, his voice was for confiscation of goods. So long as he was in distress no man was more friendly, but as soon as he felt himself secure, no man was more harsh. Bitter against his enemies whilst they were unsubdued, he was full of mildness the moment they submitted. He was severe and rough with his own people, whilst with strangers he was in the highest degree kindly and confiding. Lavish in public, in private he was penurious. Whomsoever he had once hated, he seldom received again into favour; but for those whom he had once loved, he was willing to make great allowances."

As regards Henry the king then, it is manifest that either Hume or Pauli has made a blunder, pretty much of the same magnitude as if one should mistake Louis Philip for Francis I. Let us see if their views of Henry the man are more in unison:

"But nowhere do his vices and weaknesses stand out more

sharply than in his matrimonial and domestic relations. From political motives alone he had married the licentious and deceitful Eleanor, and after he had eight children by her, he gratified his passions on other women. His incontinence was universally known, and gave rise no doubt to the report that he kept possession of his son's bride for his own purposes. Rosamond Clifford, so famous in tales and ballads, was the mistress of his earlier years. Her sons William Longsword, and Geoffrey the Chancellor, were born before and contemporaneously with his elevation to the throne, and were brought up with the eldest of his illegitimate children. History knows nothing of the persecution of Rosamond by the jealous queen, but the actions and proceedings of Eleanor have been already referred to. From such a father and such a mother, it could scarcely have been otherwise than that sons should spring who, like Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, one after the other, abused the indulgence and weakness of their father, set themselves in opposition to his policy, and listened either to the instigations of their mother, or the temptations which the King of France held out to them. Paternal love and suspicion were contradictions which here also worked in a hurtful manner against each other.

"Thus it was that in the character of Henry, understanding, talent, and good fortune on the one side, and folly, vice, and misfortune on the other, alternately weighed down the balance, and forbade history to class him among the great rulers of mankind. Still in many ways he suffered from misconception; for whilst his creatures carried his praises to the most preposterous extent, ingratitude and malice were busy in his detraction, even during his lifetime."

It is by no means our intention here to revive what has been called the "Becket Controversy,"\* which, though pretty well asleep at the present moment, has raged periodically in our literature since the days of Henry II., which burst out furiously in the pages of Mr. Fronde and his opponents as a part of the Tractarian movement within the last few years, and is likely to do so as often as English Church politics run either very high or very low. To those who, like Dr. Pauli and ourselves, regard the question apart from the sympathies and antipathies both of the one party and the other in the nineteenth century, it seems no very difficult matter to arrive at something like an opinion of the respective merits of the contending parties in the twelfth.

In the earlier part of the struggle our judgment as politicians is amply sufficient to decide us in favour of Henry. The great effort of the Church, of which Becket was the repre-

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\* We need scarcely inform our readers that M. Thierry's mode of settling the "Becket Controversy," by representing Becket as a Saxon, and his persecution as an instance of Norman oppression, has been brought into discredit, by its having been *all but proved that he was a Norman!*

sentative, was to free itself from the ordinary criminal jurisdiction of the State; and if the case had been less urgent than it was,\* any other view than that which he took of such an attempt, would not only have been a proof of weakness on the part of one to whom the spirit of that age had confided the unrestricted use of the sword, but would have been a political blunder, under any circumstances, on the part of any supreme authority whatever. To grant to a particular body, corporation, or order in the State the power of making rules for the guidance of its members in matters which either concern them alone, or at all events do not encroach on the rights of other citizens, may often be expedient, and can seldom be dangerous; but to arm any section of a community with the power of establishing for its members an independent standard of right and wrong, and a distinct organization for applying it to the ordinary relations of citizen life, is to permit the growth of an *imperium in imperio*, which sooner or later must endanger the harmonious development of society. On the most orthodox principles of English monarchy, even as laid down in 1688, and expounded by the Whig statesmen of our own day, Henry was guilty of no act of tyranny in embodying in the constitutions of Clarendon, what even Becket admitted to be the ancient, and what the then Great Council recognised as the existing usages of the kingdom. These usages, thus recognised, were the English Constitution of that day; and if he who was at once its representative and its creature, allowed it to be encroached upon from within, he permitted the general will to be constrained, and the liberties of universal England to be tampered with, just as much as if he had sat quietly by and beheld a foreign conquest. Had the archbishop seized upon the ancient kingdom of Wessex or Northumbria, and constituted himself not only its spiritual but its temporal ruler, Henry would not have been more justified in marching against him in arms, than he was in giving him and his priests to feel that by no such reservation as a *salvo ordine suo et jure ecclesie* could they remove themselves beyond the reach of the criminal law. For these reasons we have no hesitation in declaring against the position which Becket took up at Clarendon, and this altogether apart from the contempt which we feel for the mixture of duplicity and moral cowardice, which his vacillating conduct exhibited. Had his opposition been more consistent we should have respected the man more, but should not have been one whit more converted to his cause. But our judgment of the case becomes very different when we pursue it a little farther, and when, pass-

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\* Within ten years, we are told that more than a hundred murders had been committed by ecclesiastics, who were still alive!—"tensured demons, workmen of the devil, clerks in name only, but belonging to Satan's portion."

ing from Clarendon to Northampton, we find Henry availing himself of the authority which he had asserted, and the supremacy he had vindicated for the general will, as a mean of gratifying his private revenge. The moment that he stooped from the position of a vindicator of the rights of Englishmen against Becket's outrages, Becket rose to that of an Englishman in whose person the private rights of Englishmen had been outraged. The constitutional monarch became a tyrant, and the rebel a victim, if not a martyr. When the Pope afterwards declared for Becket, his arrogance again rose to such a pitch as almost to justify Henry's proceedings, and even to excuse his last rash words.

But whatever may be the relative merits of the contending parties, it is unquestionable that the open struggle, which so long existed between them, did much to promote the independent modes of thinking, which we find in those remarkable political songs of the period which have been preserved to us, and which broke forth in the Lollardism of the next century, thus forming a link in the long history of English Protestantism.

The same despotic tendencies which actuated Henry in his contest with the Church, continued to characterize not only the after stages of his own reign, but also those of his sons; and it is only very indirectly that the lovers of constitutional liberty have to thank any of the Plantagenets for advancing their cause. Certain it is, however, that by carrying out so consequently the views of the prerogative, which the conqueror first introduced into England, they, like the Stuarts after them, forced the nobility to rely on the middle classes for the means of opposing its encroachments, and thus not only laid the groundwork of our liberty, but saved us, notwithstanding that we have had all along the richest nobility in Europe, from passing, at any period of our history, through one of the most vicious forms of human government,—that of an oligarchy.

The portion of Dr. Pauli's work, in which he treats of the judicial institutions of the twelfth century, is interesting and important, and has the merit of containing the only statement of the subject, in a general history, which is even correct. To those of our readers, however, who wish to enter into the history of our early jurisprudence more in detail, we recommend Mr. Forsyth's valuable history of Trial by Jury. Mr. Forsyth has been to school under the same masters as Dr. Pauli; and, in addition to the English archæologists, he acknowledges his obligations to the German jurists who have recently worked on his subject,—to Rogge, Phillips, Gunderman, Welcker, Mittermaier, and Gneist. Up to the date of these modern labours, so great was the obscu-

rity which hung over "the parentage of this the favourite child of the English law," that the only safe conclusion was that in which Bourguignon and Blackstone alike took refuge, "*son origine se perd dans la nuit du temps.*" The only other alternative was the vaguest tradition. "No long time has elapsed," says Mr. Forsyth, "since the popular opinion was—and perhaps it even now prevails—that it was an institution established by Alfred the Great; and we prided ourselves on the idea that this was one of the legacies of freedom bequeathed to us by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors." And in a note, he adds,—“Amongst the cartoons exhibited as designs for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, one of those which obtained a prize was called the First Trial by Jury. We see there the culprit brought before twelve Saxon jurors, sitting in the presence of a judge in the open air. The picture well deserves its reputation as a work of art; but as the representation of an historical fact, it is untrue.” But it is not the writers and painters whose object is to exalt the Teutonic element in our history, who have alone been guilty of anachronisms in this matter. The Norman school have claimed the jury for the Conqueror as confidently as their rivals did for Alfred, and with as little reason. Even Sir Francis Palgrave, with a vagueness little worthy of him, says, “In criminal cases the jury was unknown, till enacted by the Conqueror.” The word “enacted” at once sends the reader’s eye to the bottom of the page for a reference to a statute, in which the distinctive features of the jury system shall be set forth, when to our disappointment we find that Sir Francis is still speaking of that mixture of the functions of judge, jury, and witnesses, which consisted in twelve men from the district being sworn, not to inform the court of the truth of facts submitted to them in evidence, but to dispose of the whole cause on their own knowledge,—an institution which was common to the tribunals of the whole north of Europe, which undoubtedly possessed many of the constitutional merits of the jury, and out of which the jury probably arose, but which most certainly cannot with any correctness be spoken of as the jury itself.

The opinion that any extensive change was made by the Conqueror in the juridical system of England, is now entirely exploded; and it is strange that it should ever have obtained to the extent that it did, seeing that it is expressly contradicted by the preamble to the statutes, which he himself promulgated. If the separation between the functions of the jury and the court could be traced to the Conqueror’s reign, some claim to being the inventor of the English jury might be maintained for him. It is scarcely possible, however, that even the old Teutonic inquest acted altogether independently of the directions of the magistrate who called them

together, whilst in many cases even a modern jury may be said to pronounce the doom. If any change was effected in the early Norman times, however, it probably was in this direction. On the existing judicial institutions, on the contrary, the appointment of Justices in Eyre was at once an important innovation, and a long stride in advance, which Mr. Forsyth attributes to William, and which Dr. Pauli also regards as traceable to his time, or at any rate as a custom of long standing, when the division into circuits was made by Henry II. at Northampton.

The formal existence of the jury is by Mr. Forsyth, in common, we believe, with the majority of modern writers, attributed to the assize of Henry II.; but how imperfectly its leading modern characteristics are exhibited in this celebrated enactment, will be seen from the following report of a trial which actually took place under it, and, as it would seem, in strict accordance with its requirements:—

“ Thomas de Burg had obtained the wardship of the only daughter of Adam de Cokefield, from the Abbot of the monastery to whom she had been left in ward by her father; and he claimed in her right livery of seisin of three manors, to which the Convent asserted that they had a title; with respect to two of these, they relied upon a declaration made by Robert de Cokefield, the grandfather, on his death-bed, that he had no estate of inheritance in them, and on a deed solemnly executed in open Court by Adam, the father, in which he acknowledged that he held the two manors of the Convent by agreement only for his life. Thomas de Burg thereupon applied for a writ to summon twelve knights to meet at Theocesberie (Tewkesbury,) and take their oaths in the presence of the King. The assize met and the deed was publicly read in open Court; but it had no effect, because, as the chronicler says, ‘ they were all against us,’ (*tota curia erat contra nos.*) The knights on their oaths said that they knew nothing of our chartularies, or private agreements, but that they believed that Adam and his father and grandfather, for a hundred years back, had held the manors in fee one after the other.”

We have here the jury not only acting as witnesses, but proceeding on their own knowledge of common repute, to the exclusion of positive written evidence to the contrary; and there seems in fact, as Mr. Forsyth himself admits, no difference in principle between the inquest of a limited number of persons sworn to represent the vicinage, as it existed in the earlier Norman reigns, and the recognitions of these knights of the assize. “ In both cases,” he says, “ the verdict was the testimony of witnesses cognizant of the matter in dispute; and if we substitute a determinate number of knights for the *probi homines* of an ordinary inquest, we have at once the assize.” Why then

regard the assize as the formal jury, or as anything more than one step towards it, and that not a very important one?

We cannot enter into Mr. Forsyth's discussion of the nature of the institution of the *Jurata*, but in whatever respects it may have differed from the assize, it is clear that it agreed with it in still making the verdict depend on the personal knowledge of the jurors themselves; and so gradually did the final system evolve itself, first through a more general application of the mode of trial adopted where witnesses were named in deeds, and then where the proceeding which was called *per sectam* was employed, that it is not till the time of Henry IV. that we find any positive recognition of the great leading characteristic of the modern jury, viz., that *the verdict shall proceed on evidence adduced in open Court*.

Long subsequent to this period, however, the private knowledge of the jurors was recognised, if not as a sufficient ground for their verdict, at least as legitimate matter for consideration in forming it, and we have instances of this error (as we should now regard it) lingering in our jurisprudence down to a very recent date. In the reigns of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles II., we find such judges as Sir Francis North laying down law expressly to the effect, that "juries are called from the neighbourhood *because they should not be wholly strangers to the fact*." A case is even mentioned by Mr. Forsyth as having occurred in the present century, in which it was made a ground of application for a new trial that such law had been laid down, though Lord Ellenborough was of opinion, that what he would have considered as a fatal misdirection, had not taken place.

In an institution which had its origin in usage, and which, notwithstanding occasional legislative interference, was mainly indebted for its development to the increasing requirements of the community, and the greater precision which was thus forced upon those who dealt with its interests, it is necessarily difficult to fix a date for the various changes which it underwent. If we were to condescend on a point of time, however, and on an individual change, as marking the passage of the ancient into the modern mode of trying issues of fact, we should name, not the period at which the inquest of the vicinage came to be summoned as the more formal assize, but that at which the custom of adducing testimony in open Court became prevalent, and consequently should assign the honour of the invention of the English jury, as opposed to the Teutonic inquest, not to the 12th but the 13th century. So soon as this great innovation took place, the practical effect of summoning the jury from the vicinage, whatever may have been the doctrines of law regarding it, would in the general case scarcely be greater than at

present. There is one very obvious arrangement which does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Forsyth, but which probably contributed more than even the curious process of "afforcing the assize," to render the ancient jury workable, viz., that *after* the jurors or sworn witnesses were summoned, they came to the aid of their own personal knowledge of the facts by inquiries which they instituted in the neighbourhood, either individually or in concert, and that thus a species of irregular preliminary proof was led before the trial commenced. We are not aware of any distinct traces of such a custom, but the probability of its existence is strengthened by the fact, that the Justices by the assize of Henry II. were, as Sir F. Palgrave says, to "make inquiry" by the oaths of twelve knights, *i.e.*, that either directly or indirectly, they were to arrive at the truth by their means. Had not some such expedient been adopted, it is scarcely conceivable that even a rude age could have been so long contented with verdicts which must, not only occasionally but generally, have been given without a competent knowledge of the facts. Such a verdict, possessing none of the halo which superstition attached to the issue of the combat, must have been, even in the eyes of our forefathers, little better than a reference to lot.

Richard I. was a gay, wild, thoughtless, unscrupulous young Englishman, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a tall, handsome, muscular person; differing in no respect from hundreds of his countrymen, who, every autumn, excite the contempt of the graver inhabitants of the more frequented towns of the Continent by their wayward and boyish pranks, whilst, at the same time, they enlist the good will of the whole community by their generosity and courage, and not unfrequently by the elegance of their appearance and manners. In regarding him as such, and as nothing more, Dr. Pauli has, in our opinion, taken the correct view of his character; and when Sir James Mackintosh said that he was more a knight-errant than a king, he did him too much honour. He had his own share unquestionably of the superstitious reverence with which holy things and places were viewed in his day, but beyond this we see no more reason to think that he was actuated by Christian principle, or any other principle, in fighting against Saladin, than to suppose that the ultimate triumph of truth over error has been the motive which, during the last few months, has carried forth so many of the young gentlemen of whom we have spoken to fight against the Czar. Like them, he loved travelling and fighting, and hated working and thinking; and in this simple fact we find a sufficient explanation of all the actions of his life and reign. The late Mr. Winthrop Praed, in one of his juvenile pieces, has measured

out to him all the justice to which he himself would have laid claim.

“ A ponderous thing was Richard’s can,  
 And so was Richard’s boot,  
 And Saracens and liquor ran  
 Where’er he set his foot.  
 So fiddling here and fighting there,  
 And murdering time and tune,  
 With sturdy limb, and listless air,  
 And gauntleted hand, and jeweled hair,  
 Half monarch, half buffoon,  
 He turned away from feast to fray,  
 From quarrelling to quaffing;  
 So great in prowess and in pranks,  
 So fierce and funny in the ranks,  
 That Saladin and Soldan said,  
 Whene’er that mad-cap Richard led,  
 Alla! he held his breath for dread,  
 And burst his sides for laughing!”

It is not astonishing that so frivolous a character should have less attraction for a grave writer like Dr. Pauli, than even his unworthy successor; and we find accordingly that he passes rather gladly to the important constitutional events which the vices and blunders of John brought forth.

The political institutions of England, properly so called, *i.e.*, its tripartite legislature, and its representative system, are more venerable and precious to Englishmen, and more admirable to strangers, than even those portions of our legal system which have most directly contributed to their development and preservation. In the history of the constitution centres not only our own history, but the whole political history of the modern world; and no amount of indigenous commonplace, however stale, or of continental extravagance, however irrational, must be permitted to blunt our gratitude for having been privileged to live under a better political system than any other people ever possessed, for a longer period than any other political system ever existed at all. A natural fruit of this gratitude will be a feeling of the responsibilities attaching to so great an inheritance; and amongst these responsibilities, obviously not the least, is that of preserving a trustworthy record of the steps by which we and our ancestors attained to its possession. That we may adequately perform this task, however, it is necessary that we should approach it not conning over the formularies which were applicable to conditions of society which have ceased, or counting, like the Jews, with a meaningless conservatism, the letters of our sacred charters, but joining a careful exegesis with a fearless though

reverent criticism of the most vital principles of our government, strive continually to keep before us as living convictions those fundamental maxims of policy which experience taught, which experience has confirmed, but which, if we received from experience alone, we should hold only as the dogmas of a lifeless tradition. It is thus only that we shall be enabled to separate the accidental and transitory arrangements of society from its necessary and permanent laws, and that by unhesitatingly bending the former to fit altered circumstances, whilst we strive so to shape events as that they may not run counter to the latter, we shall avoid the risk of unwittingly becoming obstructionists on the one hand, or destructionists on the other. Scarcely any works of importance have been composed in this spirit since the days of Milton and Algernon Sydney. Locke's "*Treatises concerning Government*," added nothing to the views which these writers had promulgated, and the celebrity which they attained is unaccountable, except on the hypothesis that the works of his predecessors had ceased to be very generally known. The small portion of Blackstone's celebrated *Commentaries*, in which he treats of public rights, has furnished to lawyers and statesmen, for the last half century, such constitutional knowledge as was necessary to keep them within the letter of the Bill of Rights; and as modernized in the admirable commentary of Stephens, it still serves this purpose very fairly. The very nature of the work, however, precluded anything beyond a marking of the limits of actually existing institutions, and any satisfactory inquiry into their sources, their objects, or their effects, would manifestly have been a trespass into the field of legal archæology on the one hand, or of political history or speculation on the other.

It was reserved for a Swiss refugee of great natural abilities, and no despicable acquirements certainly, but of the most dissolute habits, to put together in taverns, gaming-houses, and other "hiding-places in Pimlico and Marylebone," the only work in which, till recently, anything like a consistent view could be obtained of the most marvellous political phenomenon in the world; and notwithstanding we are informed that, "when his eccentricities and irregularities allowed him to be decent and bearable, a cover was daily laid for him at the hospitable table of Lord George Sackville," we can see that neither his information nor his opportunities could have been sufficient for the performance of his task, even as he conceived it.\*

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\* In Macgregor's new edition of De Lolme's "*Constitution*," we have the following curious account of the author :—"He was so improvident and extravagant that he would have squandered the largest fortune. He was occasionally successful in speculating in the funds; and it is asserted that where he, by such

In these circumstances, we have seen with pleasure the growing interest in constitutional studies which our recent literature has exhibited; and our confidence in the security of our future progress has been strengthened by the feeling, that having quitted the unreflecting veneration for whatever was established, which characterized the false conservation of the end of last and commencement of the present century on the one hand, and got over the brief frenzy of French revolutionary and English Benthamite speculation on the other, we are daily acquiring a more accurate and discriminating acquaintance with the means by which the dangers of the past have been surmounted and its victories achieved.

The works of Palgrave and Allen, which we have already mentioned, are so well known to the public as to render any analysis of their contents superfluous, even if the narrowness of our remaining space did not altogether preclude us from entering on so formidable a task. We may mention in a single word, however, that the part of Palgrave's work which has appeared treats of the rise, not the progress of the commonwealth; and, even of this, a very large portion is occupied with a discussion and elucidation of his favourite theory, (which he has popularized and expanded in his recent history of Normandy and England,) that the kingdoms which were formed out of the wrecks of the empire by the barbaric nations, were connected with it, not only by the adoption of many institutions, but by an acknowledged derivation of authority. The same theory, to a certain extent, has been advocated by Mr. Allen, who indeed had preceded Sir Francis in its adoption; but in his hands it is brought forward with a distinction which Sir Francis has not always kept sufficiently in view. This distinction is between what, from time immemorial, was the practical, and what, at a time which can yet be determined with tolerable accuracy, became the theoretical doctrine of our constitution. According to the first, we lived as we live now, under a monarchy which had its source and its limits in the will of the nation; according to the second, we lived as we live still, under an absolute ruler who combines in his person the attributes of supreme judge, generalissimo, and Pontifex Maximus, who is omniscient, infal-

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chances, or by play, gained money, he disappeared altogether from society, resorted to secret places, and only reappeared in a state of utter poverty. Generally his residence was unknown. His personal appearance varied with his changes of fortune. Occasionally, when possessed of money, he appeared in the fashionable attire of the day, with a sword and bag wig. When in distress he exhibited the miserable and degraded appearance of a tattered and slovenly vagabond. More than once he was reduced to perform menial services for a subsistence. He used to hire lodgings under a feigned name; and on Dr. Walcott asking him one day where he lived, he replied, "Why, my dear doctor, between Westminster Bridge and Hyde Park Corner."

lible, and immortal. The practical doctrine (if doctrine it can be called) whencesoever it came, was common to us with all the other children of Wodin; the theoretical, Mr. Allen says and proves, was brought to us, as a sacred relic of the empire, by a priesthood who were trained in the despotic maxims of the imperial law, but who alone were capable of meeting the growing necessities of an advancing people, by conferring upon them the benefits of its developed system of private rights. What thus commenced as a theory, Mr. Allen shews very satisfactorily continued during the whole course of our history to be a theory merely; and, notwithstanding many attempts to realize it in practice, Coke's pithy saying expressed its real value, even in the eyes of a lawyer,—“Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign.”

Even after the appearance of the works which we have mentioned, there still was wanting a book which, without entering deeply into the controversial matter which they contained, should sum up the results, which might fairly be held to have been gained, in such a form as to be serviceable to the ordinary student of politics, and the practical politician. Mr. Creasy saw the want, and to some extent he has supplied it. His “Rise and Progress of the Constitution” is, indeed, as he tells us, neither more nor less than a text-book for his class; but nothing can be more significant of the progress which constitutional studies have made than the existence of such a class and of such a text-book. It seems as if, late in the day, we had realized the fact that questions relating to the forms of society in times past, have a significance for the present and the future, which we can scarcely hope that the periodical writer or the party speaker will always bring fully to light, and that it may, therefore, not be superfluous that a permanent watchman should here and there be posted along the walls of the state.

In the early part of his book and of his subject, Mr. Creasy is fuller and more satisfactory than in the latter. His statement of the manner in which the English nation of the thirteenth century formed itself out of the fermenting mass of alien, though not altogether heterogeneous nationalities, which previously existed, is clear, careful, and free from the extreme views either of the Saxon, the Norman, or the Imperial school. As the story advances, much might, without violence to the unpretending character of the work, have been added to the important documents which form the constitutional code, and the valuable summary and appreciation of their contents which his thirteenth chapter contains. In one single chapter he brings us rather abruptly from Magna Charta to the Bill of Rights, and the whole history of the momentous constitutional struggles of Henry III.'s time is disposed of in a single page.

It is on this portion of our history that Dr. Pauli has brought to bear the whole resources of his learning, his industry, and his zeal, and he has certainly succeeded in throwing on it lights, and infusing into it a life and interest, which it was far from possessing in the hands of his predecessors. He has devoted nearly one half of his volume to what he calls the "first constitutional struggles," and more than half of it to what he might have so called, if he had applied the term, not to the reign of Henry III. only, but also to the last three or four eventful years of that of John. Notwithstanding all that has been written on a period to which the first formal existence of our constitution is usually referred, we think Dr. Pauli was entirely justified in treating it with the fulness which he has done, both by its own importance, and by the fact that it has puzzled most of our native writers scarcely less than it did the old monk who gave vent to his bewilderment in the chronicle of Melrose:—

"England has the world's old course turned quite upside down.  
Strange is the sight to every one, to baron and to clown;  
For now alone the body goes, unguided by a head;  
And now the people leads the King, who by a King were led."

It is of Henry III.'s reign that Sir James Mackintosh says,—  
"There are few periods so little fruitful in the men and events interesting to mankind in general as this long and confused reign." That the latter part of the dictum is more called forth by the difficulties of the subject than by its barrenness, those of Dr. Pauli's readers will be convinced who take the trouble to trace the story either of the sagacious and English-hearted Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, (in whose choice Pope Innocent III. made as great a mistake as did Henry II. in that of Becket,) or of Simon de Montfort, the founder of borough representation; whilst the former part of it is sufficiently refuted by the importance which Sir James feels himself bound as a politician to concede, if not to de Montfort, at least to his measures. It is certain that it was to the Parliament assembled after the battle of Lewes in 1265, when de Montfort was Protector of England, that the Sheriffs were first instructed to return knights of the shire and representatives of the boroughs; and that he was personally the author of this memorable innovation has never been doubted. Still he is spoken of not only by Sir James Mackintosh, as the "blind instrument of disclosing to the world the great institution of representation," but even by Dr. Pauli, who in general is his zealous admirer, as having "awakened germs of that vast political structure of the far-stretching growth of which he himself had no presentiment." Now it seems to us that such assertions, in so

far as they go beyond being truisms, are neither true nor just. If all that is meant is, that in 1265 Simon de Montfort did not foresee what should take place in England in 1688 or in 1832, then the proposition is simply, that he was not a prophet, a character which, though it may have been among the qualities of saintship, which popular affection ascribed to him, few will claim for him now. But if, on the contrary, it is meant that the only effects which he saw and expected from extending political power to the middle classes, were an increase of his own influence, then in place of denying to him preternatural gifts, the credit of ordinary human foresight is withheld. That the tendency of throwing power into the hands of the middle classes, would be to control the unlimited ascendancy either of the monarchical or aristocratical elements in the state, must have been as apparent in the thirteenth century as in the nineteenth, and Simon de Montfort's praise consists in that, being himself an aristocrat, and nearly allied to the Crown, he had the liberality and the wisdom not to shun an alliance with what to many would have seemed a hostile element. Had he been actuated by the feelings and prejudices of class, other courses unquestionably were open to him, and as he is not suspected of having himself aimed at the Crown, the allegation that he expected to strengthen his hands by this measure, is nothing more than an assertion that he looked forward to success in his own time. That he was not destined himself to reap the fruits which his wisdom afterwards bore so largely to others, ought in common generosity to dissuade us from withholding from him the measure of posthumous fame, which is his due.

The story of De Montfort's heroic death is well told by Dr. Pauli, but we extract the following, with the romantic tale which accompanies it, from a source less likely again to meet the eye of the majority of our readers.

In Mr. Beriah Botfield's introduction to the Household Roll of Eleanor Countess of Leicester, A.D. 1265, he says,—

“It is well known that he fell in the conflict at Evesham, on the 4th August 1265 ; and the manner of his death was worthy of his reputation for prowess and courage. Upon being told that his eldest and favourite son Henry was killed, he cried, ‘ by the arm of St. James then it is time for me to die ;’ and grasping his sword with both hands, rushed upon his assailants, striking with such rapidity and vigour, that an eye-witness of the scene asserted that had he had but eight followers like himself, he would have changed the fortune of the day. Wounded at last by a blow from behind he fell from his horse, and was instantly dispatched, and horribly mutilated by his victors. According to the chronicler who describes this scene, the esquire who dealt the wound which brought him to the ground, was afterwards recommended by Prince Edward to his sister Margaret, Queen of

Scotland, when they met at Haddington previously to his departure for the Holy Land, and the circumstances of his death afford a curious illustration of the simple manners of the Scottish court.

"Queen Margaret was walking, after supper, by the banks of the Tay, at Kinclaven Castle, in Perthshire, attended by her maidens and esquires, and also by her confessor, who told this story of the chronicler of Lanercost. The party sat down by the river side, and the pompous esquire, who prided himself upon having slain Montfort, descended to the water's edge to wash his hands, which in romping he had soiled with mud. As he stood leaning over the stream, a damsel came softly behind, and pushed him in. He took the joke in good part; 'what do I care,' he exclaimed, 'even if I were further out, I can swim.' But while, amid the laughter of the spectators, he floundered about in the water, he suddenly found himself sinking, and shouted for assistance, which no one present could render; his boy, who was playing near at hand, hearing his master's cries ran up and plunged into the river to save him, but they were both drowned. Thus the enemy of Simon, and servant of Sathan, who boasted he was the cause of the death of a valiant knight, perished in sight of all."

We are possessed of several entirely authentic, and wonderfully prolific sources of information, regarding the condition of the metropolis during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Of these the most remarkable are the well-known *Life of Thomas à Becket*, by William Fitzstephen, and the *Chronicle of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London*, from 1188 to 1274, now printed by the Camden Society, and of which an interesting synopsis will be found in the 6th volume of the *Archæological Journal*.

Fitzstephen, whom notwithstanding that he was the holy Martyr's "fellow-citizen, chaplain, and messmate, remembrancer in his chancery, and reader of papers in his court, a witness of his trial at Northampton, and of his passion," Dr. Pauli characterizes as a "fleshy and worldly-disposed priest, who cannot suppress a word in praise of the good beer of his time,"\* (no offence, surely, in the eyes of a Lutheran,) is precisely the person, both as regards opportunities and capabilities, to furnish us with an accurate description of external life and everyday enjoyments. He tells us that the London of his day had already greatly surpassed, in magnitude and importance, all the other cities of England. Within, it presented a picture of wealth, refinement, and order, whilst the gardens and well-cultivated fields, which supplied its markets, stretched far into the surrounding country. Crowds of children might be seen flocking

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\* Whatever may have been the comparative merits of the London porter of the thirteenth century, its value, according to our standard, could not have been great, seeing that the hop was not used till nearly 200 years later.

into the schools attached to the churches and monasteries,—the river's edge presented some approach to the busy scene with which we are familiar,—and the quays and wharfs were covered with the luxuries and rarities of foreign lands. The sturdy dray-horses already rolled their lumbering waggons along the streets, and the peculiar vice of our country, the *inmodica stultorum potatio*, had even then attracted the attention of one who himself was no Father Mathew. Many of our amusements seem also to have been those of our ancestors. Amongst these William enumerates horse-racing, cock-fighting, boating, skating, and rackets.

What he says of the orderly condition of the city, is rendered more than doubtful by the accounts which he himself gives of the nocturnal brawls in which the youth even of the highest class delighted, and which frequently ended, he tells us, in robbery and murder. These disorders must have been grievously enhanced by the existence of distinct seigniorial jurisdictions (what were termed "Sokes") within the "liberty," the lords of which, as we learn from the Chronicle of the Mayors, possessed independent powers, generally extending to life and limb. Within these sanctuaries no municipal officer was permitted to discharge his duty; and to escape to one of them was therefore to escape from the consequences of a crime committed within the jurisdiction of the magistrates. It is remarkable, that one of these Sokes belonged to the Kings of Scotland, probably in right of the Saxon, Maud.

The Chronicle of the Mayors furnishes us with some curious information regarding the different classes of citizens. In the first rank, we find a large body of persons who held the position of a species of city nobles, corresponding more, it would seem, to the patricians of the free towns of the Continent, than to any class of persons now, or for many centuries, dwelling in London. "Besides their property within the walls, the Bucointes, the Buckerills, the Cornhills, the Basings, Gisorges, and others, had estates and dwellings in all the rural districts immediately surrounding London. In Edgware, Edmonton, Enfield, Hanwell, Uxbridge, and Chigwell, we find traces of these 'greater barons' of London as early as the twelfth century. Henry I. confirmed to them the hunting-grounds of their ancestors,—to wit, in Chiltern, in Middlesex, and in Surrey; and appended to the charters and deeds, which have descended to us, relating to the transfer of their property, are seals on which they are represented, after the fashion of the feudal lords of those days, clad in warlike panoply, or with hawk in hand, enjoying the sports of the field." Henry Fitz-Ailwyn, the first mayor, and all the civic officers at the beginning of the thirteenth century, belonged

to this class, and probably were indebted for their election to the importance which they derived from their lands. Next in rank were the rich merchants and artisans, among whom many were of foreign extraction, and, during the following century, these seem almost entirely to have supplanted the patrician class. The names of the feudal families of London begin to disappear from the calendar of mayors and sheriffs towards the end of Edward I., and are replaced by those of men enriched by the fast-increasing trade and commerce of the city.

Under Richard I. the burgher life of England continued steadily to develop itself; and he extended to Bristol, Portsmouth, Norwich, and Lincoln privileges similar to those already enjoyed by London, Winchester, and Oxford. The commercial relations which had already been established with Flanders and the city of Cologne became more constant and extensive. The effects of the Guelphic connexion, and the formation of the Hanseatic league in advancing the trade of England, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, are brought out by Dr. Pauli in various parts of his work with much greater fulness than we have seen elsewhere, and form indeed one of its most valuable characteristics. His observations, in summing up the material progress of the long reign of Henry III., are in the highest degree interesting and important; but the subject is far too extensive to admit of our entering upon it here.

We shall content ourselves with quoting the few sentences in which the æsthetic activity of the time is referred to, and which, besides containing some facts which are new, have the advantage of presenting us with an image of the weak, but considering his time, amiable and refined character of Henry III. :—

“ It is not to be wondered at that in the train of riches came also skill in the arts and a delight in artistic productions. These found their zealous patron in the king himself, to whom they appeared as the handmaids of his religion. It is very possible that his taste for architecture was early awakened by Guala and other distinguished Italian churchmen; and there can be no doubt that it was nourished by the constant intercourse which subsisted with the lands of the south. Before the king had attained to majority we find him surrounded by skilled workmen; Odo, the goldsmith who made the spurs for his coronation, worked at the same time hoops of iron for the wine casks. His son, Edward Fitz-Odo, sought to acquire the reputation of an artist in various ways. At one time we hear of him making cockle-shells in silver by the king's orders, as playthings for the royal children in Windsor; at another time a small silver-gilt statue of the king is ordered, which is destined for a present to the convent of the Holy Cross in Bromholm; a crown sparkling with brilliants for the young empress; a golden cup for a Christmas present to the queen; a gold garland of the value of twenty marks for

the bride of Duke Albert of Brunswick, and many similar pieces of handicraft, came out of the same workshop. Henry also took pleasure in pictures. The same Edward Fitz-Odo received the minutest instructions for adorning the walls of the royal apartments in Westminster and Windsor; and it is very remarkable *that so early as the year 1239 he received on one occasion the sum of £117, 10s., in order to furnish himself with oil and colours for this purpose, and that he might paint the chamber of the Queen with pictures of the four evangelists. In his own room Henry ordered him to paint two great lions, and above them the four evangelists. For the chapel in Windsor a representation of the wise and foolish virgins, and other subjects from the Old and New Testament, are commissioned, and for St. Stephen's, in Westminster, a beautiful picture of the Virgin and the portraits of the King and Queen. A whole list of English painters is mentioned, and somewhat later we hear of a monk William who painted in Windsor, and who is said to have been a Florentine."*

We have not mentioned, in the preceding pages, several valuable contributions to this portion of our history which have recently appeared in France. Any review of M. Guizot's numerous labours on the constitutional history of England would, of course, have led us into political speculations which were beyond the scope of our present design. We did intend, however, to have called the attention of our readers to M. de Bonnechose's "*Quatre Conquêtes de l'Angleterre*," a work which has done more than any other to correct the many errors to which M. Thierry's whims regarding the long continued alienation of Saxons and Normans had given currency. According to M. Thierry's view, (which seems scarcely to have come from a more recondite source than an exaggerated recollection of Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*,) the Norman conquest was to be likened rather to the conquest of the Spaniards in South America than to anything to which the history of Europe furnishes a parallel; and the incongruity of the two nationalities which were then brought together to be regarded as so obstinate as to endure even to the present day. M. Bonnechose has adopted the opinion, in which all the better English and German authorities had preceded him, that the fusion, which an all but common origin of race must have greatly facilitated, took place with a rapidity which, considering the difference in language and manners which unquestionably existed between the two peoples, even this fact would scarcely have led us to anticipate.

- ART. IV.—1. *Robinson Crusoe*.  
 2. *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.  
 3. *Æsop's Fables*.  
 4. *The Story of Reynard the Fox*.  
 5. *Gulliver's Travels*.  
 6. *Tales of the Genii*.  
 7. *Frank*.  
 8. *The History of Sandford and Merton*.  
 9. *The Pilgrim's Progress*.  
 10. *Social Tales for the Young*. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. London, 1837.  
 11. *The History of the Fairchild Family; or, The Child's Manual*. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. Fifteenth Edition. London, 1845.  
 12. *The History of Henry Milner, a Little Boy not brought up according to the Fashion of this World*. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. Sixth Edition. London, 1845.  
 13. *Amy Herbert*. Edited by the Rev. W. SEWELL. London, 1844.  
 14. *Agathos and other Stories*. By BISHOP WILBERFORCE. Eleventh Edition. London, 1846.  
 15. *The Distant Hills*. By the Rev. W. ADAMS. London, 1849.  
 16. *The Cherry Stones; or, Charlton School. A Tale for Youth*. By the Rev. W. ADAMS. London, 1853.  
 17. *The Four Seasons*. By DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. London, 1846.  
 18. *Danish Fairy Legends and Tales*. By CHRISTIAN HANS ANDERSEN. Second Edition. London, 1852.  
 19. *Hope on! Hope Ever!* By MARY HOWITT. London, 1852.  
 20. *Ministering Children. A Tale dedicated to Childhood*. London, 1854.  
 21. *Margaret Cecil*. Edinburgh, 1854.

DR. JOHNSON used to say, that a boy at school is the happiest of human beings. If he had added, that youth is not only the happiest period of life, but also the best, in the highest sense of the word, perhaps there would not be given so general a consent as to the maxim which he has enunciated. Graceful, engaging, interesting, every one would allow it to be. The dewy freshness of the morning, the soft fragrance of spring, the tender beauty of a budding flower are the images that naturally belong to that stage of existence. But, then, it is wanting, it might be urged, in the tried virtue and balanced judgment of experience. The comparison is not an easy one. To take a parallel case. It is always difficult to weigh the merits and de-

merits of one period in the world's history against those of another. The passionate excesses and heroic impulses of a partially civilized age, can scarcely be reduced to a common standard with the stereotyped characters of modern life, with its level average of conventional decorum. Each period in its place serves the ordained purpose; and so it is well. The peculiar development of each is providentially adapted to the circumstances which are at once its cause and effect.

And so it is, if we attempt to form a just comparison of Youth with Manhood. Unreasonable, indeed, it were to wish for full-born manhood in the boy; scarcely less so to desire, in this life, to arrest the fleeting graces of youth, and fix them in perpetual childhood. The gradual change, mournful as it is to witness, the fading bloom of gentle unsuspecting innocence, the cold numbness stealing over the generous instincts, instead of awakening vain and querulous repinings, may serve rather to impress that life is moving on to its full development. All that is fair must fade, in order that it may be renewed in richer loveliness. While it lasts let it be admired for its intrinsic qualities, as it deserves. Assuredly, if the wisdom of intuition transcends the discursive travailings of the understanding; if the princely innocence "that thinketh no evil," more nearly approaches the Divine nature, than virtue dimmed and soiled in the conflict with sin; if strong Hope, and undoubting Faith, and stintless Charity, are the especial prerogatives of youth, then it must be allowed that the period of childhood presents to us no faint foreshadowing of the beatific life that is to come hereafter.

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath elsewhere had its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But, trailing clouds of glory, do we come,  
From God, who is our home:  
*Heaven lies about us in our infancy*"

Persons advanced, or advancing in life, and particularly those whose occupations involve them in the exciting pursuit of power or riches, are apt to look down upon youth as an unprofitable time,—as a mere preliminary to real life, to be despatched with all convenient speed, and then to be forgotten. They are not aware how much they have need to learn from it, and to sympathize with it. It is very good for all to dwell much in the presence of the young. The greatest and best of men have loved to do so. The strange and unanswerable questions which children are continually asking, inadequate utterances of unutterable

thoughts, convict the proudest intellect of its ignorance. Their trustful and affectionate confidence in others rebukes the suspicious caution of experienced manhood. The unstudied grace of every "breeze-like notion," the gladness of the "self-born carol," their free and full enjoyment of everything beautiful and glorious around them,—these, and such like traits, are angelic rather than human; they speak of innocence, and happiness, and love; they say to anxious hearts, "Take no thought for the morrow,"—"Be not troubled about many things." Nor is boyhood an ineloquent teacher. Its generous ardour, its dauntless activity, its chivalrous sense of honour, its fond attachments, its hopefulness, and truthfulness, its clear bright eye, fair cheek, light and joyous frame,—how strangely unlike is all this to the wrinkled brow and heavy tread, the callousness and deliberate selfishness by which it is too often succeeded. Much, very much is to be learned from the young.

It is to be regretted, that the recollections of childhood and youth in most persons so soon grow dim and perish,—obliterated from the heart by the noisy waves of active life,—that men can so seldom trace their way back to a very early time. In one sense, indeed, childhood is never forgotten. Love or ambition may usurp for a time a tyrannic sway over the heart, and seem to blot out all the time before; but, except in the wretched criminal, whose keenest pang of remorse is to compare himself with what he was once, the thought of the home of other days never fails to act like magic on the heart, the faces and haunts familiar to the child remain enshrined in the memory of the man, and command for ever an affectionate reverence. Those

" — Happy days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now,"

with each morrow, as it then seemed, severed from yesterday by a solid barrier, as it were, in the intervening night; those scenes where no thought of change or decay ever intruded, but which, as well as the actors in them, were unconsciously regarded as destined to abide for ever,—how shall their memory be lost except by a violent and unnatural renunciation of the former self?

"So would I that my days should be,  
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Soft breezes, fraught with pure and peaceful recollections from those Isles of the Blest, thus soothe and refresh the heated brow of the way-worn traveller in the journey of life. But, if it were possible, how strangely interesting would be a voyage of discovery into those happy regions,—that "sunny land of childhood" through which we have travelled,—if memory could dis-

tinctly recall the first dawnings of intelligence, unravel the tangled web of thought and feeling which has baffled Locke and Descartes, and analyze the complex substance of the human mind into its primordial elements; or even if Biography were more careful to trace out the records of the first fifteen years of a human life.

A wise judgment of the curious and very influential kind of literature suggested by the books enumerated at the head of this article, depends much on the correctness of the estimate that is formed of the moral and intellectual condition of those for whose benefit they are written,—on our insight into child-life. Some of the peculiar traits of boyhood are often overlooked by those who cater for the instruction and amusement of that strangely interesting class. Hence some of the besetting dangers of the books for children now in vogue,—especially as these arise from premature intellectual cultivation, the encouragement of a morbid habit of self-consciousness, and the undue development of the reasoning, almost to the exclusion of the imaginative faculties. Education, in one form or other, should be the great question of every age, seeing that the cultivation of his race is surely the most important work in which man can be engaged. It is professedly the great question of these times; yet, amid much useful discussion of school-arrangements, and the methods of teaching, some of the less obvious aspects of the process of change, which is everywhere and incessantly going on in human minds, are, it seems, too much neglected. And the books by which they are amused and spontaneously educated are surely among the most powerful domestic influences to which children are exposed. This department of literature has worthily engaged writers of the highest intellect, who have known childhood well, and the habits and tastes of successive generations are formed by the fruit of their labours.

Before attempting to answer the question, What sort of writing is best adapted for the young? another question accordingly must be entertained, What are their tastes and capacities? The warm and affectionate susceptibility of children, their noble aspirations, their confiding trust in others, and unselfish admiration of whatever is beautiful and good,—traits like these, with the counterpoise of such defects as restlessness, imprudence, appetency of pleasure and impatience of pain or restraint, are manifest at a glance. But there are phenomena less obtrusive, some of which, at first sight, appear scarcely reconcilable one with another. These ought to be considered; for, though from causes already alluded to, from the want of sympathy between old and young, and from the insidious assiduity with which the cares of the man imperceptibly obliterate the very different experiences

of the child, it is difficult to understand thoroughly the hidden things of childhood, so as to see their unity and relation to each other as parts of a mysterious whole, yet something may be gathered. Some few scattered fragments,—a frieze here, a broken capital there,—may serve to remind us how fair and how wonderful the ruin must have been, while it stood a living temple.

One of the chief points of difference between boyhood and girlhood,—and it is to the life of boys that our following remarks chiefly refer,—is, that the boy is not merely, or chiefly, passing through a state of transition. With the other sex, it is for the most part different. With them, from the moment of emerging from the nursery to the auspicious epoch of “coming out,” too often all is a dreary blank. There is no cricket, no football, nor one of the many avocations of a boy’s little world to enliven it. With so few objects of interest in the present, the centre of attraction becomes fixed in the distant prospect of the first ball, and its momentous consequences;—hence so often in young ladies an insipid and artificial tone, totally different from the independence and unworldly spirit of a boy, especially at a public school. *He* lives in a world of his own, very complete and satisfying while it lasts. However alluring may be the opening vista of “real life,” and however eager he may be to anticipate the dignity of manhood, still there is very much to prize and enjoy in the present on its own account,—very much that he must relinquish on assuming the “*toga virilis*.” It was a serious mistake in the artist to represent the sons of Laocoon in the finished proportions of little men, not with the wary outlines of youth. It would be a similar error in any system of education, and it is one of frequent occurrence now in books written for the young, to regard them merely as *men on a smaller scale*, and not, as they are, denizens of another world, of whom it may be said,—

Solemque suum et sua sidera nôrunt.

The man, matured in years, pressing onwards to some mark—power, it may be, or money—or, at all events, aware of the grave that expects him, cannot fail to note anxiously the progress of each day. He is, as it were, borne along on a downward stream, whose waters flow more and more swiftly as they approach the sea. Meanwhile, the child is floating hither and thither on a sunlit ocean, wrapt in the unconscious security of an eternal now. This completeness, or, to borrow an expressive word from a foreign tongue, this “entelechy” of boyhood, results in part from the rich variety of aspects which that age presents internally. Coleridge, the poet-philosopher, says that there has

never been a really great man, without a considerable admixture of the feminine—not the effeminate—element in his character. This combination of courage and modesty, of impetuosity and gentleness, of the component parts, according to the Eastern apologue, of the lion and the dove, is particularly noticeable in boys. But we must proceed to collect in detail a few of their most remarkable characteristics.

One of these is what may be most shortly expressed by a word that has come unluckily to savour rather of philosophic pedantry,—their objectivity. It may be true scientifically that the quality of colour,—the green, for instance, of a tree or meadow, resides in the mind rather than in the natural object itself; but the opposite belief is more pleasant, and is one source of the vivid enjoyment which children feel in every thing proposed to the senses. They cling to what is concrete and outward. To them every person, nay, every brute creature, every inanimate object that seizes their attention becomes an independent and individual object. The image stands within the mind in bold relief, as if it were a living thing, in causeless and self-essential individuality; for as yet there is no habit of causation, no “ætiatic” habit, as it has been called, but an unhesitating and uncritical acceptance of every thing presented. Particulars are as yet in no danger of evanescing into abstractions. They are scarcely numerous enough to require digestion and arrangement into classes. Each one holds its place by its own right in the memory, a real, actual, concrete quasi-person. And as the memory is then most impressible, so is it also most retentive then without much aid from causality or logical relation. The fact, and the fact alone is enough. Even a name, a proper name, is draped with form and colour by the lavish exuberance of the imagination, and seems to assert its own indefeasible fitness. Dry rules, formal and unmeaning as they seem, scarcely cost an effort to be remembered, though the principle of them, the “wherefore” of their operation, remain unexplained. From this *objectivity* comes a child's love of imitation, not only of imitating what is attractive, but of imitating everything for imitation's sake; his aptness for mimicry, and taste for everything in the way of acting; the entire belief with which, either as spectator, or himself the tiny actor, he loses his own identity in that of the person represented.\* Hence, too, the fondness for pictures, not from any conscious appreciation of the imitator's ingenuity—so far the little connoisseurs escape Mr. Ruskin's stern condemnation of

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\* In one sense it is true, that a boy loses the reality of history in the very act of realizing; for he identifies the personages of it with himself, rather than himself with them.

what he deems a low and mechanical taste in art—but because the picture to them becomes for the moment the very person, or place, or incident represented.

Closely connected with the same principle of objectivity, is the unconscious pleasure that children imbibe from the beauties of nature. An extensive landscape is not appreciated perhaps by young children, nor the dimensions of an enormous building. Their horizon is too contracted. They are absorbed in a wandering contemplation of the objects nearest to the eye; but with this limitation, their enjoyment of Nature is something inexpressible,—the more rapturous, that it is unconscious, and undisturbed by any abstract speculations about the beautiful or the picturesque. Like the ancient Greeks, those children of nature, they seem aware of the pervading tone, whatever it may be, of the landscape,—of the delicious languors of summer, or the bright crispness of a frosty winter's day. The details, too, they perceive singly and separately; but, like the Greeks, they seem to be devoid of that analytic sense of the composition of the various features of the scene, which is so prominent a feature in modern descriptive poetry, especially in that of the Lake school.

How very early in life an unconscious sense of poetry begins to manifest itself, is obvious to all who are conversant with the sayings and doings of children; and close observers know well how rich a treasure of real poetic material lies formless and unnoticed in the depths of a child's heart. A few years pass on, and the tendency begins to show itself in overt acts. In the pages of a school magazine, however trashy and ambitious the prose may be, the poetry is often really beautiful.\* But the

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\* The following simple and original lines, for instance, taken out of a School Magazine of less than ordinary merit, must be allowed to contain elements of real poetry :—

With walls of stone it is circled round,  
And the blackened waters gleam below,  
The depths of its bosom none can sound,  
And the springs of its pure stream none can know.

It seeks no friend in weal or woe,  
In its cavernous home it delights to dwell ;  
It loves not the haunts where others go,  
But it loves the sweet calm of its lonely cell.

It loves not the regions of social mirth,  
It loves not the objects of earthly love,  
But it looks unmoved from the depths of earth,  
On the wondrous things in the heaven above.

The cord must be good, and stout, and long,  
That would dare to enter its lonely cell ;  
The pail must be honest, and sound, and strong,  
That would win the sweets of the lonely well.



Sad fancies we do then affect,  
In luxury of disrespect  
To our own prodigal excess  
Of too familiar happiness."

One more aspect—a very important one—of this objectivity remains to be noticed, as it affects the religious state of children. Belief with them is not what Mr. Carlyle reprobates as a "sham" belief; it is not a belief that they believe. As far as it goes, it is very real indeed. But the child's idea of a future state—in this point again he resembles the Greeks of old—is rather a continuation of the happy home in which he lives, than a new heaven and a new earth. He cannot conceive it otherwise—and why should he? Through the operation of the same cause, it is mercifully ordained, that his mind is easily diverted from a morbid scrutiny into its own faults, and thus disencumbered of the heavy burden that would otherwise impede the onward course. Perhaps this consideration tends to explain, what has been called,\* in one of the little books mentioned above, "an inscrutable mystery in Boyhood;" the rapid facility with which the sorrows of repentance are effaced by returning lightness of heart. The deliberate propension of manhood, once perverted from its proper objects, needs a hard and bitter struggle before it can be restored to them again. "If the lights that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?" But, while the ruling faculty, the reason is less capable of withstanding the rude caprice of the undisciplined passions, there is more hope, and less bitterness of remorse.

Another characteristic of the young—one which they have in common with the fair sex—is the *personal* aspect in which they regard things; the disposition to refer everything to the person from whom it proceeds, or to whom it belongs, and to judge of it accordingly. Principles and opinions are invested by them with the associations belonging to the persons who support or impugn them. The personal authority of the teacher, his claims to affection or respect, have more efficacy with them than

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\* The passage is so beautiful, that we cannot refrain from quoting it entire : —" Truly it is a mystery, that strange privilege which boyhood alone seems to possess of being at once sinful and light-hearted. It is, as it were, the mingling of the pure and the impure in the same cup, without the whole draught becoming polluted. In after years guilt has its moments of wild and feverish delight; but boys, and boys alone can sin, and be sorry for a while, and then fling aside all thought of it, and feel as though they had never sinned at all. In infancy the consciousness of sin is a thing unknown, in manhood it presses on the heart like an ever-present burden; but in boyhood it is like an April cloud, which flits over the landscape, darkening it for a while, and then passing away altogether, and leaving it as bright as ever. Of all the mysteries of boyhood this is perhaps the most inscrutable."—*Charlton School, or the Cherry Stones.*

the independent evidence of what he inculcates. Nor can it be regretted, that their reason, immature at present and ill-prepared to enter into the strife of opinions, should be naturally disposed to attach itself to the guides, placed within reach by Providence, and to submit to them almost implicitly. A time must come, for educated minds at least, when they cannot conscientiously evade the arduous duty of examining and pronouncing for themselves. But it is foolish to anticipate prematurely this painful responsibility.

Again children, like some of the most intelligent among domesticated brute creatures, have a quick and intuitive sense of character. They are skilful to read its hieroglyphics in the look, voice, manner, and general appearance. They feel themselves unaccountably attracted or repelled by the different persons with whom they are brought into contact: and these prepossessions seldom prove mistaken. They are great hero-worshippers. Virtue to them is no lifeless abstraction—no “*bona res*”—nor yet a fright and decorous personification. To find a way into their hearts, she must appear like the gods of Homer,—in the real flesh and blood of some great and good man. As soon as they begin to be initiated into the busy controversies of the political world, they become violent partisans. With the party, to which they are attached, resides all right and goodness: out of its pale all are aliens and foes. Castles in the air, beautiful and unsubstantial, “rise like an exhalation:” or “like the airy fabric of a dream,” doomed, alas, “to melt away before the light of common day.” Cherished theories of Utopian perfection, and the eager pursuit of unattainable ends, lure on the willing lute: until, as years pass away, tired of the hopeless chase, he learns to understand that to strive after good, rather than to attain it, is the portion allotted to man by God in this life.

It may be added, that children are little, if at all, affected by worldly considerations in choosing their friends. Rank and riches are nothing to them, in comparison with real personal attractions. Tuft-hunting, or “*funkyism*,” as it is now called, too often the bane of society, among the grown-up children of the world, is almost, if not utterly, unknown at school. Prowess at cricket or football—tests of bodily strength and activity—deeds of “*pluck*” and hardihood—the value of qualifications like these may be overrated at school: but, after all, the higher excellencies of generosity, kindness, and candour, never fail to be appreciated there. The self-aggrandizing spirit, which torments men in after years with a constant anxiety to form “*good connexions*,” and so to rise one step higher in the social scale, may sometimes intrude itself even into College life, and

interfere, more or less, with the sincerity of its intercourse; but is powerless to infuse its base alloy into the genuine affection of early friendship.

Children, it has been said, by no less an authority than Johnson, are naturally cruel. But, despite the weight of so great a name, a charge like this will not need much refutation among those who have studied the ways of boys. Very heedless of consequences they often are—and scarcely familiar enough with pain and suffering by their own experience to estimate rightly what they are inflicting; but they must be acquitted of anything like intentional or deliberate cruelty. Their “love of mischief” is in the main an experimentalizing curiosity. Another accusation brought against them—it occurs in a book full of thoughtful advice on the subject of education, “Early Influences” by Mrs. Montgomery—is, that they are not naturally truthful. It might have been supposed, that, if anywhere, truth would delight to dwell in so pure an abode as the breast of little children. It would be difficult to connect the idea of falsity with their artless simplicity. The fact is, they have a strong innate sense of the badness of a lie: but the timidity and shrinking from pain inseparable from a tender age, easily avail to overpower the natural propensity to truth. Thus an appearance of insincerity is produced. A similar explanation might be applied to the national character of the Italians and Hindoos. Reserved, except to the few who understand them, children are very liable to sudden gusts of changefulness, but they are not often deceitful nor untrue.

The peculiarities of the mysterious stage of human life which we have been contemplating thus show that it is almost impossible to overrate the importance of children's books. So subtle and imperceptible is the influence of external circumstances on the inner life—so mysteriously are the links in the chain of progression inter-dependent, that scarcely the autobiographer himself can say positively how far the colour of his whole life betrays the dye first imparted to it in the incidental associations of childhood, and ever afterwards retained. But the coral bed is day by day acquiring bulk and coherence, while the waters pass idly to and fro above the invisible workmen of the deep. What now appears so insignificant will one day rise solid and compact above the surface;—perchance a gallant vessel shall founder there; perchance it shall become a very fertile land. So it is with the hidden growth of character. Nature supplies the raw material—the innate taste and capacity. This or that book, accidentally encountered perhaps, and devoured with the keenness of a youthful appetite, serves to kindle the slumbering energies with a Promethean spark. The gallant sailor may re-

ceive the first impulse that launches him on his perilous and glorious career from the fabled adventures of Crusoe, or the graphic narratives of Anson and Drake and Byron, which he read when a boy. The young imagination of another has feasted over the tales of Bagdad and Balsora, on luscious descriptions of the treasures of the East, or mused on the daring and successful enterprise of merchant princes in the Indies, and the result has been a life of commercial speculation. In a third the seeds of military glory have been sown by reading of Knight or Paladin, and in due time they have borne fruit. Sir Walter Scott is an instance. The tales and legends that pleased his childish fancy, though thrust aside for a time by less palatable occupations, never lost their charm, but remained with him to the last. The greatest events of history, the fate of dynasties and nations, the master-works of art, the grandest discoveries that have signalized the march of mankind on the highroad of civilisation, might thus be found to issue from some "child's book."

And yet it is often deemed an easy and trivial thing to write for children. Just as any feeble poetaster fancies himself equal to translating into verse the most beautiful of all poetry,—the Psalms of David, so it is often supposed that any one can write books for children. Books *about* children it is comparatively easy to write: but it is not so easy to penetrate the secret of youthful sympathies, to captivate them and hold them fast. It is not for every harper, says the Welsh proverb, to play upon the harp of many strings. As it is, while "books for children" are innumerable, the number of really good works of this sort—skilfully adapted to meet the wants of their happy thoughtless life, is small indeed. Childhood to many persons is a sealed book, and remains so always. The result of such mistaken efforts is too often a nondescript book, full, perhaps, of seasonable advice for those that have charge of children, or a dull digest of "useful knowledge," unfit for youth or manhood either, which lacks the power to catch the wandering attention of the young, and to blend itself with their peculiar intellectual life, and so falls cold and flat on their listless ears.

It follows, from what has been already said on the characteristics of children, that it is a great mistake to take pains to *write down* to the supposed level of their capacities. The fact is, that most children, if not all, are very fond of pondering within themselves the deepest and most awful subjects. The guesses of intuition not unfrequently hit the truth, just as a woman is generally right until she begins to give her reasons. So it is often with children. The wonders of the natural world—of earth and sea and sky—nay, even the mysterious ques-

tions,\* which all the acquired knowledge of manhood is incompetent to answer satisfactorily, of fate, freewill, sin, happiness, eternity; infinite and perplexing questions of this kind—

Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized—

have a strange fascination for children. We do not mean to say that it is well to indulge the proneness towards such speculations unreservedly. But the mere fact that children find pleasure in them, shews an extent of rational curiosity and sympathy larger than is usually imputed to their age. Those who have forgotten their own childhood, and who do not care to study the ways of boys, do not know what profound aspirations are often at work within their little heads. In the infancy of Greek philosophy, when the Ionian mind, inquisitive and inexperienced as that of a child, first essayed to construct a system of the universe, it plunged into every department of philosophy, material, moral, metaphysical, at once, and mingled all together in a grotesque theological confusion. A similar process is often going on in children. There is scarcely any height or depth in thought out of the reach of their curious inquiries. In experience and method, of course they are deficient. But the reason, as distinguished by Kant and Coleridge from the understanding, already asserts its unity with that of the great human family. Such aspirations are not easily appeased with vapid and minute trivialities, either about the physical or moral world,—with the dry common-places of *Frank* and *Rosamond*, or even the more interesting discussions in *Sandford* and *Merton*.

Most persons can testify, from their own introspection, that the first and earliest æsthetic sensations are often more true than those that come afterwards; *often* more true, in a general sense, as being more accordant to the laws of ideal beauty; *always* more true, as indicative of the inborn taste. This may be, and not seldom is, crushed and hidden afterwards under a thick crust of artificial likings and dislikings, the results of ill-regulated reflection or of undue dependence on authority. The canons of some particular school, or the fashion of the day, exact a forced homage for a time. In some cases the genial instincts re-assert their rights at last, and are recognised with joy as legitimate princes returned from unjust banishment. In this way children are generally very good judges whether a book is written in

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\* I never gathered from infidel writers, when an avowed infidel myself, any solid difficulties which were not brought to my mind by a very young child of my own. "Why was sin permitted?" "What a very small world this is to be saved by the incarnation and death of the Son of God!" "Who can believe that so few will be saved?"—*Remains of Rev. R. Cecil.*

good taste or bad. They have a great deal of reverence and reserve, and a wondering admiration of everything remarkable. As soon as he is told by a third person explanation or interpretation of all his sayings, it has interest for them. Perpetual explanations are not only unnecessary for them, but wearisome and distracting. They gain no real and lasting instruction from partial stories of—his feelings and sufferings, gradually feeling his words to truth in his fairness, not exposing him at all, and, supplying the mind everywhere with abundant food for meditation, thus by the unvarying glare of a true and illumination.

It is a fair and from the treatment of the late Mrs. Sherwood's style of writing for children, that she so much seeks to present things in the simplest and most of their understandings, by way of making everything plain and easy for them. But they do not lose measure, and do not lose imagination and excitement. The *Alphabet* of the late Mrs. Sherwood has been translated into a book of the same name, and the child, well known to the mother, perceiving that it is a teaching, and not a story, rather than a story, in which truth is implied rather than expressed. A proverb in use among the people concerned had said that that was the more than the world. And if we look for guidance to the highest example of instruction—the greater and more far than *Servant* or any human teacher—we cannot fail to observe how simple he was that his words should remain only understood in part for a while, until the growing capacity of his hearers should enlarge itself to the measure of their full significance.

We are not concerned in these remarks with the particular theological teaching of Mrs. Sherwood's books, or indeed of any of the others now under review. But it must be allowed even by her greatest admirers, that the too familiar mention of holy names and holy things is not without dangers—a danger, either of offering the instinctive reverence of childhood, or of encouraging a superficial and unreal use of religious phrases. Another objection that may perhaps be made to some of Mrs. Sherwood's books, is, that they do not allow sufficient scope to that reverence for personal authority which is so strong in the young. We have already remarked that children are naturally disposed to receive undisputingly the teaching which proceeds from what they regard as good authority. The tone of assertion, the unhesitating tone of strong belief, has more weight with them than the most ingenious argumentative discussion. It

On the same grounds may be defended the practice of teaching children by what they do not as yet understand. The seed rests in the soil and springs in due season.

seems intended by nature that it should be so; and for obvious reasons. Now, this habit of mind evidently requires dogmatic rather than controversial writing. But after all, we must add, that some of these books by Mrs. Sherwood are among the most popular of books for children. They are too well known to require any particular description. The most pleasant early associations of many gather round the *Fairchild Family*. The happy and thoroughly English home there revealed—the quiet pictures of rural English scenery and of the pleasant town of Reading—the evenings in the Primrose Meadow, and the stories of Mrs. Howard, and little Marten, and the fair Henrie, who was trained to love God among the valleys of the Waldenses, are full of genial goodness and active fancy.

The last fault alleged against Mrs. Sherwood must be objected to the well-known and beautifully-written tales by the authoress of *Amy Herbert*. Of all the graceful stories from the pen of this lady, *Amy Herbert* appears to have the most admirers. Nor is it strange that so amiable a picture of childhood should make itself a favourite with all who take any pleasure in the contemplation of youth and innocence. Its truthfulness, also, in the delineation of childish character, imparts to it the charm of reality; not truthfulness merely of general outlines, but a close fidelity to nature in the nicer details of word and manner. But *Amy Herbert* fails to realize the beau ideal of a child's book. It offers a delightful employment of leisure time for older persons; full of interesting and instructive hints on the best way of training the unformed character, of pruning its evil tendencies, and of fostering into ripe maturity its budding traits of goodness; but in youthful hands there would be cause for apprehension, lest it should encourage a precocious and unhealthy spirit of self-consciousness. The later tales of the same series—*Gertrude*, and still more *Margaret Percival*—(which, moreover, are hardly of the class of children's books), are even more pronounced in this feature, and also in the prominence given to controversial theology. It may be doubted whether it is good for readers of any age to receive their impressions on difficult questions through the medium, necessarily a coloured one, of imaginary dialogues and fictitious characters. Polemical disputations, questionable in any work of fiction, whatever be the banner displayed, are so unmistakably out of place in a book intended for children—it is so palpably injudicious and wrong thus to darken the serene heaven of a child's belief, that we need not insist on their impropriety for the young.

The principle of addressing the faculty of *reasoning*, as yet very imperfectly developed in children, to the undue neglect of their *affections* and *imagination*, is an offence of frequent occurrence, and apt to obtrude itself even into works of considerable



full of inevitable unhappiness—to substitute what is pleasurable for a comparatively painful process; especially in the treatment of that part of human life which seems intended by God to be a season of enjoyment while it lasts, whatever troubles may be awaiting its mature manhood.

The allegorical style has not been altogether neglected even in this *utilitarian* land. In the sense of *unpoetic*, the propriety of the epithet has been disproved by facts. Practical and inexcitable the English undoubtedly are; less capable of perceiving ideal principles than their German cousins; of slower sensibility than their susceptible neighbours in France: but the best poetry is the offspring of strong and profound, not transitory passion, and speaks in the language of the senses rather than in philosophical generalizations. Accordingly there has been a goodly growth of poetry, especially of a dramatic character, both in the Northern and Southern divisions of the island. Even the allegorical vein—if less bountiful of its treasure here than in Germany, less wildly or fancifully picturesque, less spiritual, more broad and homely—has not proved altogether unproductive in England. John Bunyan is a very old instance. Many generations have experienced the influence of his vivid descriptions, couched in racy and genuine language. It would be the sign of an evil day, if ever the marvellous dreamings of the self-taught genius of Elstow should be laid on the shelf by common consent as an antiquarian curiosity. Inspired by earnest convictions and an intense devotion, they penetrate the heart; they bring a message of life and death; and they will be heard with sympathetic interest by distant generations. As a work for children, indeed, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is not faultless. The meaning of the allegory is sometimes too thinly veiled, and forces itself so prominently forward as to interfere with the appearance of reality in the story.

Persons of every religious school—even such as disapprove of the ecclesiastical tendency of Mr. Adams's *Tales*—must agree that few recent works are more admirable than his *Distant Hills*, and other allegories,—viewed as beautiful works of art, adapted for the child-mind. The gentle and persuasive tone of such indirect exhortation to holiness, finds an entrance into every heart. The quiet and peaceful, yet not gloomy stillness, which pervades his stories; and the lovely images summoned before the eye, transport the reader for a time out of the ceaseless turmoil of this vicious and anxious world; and soothe him with happy thoughts of a better state. Mr. Monro's allegories are very similar; less hopeful in tone, more recognizant of the perpetual struggle between good and evil—unnecessarily so perhaps for children—but superior to those of Mr. Adams in vigour and animation and dramatic interest. *Agathos*, and

other stories, by Bishop Wilberforce, are well-known and beautiful specimens of this class.

*The Four Seasons* has been for some time before English readers in a translation. *Undine*—the exquisitely fantastic Undine—is quite naturalized in the public favour. *Sintram*, another of the "four seasons," is strikingly beautiful in a different way; it claims kindred with "howling winter." *Atlantia's Knight* is perhaps the best after "Sintram," as an *allegory*. It represents the triumph of a pure and valiant faith, constant through many trials, over the temptations of the things that are seen. A delicate tinge of symbolic meaning may be detected in all the tales of this author, by those who take the trouble to look for it. But, even without a distinct perception of this, his noble spirit of chivalrous heroism and spotless purity, *was pour et sans reproche*, cannot but exercise an influence for good, however unconsciously, on the character of the reader. Tales like his are most in unison with the imaginative temperament of youth, and most likely to encourage its high and generous aspirations.

Hans Andersen, with his Danish legends, is inimitable in his quaint and grotesque way, especially in tales like *The Ugly Duckling*. As regards our own island, it must be confessed in passing, that almost all the stories the children have come from the north side of the Tweed. This is manifest from the list prefixed to this article, which contains some of the best works of the class in our language—of fairytales as well as recent additions. But if Scotland has not produced much literature peculiarly adapted and fitted for the young, at least she has given birth to three famous poets: who reveal in the legendary lore of his romantic fatherland with an enthusiasm like their own; and whose vivid imagination makes history attractive and easily remembered, even for the least studious amongst them. *The Tales of a Grandfather* is a model of historic narrative for boys.

*Charles School in the Cherry Sun*, has been already mentioned. It is a very good sample of a different kind of story from most of those last referred to. It is not allegorical. The scene of it is a school. The description of the ways of boys, which it contains, is so true to nature—it is so full of a genial understanding of their habits and engaging qualities—that it must be remembered one of the best books for children of that kind. *How the Sun was born*, by Mrs. Bowler, is a remarkable pretty story with a good moral. *Animals in Chains* contains some beautiful passages, and illustrates in how many ways children may be taught to do good. And we have already expressed our own preference for allegorical stories—as, at all events, for stories in which the actors are better removed from the position

of the reader, as less likely to promote an undue self-consciousness in children. Whatever difference of opinion may exist on this point, however, one rule may safely be affirmed, applicable alike to all instruction, direct or suggestive, literal or metaphorical. And this is, that it should be of a positive and not of a negative character. It should dwell rather on the attractions of what is right, than on the deformity of what is wrong; it should aim at developing the good tendencies, not solely or principally at checking and eradicating the bad. For the Christian life is not a barren negation; it is a living principle, fruitful, energetic; it is the amplest expansion of human nature; the highest employment of the intellect; the fullest gratification of the desires in their relative subordination. It is not the involuntary repose of exhaustion, nor the silence of solitude in the heart. Moralists advise, that the most effectual way of repressing an evil habit, is by cultivating the good habit most opposed to it. For the mind assimilates itself to what it contemplates, in the same way as one human face acquires the expression of another most familiar to it. It has been noticed in the most successful preachers, that they seldom conclude a discourse with thoughts of sin and sorrow. The former part of the sermon may have abounded with the most harrowing revelations of sin and threatenings of judgment, but the last words dispense consolation, and heal the wounds, and leave the blessing of mercy and forgiveness.

“ Brother, let thy sorrows cease—  
Sinful sister, part in peace!”

And so it should be for all;—most especially for the young. In this respect, as in others that have been mentioned, the taste of those that write for them, or otherwise instruct them, would be much lightened, it would be half done to hand if they would work with Nature, and use her kindly aid; if they would build on the foundations that she has laid; if they would incite, invite, encourage, rather than deter and restrain. Good and evil cannot exist together. The surest way, as well as the pleasantest, is to prevent the latter by the former. Once lost, the blissful inexperience of evil cannot be regained. Like the bloom of a rose or the down of a peach, it perishes if rudely handled. Some retain it longer. Happy the few who never forfeit it entirely! For it does not imply any unfitness to meet the dangers of active life—it does not require the retirement of the cloister. There is in goodness an instinctive abhorrence of moral evil, a sense of its insidious approaches in the most guileless heart, which is the best shield against temptation.

“ For to be *innocent* is Nature’s wisdom;  
The fledgedove knows the prowlers of the air,  
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.

And the young reed recoils upon its laminae,  
 The never yet seen adder's hiss first heard.  
 O! surer than suspicion's limber eye  
 Is that fine sense, which to the pure is heart,  
 Reveals the approach of evil."

Evil is so ubiquitous, that there is only too great a facility for observing it. Why should we anticipate the evil day, provoke an unequal conflict, before the strength of the reason is matured, destroy, before we are compelled the defence erected by Nature, the defence of innocence? Dr. Arnold's "*Sermons*," admirable as they are for earnest piety, plainness of speech, and searching insight into character, are not free from this blemish. He is too apt to address boys as if they were men, familiar with the knowledge of evil, and hardened by the debasing contact of the world. He insists continually on the heinousness of vice—he detects its embryo manifestations, and drags them to the light—he too often seeks to counteract the impulsive faults of youth, not so much by developing the nobler impulses, as by calling into activity the judicial functions of self-examination. Even those who most highly appreciate his great services in the cause of education, must allow that the "*moral thoughtfulness*," which he everywhere recommends, may be developed to an excess in boys, so as to impose a burden upon them, too heavy for their years—and to impede their originating activity. A criticising habit—especially a self-criticising habit, is essentially antagonistic to the active genius, and alien from the nature of youth. Eton is at all events a *happier* school than Rugby.

It is scarcely necessary, after what has been already said, to add, that books of mere amusement, without any pretensions at all to instruction, are not by any means to be left out of the list of children's books. The most ludicrous or impossible tale that ever ran riot among the marvels of Fairyland, the braggadocios of Munchausen, the tipsy vagaries of Daniel O'Rourke, the grave absurdity of Puss in Boots, the escapades of Jack the Giant Killer, these, and similar fictions, veritable and awe-striking romance to a child,—a farce to older readers, it would require a law-maker more cruel than Draco to attempt to banish them. If older heads are not proof against the fascination of such stories,—if it refreshes them to stroll among the bazaars of Bagdad, along the sunny banks of the Tigris, under a canopy of palm trees, with lamps like the stars of heaven glittering amid their dusky foliage,—“in the golden time of good Haroun Alraschid,” or to engage in the wars of the Genii, to battle with radiant powers of good against the wiles and machinations of dark rebellious spirits, or, in a less arduous flight of fancy, to pace the silent shore, with its solitary inhabitant, the shipwrecked mariner, in all the majesty of independence, all the sadness

of utter isolation, and with him to learn the strange joy of conquering necessity by invention,—if older readers find a pleasure in such things—and many do, much more are they the legitimate property of youth. The capacity of believing them thoroughly for the time is one of the most luscious enjoyments vouchsafed by Nature to the young. Who would wish to wrest it from them, or dare to deny its usefulness? It is a truism to speak of "the bow that is never unbent," or of the evil consequences from "all work and no play." Immoderate carefulness,—ever toiling after some remote end, never pausing to enjoy the flower that blooms, by the mercy of Heaven, along the wayside, making a business even of pleasure, seldom, if ever, relaxing into the genial and graceful *abandon* of a southern clime, is confessedly a fault of the Anglo-Saxon character, and one bane of unhappiness in this country at this time. Not the least deplorable result of this propensity,—not the least mischievous among the causes that encourage it, are the dry compendia of "Useful Knowledge" which find favour in certain quarters; by gratifying a shortsighted importance for speedy and shewy results—a shopkeeper's preference for small profits and quick returns. It is scarcely worth while, for the sake of a superficial smattering, to dwarf the imagination, disgust the natural appetite for knowledge, foster a complacent irreverence, dazzled by the parade of its own apparent proficiency, and substitute an artificial unprogressive precocity for the generous growth of time. There has been much of late years to expose the fallacy. We have seen paper constitutions survived by those who made them; and we may learn, that in the discipline of individuals as of nations, the shortest way is not always the safest. The flowers, without sap or root, which a child culls, and sticks in the soil, to wither before nightfall; the dry bones, which lay withered and scattered on the plain of Chebar; the puppets on the stage, which move their arms and legs with all the regularity of real life, are not more different from living flowers, living bodies, living men and women, than a mechanical aggregation of facts and figures is from real instruction. Mere empiricism is not true wisdom.

"Wisdom and knowledge, far from being one,  
Have oftentimes no connexion.  
Knowledge,—a rude unprofitable mass,  
The mere material with which wisdom builds,  
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,  
Does but encumber what is seemed to enrich.  
Knowledge is proud that she has learned so much,  
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more."

"Wouldst thou plant for eternity," says Carlyle, "then plant into the deep faculties of man, his fantasy and his heart; wouldst

thou plant for year and day, then plant into his shallow faculties, his self-love and arithmetical understanding." And again,— "Soul must catch fire through a mysterious contact with living soul. Mind grows not, like a vegetable, by having its roots littered with etymological compost, but like a spirit by mysterious contact with spirit; thought kindles itself at the fire of living thought." "Useful information," however concealed under the thin and undignified disguise of "Philosophy in Sport," is not real education; perhaps it is most objectionable in its serio-comic form; it is "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring." Even in the hands of clever and agreeable writers like Miss Edgeworth or Miss Martineau, it is ugly and repulsive—its wheels drag heavily. The greatest and best men have usually been the most thoroughly boys in their time. The ingenious torture of what are called, in schools for young ladies, by the name of "callisthenic exercises," is as miserable a makeshift for the healthy excitement of a game or a dance, as "scientific dialogues" and "epitomes of history" are for the free and complete development of the whole being through the agency of works which address the imagination and the feelings, and thus prepare for the higher developments of reason.

Such old established favourites as the *Arabian Nights* need no apology at our hands, but, in connexion with the characteristics which we have been considering, it is obvious to remark that they hold their place among children's books, and in the affections of their readers, by no blind force of habit or merely unreasonable devotion. The very land of their birth, the nursery of the human race, is rich in associations akin to those of childhood, and the literature of that land is naturally such as to find an echo in every childish bosom. The faculty, so strong in children, of simple wonder and awful curiosity, as yet unchilled by the cold breath of criticism, and the habit of self-conscious reflection,—which may enervate more than it enlightens, is pleased only, not cloyed, by those fantastic yet familiar tales that enrich the empty but capacious mind of the child with many a gorgeous scene and moving incident, both of a natural and supernatural kind. Regarded as mere amusement, such tales are profitable—but this is not all. Though there be no moral formally appended to the fable, and administered, as it were, to efface its impression and dispel its meaning, yet, perhaps, even in moral influence, Arabian Night and Fairy Tale may be not altogether wanting. There at least vice and virtue are not approximated by the disclosure of their secret workings, and of that almost invisible point from which they begin to diverge. There is no mistake about the Ogre and the Evil Genius—they are indisputably bad and detestable: evil is left, as it is, a fearful mystery, and referred for its immediate source to a personal

though superhuman agency; nor is goodness dwarfed from its ideal stature to the dimensions of a little girl, who forbears to dismember her doll or play with a peevish spaniel.

But what are we to say of the compendia of useful knowledge which threaten, in some quarters, to dislodge the beneficent fairy, with her wonder-working wand and ubiquitous and multifiform genius? It is difficult to see how any moral influence can be exercised through such channels on the youthful mind, which has need as yet rather to be *formed* than *filled*. A naked list of dates or other facts, with which the feelings have nothing to do, and in which, as yet, the understanding can recognise little or nothing, is a mere nonentity to the child. It sinks as a dead load into the memory, overtaxing the mechanical powers of retention, whilst it kindles not a spark of feeling nor generates a single genial thought. But let a child's ready sympathy be excited, let the travelled merchant of Bagdad unfold the secrets of his furrowed brow, and the solitary Crusoe detail, by what ingenious contrivances he has fenced out the wild beast from his own savage den, and barely kept soul and body together at the peril of both, in his lonely island, no danger will there be lest the adventures or devices of either should appear to the child too fanciful or minute. He finds no fault with the lavish exercise of supernatural power by friendly or malicious genius; where the marvellous, however absurd to older ears, is so plausible and consistent, so devoutly believed by the several characters of the story—no wonder is it that a child should welcome each new marvel with even heightened interest.

Again, the poetry in which childhood has been said to share so largely, though unconsciously, is not manifested in occasional outbursts of feeling on the active homage which a poet loves to offer to the beautiful; it is not something often banished, and continually overshadowed by the daily formalities of common life, scared by the "dry light" of science, and the cold analysis to which thought and feeling are subjected in manhood; rather is it a constant stream of silent joy, beating with every pulse, and pervading every sensation. It has no voice of its own to raise, but all the more does it find in the flowers of Eastern language an expression of its own secret impulse; nor need any fear be entertained, lest a mind dieted on such imaginative food in childhood should grow up fantastic or superstitious. In the present state of society such a fear is groundless. The danger, now-a-days, is all the other way; and let us beware how, in our fancied wisdom, we undervalue such a talent for appreciation of the marvellous—for from whom did modern science draw its light, and modern art and letters the originating impulse of its excellence, and the models which have provoked its imitative

subject, presenting images of good to be followed, rather than of evil to be shunned. Above all, children must not be taught too much nor too soon. Knowledge is sometimes a hurtful burden; too much of it in proportion to the natural powers destroys originality, and substitutes an unreal and insipid taste, an unconscious hypocrisy. If the dialectic faculties are later in their development than the emotions, the memory, the imagination, and the apprehension of the senses, it cannot be disputed that the young may best be influenced by personal authority and personal example; nor that the study of languages naturally comes first in order, next the events of history and human life, last of all the abstractions of Philosophy; first *words*, then *things*, lastly *Ideas*. As the sense of hearing is most acute in the dark, as the fancy is most inventive in the glimmering twilight, so the memory is most impressible and most tenacious, the feelings are most susceptible, before they are reduced under the severe control of the mature intellect enlightened by reflexion. With all that is being done for the reform of our modes of training the young, we have still to struggle with the evils of an indiscriminate and a premature education. Goethe, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, sagaciously protests against an uniform dress for his Utopian schoolboys. To discover the embryo genius, if he had any, of each boy, and to give it especial cultivation, was one secret of the influence of the Jesuits. They knew that our wishes are the prognostication of our powers. With us in Great Britain it is different. Not in large schools only, but in the narrower circle of home, it is too often to be deplored, that those who have care of the young, and who ought to know of each one, what he is, and what he is best able to do, fail to observe their several traits, and to shape their rough-hewn capacities to the proper end. The other evil is even more serious. The anxiety to make clever children defeats itself,—it spoils thousands who might be clever men. Not a few, and those the most promising,—children for example like Hartley Coleridge,—require to be positively kept back, not urged onwards. In his pitiable case it was not the predominance of fancy in his childhood that was unhealthy, but the unboyish consciousness of self. Games at play with other boys would have been far better for him than to sit listening with greedy ears to the philosophers of the Lakes. The two greatest among our British poets, Shakespeare and Milton, both speak complainingly of their “late spring.” Their regrets were unneeded. Better, far better that it should be so, than that the fruits, nipped and shrunk, should belie the promise of the abundant blossom. Let each period of life wear its own garb, and play its own part. For old age there is rest,—persevering activity for manhood,—and for childhood the grace and beauty and careless happiness which are peculiarly its own.

- ART. V.—1. *Lectures on Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Taking of Alexandria by Octavianus; comprising the History of the Asiatic Nations, the Egyptians, Greeks, Macedonians, and Carthaginians.* By B. G. NIEBUHR. Translated from the German edition of Dr. Marcus Niebuhr, by Dr. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, &c. &c. London, 1852.
2. *A History of Greece.* By the Right Rev. CONNOP THIRLWALL, Lord Bishop of St. David's. Vols. vi. vii. and viii. New Edition. London, 1851.

THERE is perhaps no portion of the history of the civilized world which has of late years, in this country at least, received a degree of attention less proportioned to its importance than the later or Macedonian æra of Greece, under which we must include the contemporary history of those more distant countries which then became part of the Grecian world. True it is that this period is forced upon our notice from our earliest years; none is more fertile in that anecdotal literature of which the Lives of Plutarch form the great store-house; stories of Alexander and Pyrrhus rush naturally to the mind of the school-boy to furnish illustrations for his theme on the dangerous consequences of drunkenness or the necessity of bridling a hasty temper. But this precocious and superficial intimacy seldom forms the groundwork of any more solid acquaintance in the course of after studies. Philip and his son are household words in every mouth; but we suspect that they often resemble those standard works in every language of which it is caustically said, that they are quoted by everybody but read by none. Of the "Successors," to give them their old technical name, the vaguest notions are generally entertained; we suspect that not a few fair classical scholars would be sore put to if required to draw any minute distinction between Demetrius Poliorcetes and Demetrius Phalereus. Probably there are plenty of learned persons who know the exact number of courses in the walls of Platææ, and can accurately describe every evolution of Phormion's fleet, who still have nothing but their school-boy recollections of the Anabasis to remind them that events of no small note occurred both among Greeks and Barbarians, of a later date than a certain sacrifice with which Tissaphernes honoured the Ephesian Artemis. The orators may perhaps carry on a few to behold the death-struggle of Athens; but that death-struggle is too often hastily assumed to have been that of Greece also. At all events, when Thucydides, Xenophon, and Demosthenes have all failed us, none but the professed historian

can be expected to wade through a period where he has to pick his way at every step amid the careless blunders of Plutarch and the impenetrable stupidity of Diodorus, where constant references have to be made to the scandalous gossip of Athenæus and the antiquarian twaddle of Pausanias, and where the very purest and most familiar atmosphere that we are allowed to breathe consists of the *disjecta membra* of Polybius and of those remote decades of Livy which nobody ever thinks of reading.

There is doubtless force in all this; it at least amounts to proof that this period could not be introduced as an essential portion of academical study in the same way as the history of the Persian and Peloponnesian wars. Did we possess the entire work of Polybius, the case would be widely different. Tantalizing indeed it is, when, at some critical point of warfare or negotiation, the too familiar break in the text warns us that we have to fill up the lacunæ of the historian and the statesman with the double-filtered effusions of moralists, topographers, and anecdote-mongers. But it is something to have even such fragments as we still possess of one whom, though far inferior to either, we may fairly call at once the Thucydides of his own age and the Arnold of an earlier one. To him, through a happy though melancholy position which befell no other historian, the old local politics of Greece and the wide-spreading diplomacy of the Eternal City were alike living and familiar things. His lot was cast, now among party feuds in Bœotia and Arcadia and border warfare of Messene and Megalopolis; now among those scenes of vast intrigue and conquest, which, to a vulgar mind, might have made the events of his youth seem but combats of the kites and crows. He who had borne the urn of the last of Hellenic heroes—the last who had organized a Grecian commonwealth for war and peace, the last who had fought, Greek against Greek, at no Macedonian or Roman bidding—lived to stand beside the conqueror of mighty Carthage, when he wept over the predestined fate of Rome amid the ashes of her proudest rival.

But while our great authority thus remains to us only in a patched and fragmentary state, it is no wonder that the want of a text-book is sufficient to deter those who are used to such guidance as that of Herodotus and Thucydides from venturing themselves among the shoals and quicksands of so dangerous a coast. And, besides this, we must confess that the history itself is, in many respects, far from an attractive one. We are working among the dregs of a nation, the vigour of whose political and literary life has for ever passed away. Conscious speculation on the science of commonwealths and kingdoms has succeeded to the intuitive and experimental wisdom of Themistocles

and Pericles; the grammarian and the imitative poet strive, at a still wider distance, to console us for those glorious days of Homer or of Æschylus which are gone never to return. It is a shock to old and high associations when, in the heading or the index, we find the immortal names of Thermopylæ and Salamis attached to unfamiliar and comparatively ignoble conflicts. The city of Tencer and Evagoras so closely suggests the memory of its more illustrious parent,\* that one is pained to find so glorious a name recalling only the selfish warfare of Macedonian robbers; while the very spot where Leonidas had fallen beholds, indeed, Europe revenge its old wrongs upon the rival continent, but well nigh calls forth our sympathies for the fallen despot, when it is not the patriot fervour of old Greece, but the cold and selfish ambition of the masters of the world to which the pride of eastern tyrants has to bend in homage.

In short, there is quite enough to account for, though we cannot bring ourselves to think that there is enough to justify, the neglect into which this portion of history has generally fallen. We have always looked upon the period from the second battle of Mantinea to the reduction of Macedonia and Achaia into Roman provinces, as by no means void either of interest to the reader or of value to the general historian of Greece and of the world. The rise of the Macedonian state under its two great princes, the spread of Hellenism in Asia through the conquests of Alexander, the great political phenomenon of the Achæan League, even the momentary glory of Young Sparta under the last Cleomenes, are surely events of a nature at once highly important and highly interesting; less important and less interesting, we fully grant, than the old days of Marathon and Thermopylæ, of Arginusæ and Ægospotamos, but still very far from meriting to be entirely passed by in a historical survey either of Greece or of the world at large.

It was, therefore, naturally with no slight satisfaction that we found entire sympathy with these views expressed by no less an authority than the great Niebuhr, and the more so as even Mr. Grote appears to have fallen into the common error of undervaluing this period, and does not contemplate extending his labours to the elucidation of the Achæan League and of the last Macedonian dynasty. Niebuhr, on the other hand, we are informed, had made this period the object of more attentive study than any other portion of ancient history, and in the lectures whose title we have transcribed at the head of this

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\* We may here reverse the words of Æschylus—

... Σαλαμῖνὰ τι, τᾷς οὖν μακρόσσιλις τῶνδ'  
αἰτίαι συνωγμῶν.

P'ers. 864.

article, we find by far the most elaborate and valuable portion devoted to its examination, while the great lecturer himself several times directly expresses his opinion, that this period had been in general unduly neglected.

Of a work bearing in its title-page so illustrious a name there can be no necessity to enter upon a formal review. Anything proceeding from the mouth—in this case we cannot say the pen—of Barthold George Niebuhr needs no recommendation of ours to procure it admission to the libraries of all historical scholars; and with a large portion of the work we are not directly concerned. The course of lectures now given to the English reader, taken in conjunction with those on Roman history already published, are intended to form a complete system of “Ancient History” up to the establishment of the Roman empire. The scheme of the work is mainly taken from that of Trogus Pompeius, as exhibited in the *Compendium* or “*Philippic History*” of Justin. It may, perhaps, best be considered as a course on the history of Greece, taken in the most comprehensive sense of those words, that indeed in which Herodotus would have understood them. Of barbarian nations those only are introduced which, at some stage or other of their existence, were brought into contact with Greece or Greek civilisation, and it is chiefly in their connexion with the Hellenic world that the author examines them with any minuteness. We shall not pause over his investigation of Egyptian and Assyrian history further than to hold up the good sense displayed in his treatment of such subjects to the imitation of those writers who seem to delight in carrying back the antiquity of eastern kingdoms to some illimitable distance, and in imagining their importance in the general history of the human race to have been necessarily in proportion to the extent of this mythical antiquity. We may also point out the remarkable manner in which Niebuhr may be almost said to have prophesied of the great discoveries in those regions which have happened under our own eyes. It is greatly to be wished that some writer of his powers and disposition might arise to instruct us as to the exact amount of their historical importance.

We shall not even stop to examine at all in detail our great lecturer's treatment of the earlier stages of Grecian history. We could find therein subjects for many essays both on those points on which his views command our own assent, and on those with regard to which we are more inclined to sympathize with other writers. Niebuhr and Mr. Grote, for instance, are continually found maintaining widely different views, as is indeed no more than might be expected from the entirely different methods in which they pursue their inquiries. Niebuhr's great

glory is to have been the parent of that system of investigation, which stands equally aloof from a blind acceptance of mythical stories, and from a hardly less unreasonable refusal to believe anything which cannot be proved by contemporary monuments. Mr. Grote is not indeed fairly open to this latter censure, but it is clear that his tendencies lie that way, while the ethnological and philological mode of inquiry in which Niebuhr was so illustrious, seems to have but small attractions for him. Consequently Niebuhr finds many indications of national migrations and similar events to be fully worthy of acceptance, even in the dark period preceding that mystic boundary of "B. C. 776," before which Mr. Grote sturdily refuses complete belief to a single fact. On the other hand, great as Niebuhr was as a political investigator, Mr. Grote is, to our mind, still greater. Niebuhr gives us nothing to set against our countryman's history of the Athenian constitution between Solon and Pericles, which we have always looked on as rivalling Niebuhr's happiest discoveries in Roman politics. Nor does Niebuhr appear to have ever forestalled those peculiar views of Mr. Grote with regard to a slightly later period, in which we are far from professing an unlimited acquiescence, but which, with the permission of Mr. Shilleto, we must consider should at least be weighed with unprejudiced attention, and answered, not only with the courtesy usual between gentlemen and scholars, but with the respect and deference due to an illustrious name.

We prefer to advance at once to the consideration of the period which forms our immediate subject, and of Niebuhr's treatment of it. The whole Macedonian æra naturally divides itself into two great periods—the age of *Philip and Alexander and their immediate Successors*; and that of the *Achæan League and the Antigonid dynasty*.

The first period includes the organization of Macedonia under Philip, first as a Greek state, and then as the imperial Greek state, the wonderful career of his son, and the ceaseless wars among his immediate Successors till the kingdoms they founded attained to something like a settled order. Now, except the romantic tales of Alexander's own conquests, there is but little in this period to please, and in its last stage, at first sight, little to interest. The reign of Philip is a triumph of slavery over freedom, and involves the degradation of the city to which every real student of history, every real lover of literature and art, must for ever look as the most sacred shrine of his intellectual pilgrimage. Again, the last stage, the wars of the Successors, loses the interest attaching to the glorious struggle of Demosthenes, and sinks, at first sight, into little beyond a mere record of crimes.

While the narrative of this period by Bishop Thirlwall is by far the greatest portion of his great work, the way in which Niebuhr has treated it we cannot but call altogether unworthy both of his intellectual and moral nature. Our consolation in having thus to speak of so great a man, arises from the firm belief that this defect is chiefly owing to the peculiar form of these lectures, and that in a history of Greece, answering to his greatest work, he would have written in a widely different manner. Lectures delivered extempore, and printed, without the author's revision, from notes taken by the pupils who heard them, are something which must be measured by quite a different standard from an elaborate work composed in the writer's study, with every facility for reference and reconsideration. It would be vain to look in these volumes for entire freedom from slips and contradictions, but it would be unfair, under such circumstances, to make them the subject of unfavourable criticism. It shews in fact the vast extent of Niebuhr's knowledge, and his still more wonderful power of applying it without external aids, that the amount of errors or inconsistencies which his editor has pointed out, or which we have discovered for ourselves, does not greatly exceed in number or importance the allowance which would be fairly excusable in a work of the same extent written and transcribed at the author's fireside. The lectures also, in their present form, possess, as Dr. Schmitz truly observes, a peculiar value, as shewing us the workings of Niebuhr's mind, and the manner in which his opinions were developed. Many passages occur which, it is clear, were not only spoken extempore, but in which the thoughts themselves evidently occurred to the speaker at the moment of delivery. Of course such illustrations or conjectures do not carry with them the weight of Niebuhr's mature judgment, but they are especially valuable in the point of view just mentioned. Again, Niebuhr appears in his *History* as far more happy in what he thought than in his way of telling us why he thought so. Many of his views need only to be propounded in order to carry intuitive conviction with them, but the reader's confidence is anything but increased by toiling through the maze of argument in which theorem and demonstration are confused together. In the *Lectures*, on the other hand, all is clear and perspicuous; he gives results and little more, which is just what we want. It is enough to be told Niebuhr's opinion; the grounds of it, for the most part, any other man could explain better than himself.

But, on the other hand, this mode of delivery has proved the cause of certain characteristics which, while they greatly enhance the value of the work as an index of the author's mind, cer-

tainly diminish its trustworthiness as a historical guide. This is especially the case in the period which we are now considering. Niebuhr was a man of ardent and even hasty feelings; his love and his enmity were strongly felt and strongly expressed, and he had the most wonderful power of throwing himself into the feelings of past ages, and of regarding the men of two thousand years back in the light of living friends and enemies. Now, all these qualities, as could not fail to be the case, appear in these lectures in their most exaggerated form. In throwing himself into the cause of justice and liberty, he himself fails to do justice to those whom circumstances made its opponents. In his admiration for the high, heroic, unselfish virtue of Demosthenes, he too far identifies himself with its object, and forgets that language which was natural in the mouth of the orator in the Pnyx, ceases to be altogether decorous when it falls from that of the Professor in his lecture-room at Bonn. The business of Demosthenes was to call on his hearers to arm against Philip or Alexander; that of Niebuhr was to set calmly and judiciously before *his* the right and wrong of the cause in which those mighty men were the actors. The first aspect of Niebuhr's treatment of this period is that of simple unscrupulous malignity towards everything bearing the Macedonian name. The two great kings are vilified to an extent which might have wearied the willing ears of Demus himself; their crimes are exaggerated, their virtues depreciated, their motives distorted; every piece of scandalous gossip is raked up against them on authority which Niebuhr himself is the first to reject when it tells against his own favourites. Now in all this we do not see the least ground for accusing Niebuhr of intentional disingenuousness; we fully believe that in the solitude of his closet he would have drawn his pen through most of the passages of which we complain; he must certainly have been both a worse historian and a worse man than we have ever esteemed him, if he could in his calmer moments have ventured to stigmatize Alexander as the murderer of his father, and to sully one of the most amiable features of his character with an imputation which we cannot repeat.\* We believe the case simply to be, that Niebuhr had so thoroughly thrown himself into the position of Demosthenes and Hyperides, that he had become even less capable than they were of doing justice to their mightiest adversary.

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\* Vol. ii. p. 405. For this atrocious calumny, in the form given it by Niebuhr, we have as yet been able to find no authority whatever, and we cannot help thinking that he for the moment confounded Alexander's relations with Hephæstion, with one or two other scandalous stories to be found in Athenæus and Quintus Curtius.

The comparison of the deed between Niebuhr and our own great historian of the same period is by no means favourable to the former. If Bishop Thirlwall is not so ardent as Niebuhr for Athens and Demosthenes, it is because it is neither his nature nor his principle to be so ardent about anything. But he shows with equal clearness where his sympathies lie, and which cause he considers to be that of truth and justice. Occasional bursts of indignant eloquence prove his convictions to be as deeply rooted as those of Niebuhr himself. But he never disgraces himself by revivings or misrepresentations of the opposite party. On his showing, we see in Philip the very founder of intrigue and diplomacy, unscrupulous when his ends were to be served, but far from being devoid of generous feelings, and never allowing himself to be hurried into a useless crime. It is highly unfair to class men of this stamp with monsters like Othius or Caligula, Rufus or John, Gian-Maria Visconti or Galeazzo Sforza, who seem to have revelled in evil for its own sake. To aggrandize his own country, to make Macedonia a Greek state and the first of Greek states, was surely no mean or paltry ambition, no worse surely than the exploits which have attached lasting honour to the names of many Christian potentates. And Alexander, whom for two thousand years the world has rejoiced to reckon among its greatest heroes, can never be changed into a mere monster of wickedness and weakness, even though the wand of the historical Circe be grasped by the hand of Barthold Niebuhr.

Between the years B.C. 280 and 270, we may place the boundary of the two periods into which we have divided the later history of Greece. The storm of Macedonian conquest has passed by, and its results now begin to appear in the comparatively settled state of Grecian Europe; that of Grecian Asia, so far as it can be said to have ever been settled at all, may fairly date from the field of Ipsus. The deaths of Demetrius, Pyrrhus, Lysimachus, and Seleucus, the Gaulish invasion and the first great manifestation on the part of the Ætolians, the establishment of the Antigonid dynasty in Macedonia, and the first beginnings of the Achæan League, all come within about twelve years of each other, a period of far smaller practical extent at that point of Grecian history than it was either in an earlier or a later generation. From this point the respective value of our guides becomes singularly transposed; Niebuhr increases, Thirlwall diminishes in value. Niebuhr seems to have got over his abstract hatred of Macedonians, and can recognise some merit in the later Antigonids, while his treatment of the affairs of the League is most just and valuable. It was evidently, as his editor tells us, a favourite period, which he dealt with thoroughly

*con amore*. The Bishop, on the other hand, though always able and judicious, certainly flags gradually throughout his last volume, and at last sinks far below the high excellence of its immediate predecessors. He seems rather to weary of his subject—no wonder perhaps—a belief in which we are confirmed by the circumstance that, in issuing a new edition, he has not extended to this portion the benefits of his final revision. The latest portion of his narrative strikes us as conceived on a wrong principle; it should either have been a mere sketch, or else have gone much more into detail; at present it is too condensed, and is unquestionably dull.

It will not, we trust, be thought disrespectful to writers whom we esteem so highly as the two great historians whom we have been thus freely criticising and comparing, to say that an English history of the whole Macedonian period still remains to be written. It is indeed obvious that mere Lectures, like Niebuhr's, can never supply the place of a regular history; nor is the opinion we have just expressed in anywise disparaging to Bishop Thirlwall, because such a work as we are dreaming of would regard the whole subject from a point of view quite different from his. Two works are still needed to complete that cycle of ancient history of which the writings of Arnold, Thirlwall, Grote, and Merivale, form such noble portions. One is a History of Macedonia, tracing out whatever can be discovered of the ethnology and early history of that country, and narrating in detail the later history of Greece after Macedonia became its dominant power, and that, as far as possible, from a Macedonian point of view. The history of the Oriental states would be introduced only so far as it bears on European politics. The other would be a history of Græco-Macedonian power in the East; it should trace out the fate of the different kingdoms of Syria, Egypt,\* Bactria, and the like; still more should it investigate the influence of Greek literature, art, and philosophy, on the countries which became more or less Hellenized, as well as the reciprocal influence of eastern modes of thinking upon the later Grecian mind. The former undertaking we may fairly expect to see realized, as it might be accomplished by any writer combining the requisite scholarship with the requisite historical genius; the latter is a vaster, and would probably prove a still more thankless task. It would demand an union of classical and oriental scholarship, which is rarely to be found in the same person in the requisite degree, to which should be added a pro-

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\* Mr. Sharpe's History of Egypt is, in many respects, a useful contribution to such a work as we are imagining; but it is rather behind the present standard of classical scholarship, and labours under incurable defects of style.

found acquaintance with Greek, oriental, and early Christian forms of philosophy and religion. Probably even the rare combination of all these qualities might prove insufficient, without laborious personal investigations in regions not always very inviting to western travellers. The man for the task must needs be a Niebuhr, a D'Herbelot, a Mosheim, a Layard, and a Rawlinson, all in one.

Surely a period whose thorough investigation opens so many subjects of inquiry, cannot be considered as entirely void of interesting and important matter. It sets before us the fall of Greece, accompanied by an increased spread of Grecian influence over the world; it exhibits to us the slow and sure advance of Rome, and the means whereby she led the former masters of the civilized world down the gradual descent of alliance, dependence, subjugation, and amalgamation. Surely no one who has traced Grecian history and literature through its earlier and more brilliant stages can be devoid of what Niebuhr calls a natural "*Pietas*" towards Greece, which is of itself enough to make us wish to follow out its history to the end. Wretched indeed as was the last century and a half of Athenian existence, it is still a duty incumbent on those who have walked in the full blaze of its earlier day, at least to watch the glimmering light till it is wholly extinguished. And again, as we shall presently see, Athens is not Greece; and other states will afford us real political and historical improvement down almost to the last moment.

But while Greece itself is thus falling, Greeks are attaining the height of their intellectual sway in other lands. The spread of Hellenism in the east, owing to the Macedonian conquests, is in itself a phenomenon worthy of study, but it derives a still greater importance when we consider its manifest bearing upon the spread of Christianity, and its close connexion with the Apocryphal, and even the New Testament history. The Greek language was the badge at once of orthodox Christianity and of European civilisation: Asia Minor was really Hellenized; Syria and Egypt had merely a few great Hellenic cities scattered over them. Hence these latter countries first fell aside into heresies or national churches, and afterwards became an easy prey to Mahometan conquest. The thoroughly Greek provinces, on the other hand, resisted Monophysite and Nestorian, Saracen and Turk, for many centuries longer. When Gibbon spoke of "Antioch retaining her old allegiance to Christ and Cæsar," he probably intended a scoff, but he expressed a great historical truth.

Again, if the gradual advance of Roman power, and its still more gradual decline, contain, as in fact they do, the whole his-

tory of the civilized world, it is surely no uninstrusive task to trace the steps by which Rome gradually wound the toils of her tortuous diplomacy around the fairest of her conquests. Bishop Thirlwall truly observes, that in such arts the Roman Senate surpassed every cabinet, ancient and modern; and it was to them, more than to its pilum and broadsword, that it owed the reduction of Macedonia and Achaia into provinces of a city of which Demosthenes and Philip may have barely heard the name. And again, if we remember how the Hellenized nations took up the name and position of Romans, and preserved the political continuity of the Roman empire in a Megarian and a Milesian colony, for hundreds of years after the old Rome had forgotten her ancient mission, it can be no unprofitable speculation to trace the steps by which the first impulse was given to so strange and permanent union between the intellectual supremacy of Greece and the political eternity of Rome.\*

And when we extend our view beyond the limits of direct cause and effect, and take in the wider field of analogy and historical parallelism, this period becomes invested with an additional interest. The history of old Greece and the history of mediæval Italy can never be thoroughly understood, unless the two are constantly employed to illustrate one another. Perhaps no two distinct periods of history afford such striking parallels, while the points of dissimilarity and their causes are no less instructive. Both the resemblance and the dissimilarity are strongly exhibited in the present instance. The main epochs of Grecian and of Italian history will be found, if we are content not to carry our analogies into too minute details, to correspond most remarkably with each other. And the fall of each country presents a picture, in which, though the likeness is certainly less strong than in the earlier periods, it is still sufficiently marked to make it worth while to point out some of the chief features both where the parallelism clearly exists and where it must be allowed to fail.

As Greece was the elder, the more native, in every sense the nobler of the two great developments of republican splendour, it seems only justice that Greece should, even in her corruption and her fall, retain more of dignity than her mediæval anti-type.

*Magna feres tacitas solatia mortis ad umbras  
A tanto cecidisse viro.*

Italy, in fact, has no parallel to the age of Philip and Alexander, when Greece might forget her bondage in the dazzling glory

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\* On this head we may refer to the admirable works of Mr. Finlay on the Byzantine period, of which the final volume has just appeared.

of a hero who boasted of her blood, and whose pride it was to bear her language and civilisation into realms which had never obeyed the voice of Assyrian or Persian despot. It is clear that both the great Macedonians really loved and revered Greece, Athens above all. Her political humiliation was an unavoidable part of their policy; but they always abstained from more injury than the minimum which that policy required. They felt as Greeks, and had no temptation to destroy what they claimed as their mother country. They had clearly no wish to swallow up Greece in Macedonia, but rather, as we have said, to make Macedonia, as a Greek state, the imperial power of Greece. Such was unquestionably the aim of Philip, and of Alexander too, till, from the throne of the Great King, he probably regarded both Greece and Macedonia as little more than corners of his empire, nurseries of his most valiant soldiers.

But the desolation of Greece under Alexander's immediate successors is very fairly paralleled by the desolation of Italy by French, Spanish, Swiss, and German invasion. Cassander, Demetrius, and Ptolemy fought out their selfish battles on the sacred soil of Hellas, just as Charles, and Louis, and Francis, and Maximilian, and Ferdinand, and a more famous Charles, fought out theirs upon the land of Dante and of Pisani. In both cases their warfare is little better than the struggle of robbers or of wild beasts to obtain the largest portion of the spoil. The objects of the Macedonian chiefs were purely selfish; the true and loyal Eumenes stands out as a solitary vestige of better days; and even he had no opportunity of doing ought for Greece itself, or of serving any higher cause than that—a comparatively noble one indeed—of the house of Philip against upstart usurpers. To young Demetrius, in his first expedition, we may fairly attribute a really generous ambition to become the chosen prince of independent Hellas: but the most extended charity will hardly allow us to assign such motives to the father who sent him, and the other competitors could not have backed their claims by the slightest pretence or mockery of right and justice. In this respect their Christian imitators would probably claim to be far more righteous: if a province or a kingdom was to be laid waste: if unoffending princes were to drag out their days in a dungeon: if their subjects were to be robbed, ravished, and murdered without let or hindrance, there was a good reason for it all: the right so to exercise lordship had been duly inherited under the marriage settlement of Valentina Visconti, or purchased for hard cash of the lawful representative of good King René. Yet this way of treating nations like sheep, or rather like beasts of chase—a way which has not been without its admirers in more recent times—really does not seem to differ in any essential respect

from the purely personal quarrels of the Macedonian brigands. National feelings may be allowed to palliate a good deal; but it is hard to see how national feelings could be attached to a dispute between the house of Aragon and the house of Anjou, hardly more than to a similar quarrel between Lysimachus and Seleneus. "Chivalrous" princes, like Charles and Francis, were perhaps more sparing of the dagger and the bowl than Cassander or Olympias; but no Macedonian ruler stands charged with a fouler act of treachery than the partition of Naples between Louis and Ferdinand, or of more fiendish barbarity than that involved in the complicity, negative at least, of Charles V. in the famous sack of Rome.

The history of these interminable wars among the Successors is indeed little more than a revolting record of crime; nevertheless we find ourselves constrained to regard even them with a somewhat greater degree of favour than they obtain from Niebuhr. Selfish and unscrupulous as they were, we cannot look on them as mere monsters; even the blood-stained Cassander must not be ranked with a Phalaris or an Eccelino. Treachery and murder were familiar to them all when they served their purpose; but, when once established in their kingdoms, we do not find them becoming such mere savage scourges of mankind as rulers and governors have too often proved. Ptolemy's hands were no cleaner than those of his fellows; he won his way to his throne by equal crime; yet once seated there, the unanimous voice of history has placed him in the first rank of sovereigns. Such rulers as Augustus, as Francesco Sforza, as our own Canute, form a far truer parallel to the better class of Macedonian princes, Antigonus, Ptolemy, or Seleucus, than the mere loathsome tyrants either of classical or mediæval Italy.

For one prince of these troublous times, whom Niebuhr holds up to especial abhorrence, we must confess a certain tenderness,—it may be a weakness. This is Demetrius Poliorcetes, the Alcibiades or Antonius of his age. An ambition not only selfish, but utterly reckless and extravagant, a private profligacy of the wildest and most odious kind, a haughty carelessness of others, combined with an entire lack of those arts of the ruler and the statesman which distinguish a Seleucus or a Ptolemy, might, at first sight, seem to stamp him with irredeemable infamy, as the vilest specimen of a vile period. But, as in his Athenian prototype—amenable to all these charges but the last, and against whom Niebuhr is by no means severe—there is still something about him which renders it impossible to regard him with unmixed aversion. It was nothing wonderful for a fiery and voluptuous youth to have his head completely turned by such incense as had never before been offered to mortal man;

he would have had no claim to rank even as a naturalized Greek, could he have gone unscathed through a milder ordeal than that of being publicly recognised as the coequal of Zeus and Athena, and of having his will solemnly acknowledged to be the measure of holiness and justice. It is, perhaps, only because we judge him by a higher standard that we speak so harshly of his private life; that it far exceeded the bounds even of Athenian license, cannot be denied, but it would have seemed nothing astonishing in the struggles of Nineveh or Susa. He seems to have gained the affections of his numerous wives, and he certainly was not in the habit of divorcing or murdering them like many of his contemporaries and successors. The harmony between himself and his father, and afterwards between himself and his son, forms a beautiful picture in itself, and is a remarkable characteristic of the whole family, in contrast to the fearful domestic tragedies which disgraced almost every other Macedonian palace. Till the quarrel in the last generation between Perseus and the last Demetrius, no Antigoni ever stained his hands with the blood of father, son, or brother, none ever even appeared as the rival or competitor of his nearest kinsman. Against Ptolemy himself no special deed of blood or perfidy is distinctly proved: tangency and overtearing in prosperity, qualities which lost him the Macedonian throne, he does not seem even there to have degenerated into actual oppression. Adversity no man knew better how to bear: the rebound was always greater than the fall. Throughout his whole career, whether dealing with Ptolemy, Rhodes, or Athens, we see touches of a generous and chivalrous spirit, which he shares with Alexander and Pyrrhus, but with perhaps no other prince of his age. Surely he deserves at least as much tenderness as Niebuhr extends, with full justice we grant, to his not dissimilar, though very degenerate descendant, the last Philip of Macedon.

And if Italy has no exact parallel to the age of Philip and Alexander, still less does it present one to the days of comparative splendour which followed the age of the Socrators in Greece. Stern as was the doom of Greece, it was still not to be compared to that of her antitype: her race was as yet by no means run, the day of her final humiliation was still far distant. Even during the period of confusion Greece was not of so little account among the struggles of her masters as was Italy during the analogous time: her attachment was eagerly sought after, both from the reverence which she inspired, and still more from the substantial force which she still possessed, quite sufficient in most cases to turn the scale between two contending pretenses. And when things began to fall back again into something like settled order, a new era of freedom and glory arose, briefer and less

perfect, indeed, than that of the elder day, but still at least a worthy old age for such a youth. And it was the more genuine and vigorous, because it was no mere superficial restoration, but a development really adapted to the political circumstances of the age. With this period Italy has nothing to compare, unless we may venture to see in the successful working of constitutional government in Piedmont at the present moment, a harbinger of still brighter days for Italy than those of federal liberty in Greece.

By one of those strange cycles which sometimes occur in history, the last people who maintained the glory of the Grecian name were the same who first emerged into ascertained existence from the darkness of the old Pelasgian time. It was as Achæans that the Greeks gathered round the walls of Ilion; it was as Achæans that they fell beneath the tardy vengeance of a people whose boast it was to trace their origin to that sacred source. The cities of Pericles and Epaminondas had sunk into utter insignificance; Lycurgean Sparta had, indeed, done a work worthy of her old fame when she repulsed the hero of Epeirus from her gates; but it was the last work of Lycurgean Sparta; as the city of the Heracleidæ she had still to run a short course of glory, but as the city of the Dorian she was no more. Achaia, a land which had remained through Persian, Peloponnesian, and Macedonian warfare, perhaps at once the most respectable and the most insignificant portion of proper Greece, now becomes the field for this second crop of Grecian freedom and dignity, though it must be confessed that the harvest was for the most part reaped for her by generals and statesmen who were Achæans only by adoption.

The great value of the Achæan League to the student of history is as being the best known example of the ancient federal constitutions, indeed the only genuine confederation of equal cities which ever attained much importance in Greece\* itself. Mr. Grote has sufficiently explained how deeply the pervading notion of the "autonomous City" was rooted in the Grecian mind; in fact, the more developed and civilized a Grecian state was, the more tenaciously did it cleave to its separate independence, and shrink from federal relation with any other. It might find it

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\* Hellenic cities beyond the limits of proper Greece seem to have had far less repugnance to federal relations, doubtless because, as strangers scattered in a foreign land, it was often necessary to coalesce against powerful barbarian neighbours. Thus we find several confederations, more or less close, among the Hellenic and Hellenized states in Asia Minor. There was also the great Olynthian confederacy, of which Mr. Grote has given so lucid an account, and whose forcible suppression was one of the most crying sins of Spartan ascendancy. But here there was one predominant city, which at once distinguishes it from our Achæan state.

[illegible]

The other confederations which meet our notice among the Grecian states may probably have suggested ideas to the founders of the League, but none of them, not even the Arcadian League under Lycomedes, so completely forestalled it as to exhibit in actual and permanent working, a combination of many equal cities united, for all external purposes, into one indivisible federal republic. It stands distinguished alike from mere alliances, however intimate they may be rendered by traditional sentiment; from combinations of cities, acknowledging, like the

\* Οὐκ αὖν ἰσῆς, καὶ κομιδὴ στήλῃ, . . . πρὸς ταύτας τις τῆς ἐν Διαζεύ;  
καὶ αὖ νῦν πάλιν; Dem. de Pace. ad fin.

Boeotian, a greater or less degree of supremacy in some imperial state; and from those irregular unions among the less developed branches of the Greek nation, which were rather confederations of tribes than of cities. The Ætolians, Acarnanians, and the like, hardly ever attained to the full development of Greek city life. One of these unions, that of the brigands of Ætolia, attained a strange and unnatural amount of power during the times we are now considering; but every recorded proceeding of that confederacy only shews how utterly incapable it was of exercising political authority, and, in fact, its reckless conduct brought about the final ruin of Greece.

Unlike all these, the Achæan League was, in the strictest sense, a confederacy of cities united on equal terms. The cities of the original Achæia, which formed its nucleus, seem to have been united in a similar way before the Macedonian times. These consequently did little more than restore an old connexion on still closer terms; but all the historical importance of the League was certainly owing to its non-Achæan constituents, Sicyon, Corinth, and Megalopolis. For all external purposes the united cities formed one state; no individual city could treat with a foreign power, and of course could not make war upon any other member of the League. Still the several towns must have retained something more than a mere municipal existence, as the very prohibition of foreign diplomatic intercourse demonstrates. Nevertheless, it is clear that the general tendency of the League was to a far closer union, even in internal matters, than Greece had ever before witnessed among distinct cities, till at last Polybius could boast, with only a slight exaggeration, that all Peloponnesus was united under the same government and the same laws. Any tendency to separation seems, unless when encouraged by foreign machinations, to have been entirely confined to those cities, which, like Sparta and Messene, had been unwillingly incorporated with the League, and which, therefore, added nothing to its real strength.

The constitution of the League was professedly democratical; and herein it affords us a great political lesson, as the first instance in Greece of a democratical government on so large a scale. Now this circumstance of its extent, to say nothing of any dissimilarity in the characters of the two nations, at once involved most important differences in the Achæan democracy, as compared with the typical democracy of Athens. Fully to grasp these differences, we must keep before our eyes a full and accurate portrait of the latter, or we shall never thoroughly realize the wide diversity which change of circumstances effected in institutions starting apparently from the same basis.

Now real and pure democracy, that is, the direct participation

of every citizen in the sovereign power, not only requires the substratum of slavery, but can only be carried out in a state consisting of a single city. Attica, after the happy union of her small towns, not into a mere confederacy, but into an indivisible body politic, formed as large a state as could be governed after the true democratic model, because a larger extent would not have permitted all the adult male citizens to assemble habitually in one place. The essence of pure democracy, as understood by Demus himself, was that the assembled people should be *tyrant*; the name at which he shuddered when applied to a "single person," he seems rather to have rejoiced at when predicated of his own collective majesty.\* In the popular assembly, where every citizen, rich or poor, has an equal vote, centres the whole authority, legislative, judicial, and executive. It may be convenient to delegate some of its functions to committees taken by lot from its own number; hence we have a probuleutic senate and popular courts of judicature; but these never lose the character of mere committees of the sovereign body; the courts of justice are by the orators who address them constantly identified with the political assembly, and are supposed to be animated by the same views and passions. Hence, too, magistrates have no independent authority; the archon, and even the general, is the mere executor of the will of the sovereign people; the former indeed is charged with little more than to carry out, formally and ministerially, certain routine duties of police and ceremonial religion. And here we must venture the remark, that the great writer to whom, more than to any other, we owe a clearer knowledge of the real working of this misunderstood and misrepresented government, has been to a certain extent himself misled by the experience of his own parliamentary life. He is fond of talking of the demagogues as "opposition speakers," in contrast to the great men of action whom he half regards as an executive Cabinet. He has evidently in his mind the vision of Joseph Hume calling the ministerial estimates over the coals, or of his own annual motion for the ballot, defeated by the frowns of the Treasury benches or the apathy of the Opposition itself. He does not quite realize, what no man knows better than himself as mere matter of fact, that at Athens there were no Treasury benches, no ministerial estimates, and consequently no Opposition speakers. Demus was himself King, Minister, and Parliament. He had his mere officials to carry out the

\* Arist. Eq. 1027, 1113, 1329, 1331. Thuc. ii. 63, iii. 37. Isoc. Areop. 29. *ὡς δὲ συντάμης ἴσται, ταῖσι διγλωπίαις ἦσαν ὅτι διὰ τὸν Δῆμον, ὡς πρὶ τὸ ἔργον, καλίσταται τὰς ἀρχὰς καὶ καλῶν τοὺς ἑκαπαρχαίνοντας καὶ πρὶν αἰεὶ τὰν ἀμφιβουτμένων, τοὺς δὲ σχολῶν ἄγειν δυναμένους καὶ βίαν ἵκανον κειραμένους ἐπαμειβίστας τῶν ποικῶν ὡς πρὶ οὐκ ἴσται.* Cf. Mitford, chap. 37, sect. vii.

necessary details of public business, but he was most undoubtedly his own First Lord of the Treasury, his own Foreign Secretary, his own Secretary for the Colonies. He himself kept up a personal correspondence both with foreign potentates and with his own officers on foreign service; the "despatches" of Nicias and the "notes" of Philip were alike addressed to no dignitary short of the sovereign himself; he gave personal audience to the ambassadors of other states, and invested his own with just so much or so little as he deemed good of his own unlimited authority. He had no necessity to entrust the care of his thousand dependencies to a Grey or a Pakington; he himself sat in judgment upon Mitylenæan rebels, he himself regulated the allotment of lands at Chalcis or Amphipolis, he determined by his own wisdom what duties should be levied at the Sound of Byzantium; he even ventured on a task of which two-and-twenty ages have not diminished the difficulty, and undertook, without the aid of a Lord High Commissioner, to adjust the relations and compose the seditions even of Corcyra and Zacynthus. He was his own Lord High Chancellor, his own Lord Primate, his own Commander-in-Chief. He listened to the arguments of Cleon on behalf of a measure, and to those of Nicias against it, and ended by directing Nicias to go and carry out the proposal which he had represented as extravagant or unjust. He listened with approval to his own "explanations;" he passed votes of confidence in his own policy; he advised himself to give his own royal assent to the bills which he had himself passed, without the form of a second or third reading, or the vain process of moving that Messrs. Prytaneis do leave the chair.

Such a government as this certainly presents itself to our eyes in a form savouring more or less of the ludicrous; but a serious consideration will shew that none could be more elevating and ennobling. The Athenian democracy, the first fully developed free constitution the world had seen, not only gave the political life of each citizen a fuller and wider action than any that has ever existed, but it secured life and property and personal freedom better than any other government of its own age, or of many ages afterwards. Its defect was that it was the result of an enthusiasm too high-strung, and of a nationality too confined, to allow of permanent greatness. Demus was but the shadow of his former self after his "happy restoration" by the Albemarle of democracy, the hero of Phylæ and Peiræus. At the advanced age of two centuries he became politically and morally dead, under the care of his two rival Demetrii, and from thenceforth he did but drag on a weary second childhood till he disappears in the vast charnel-house of Roman oppression. But his real life, short as it was,

was as glorious as it was able. English writers are too apt to arrive at the head of what they see without them at home. *Mythology* is right enough in\* according to English history meeting at the very name of political ignorance. Only as an old dog have they escaped to a similar conclusion as to the assembled people of Athens. Certainly squires and farmers alike gathered together at times for and for between, under some political excitement, are utterly incapable of really entertaining a political question or of getting beyond some party warfare of "Liberal" or "Conservative" or "Free-Trade" or "Protection." But we must not thence infer that the *Boule* of Athens presented a scene equally deplorable. Such writers forget that as Macaulay† has shown in a brilliant passage which every one should be able to call to mind, the common life of the Athenian was itself the best of political education. We suspect that the average Athenian citizen was, in political intelligence, above the average English member of Parliament. It was this concentration of all power in an aggregate of which every citizen formed a part, which is the distinguishing characteristic of true Greek democracy. Florence had nothing like it: the substratum of slavery and the constant education being wanting. Her "Parliaments" were indeed the most deplorable mobs that the world has seen. It was thought enough if the high magistracies were held for a brief space and were open to plebeian candidates; with such limitations, the Signoria, it was held, might, during their momentary reign, be intrusted with powers hardly inferior to those of the permanent tyrants of Milan or Rimini. The aggregate people, devoid even of such education as may be picked up in the jury-box, the parish-meeting, or the quarter-sessions, only appeared now and then to pass one tumultuous vote, by which absolute power over the lives and properties of the citizens, and over the constitution itself, was intrusted to some tyrannical *Balia* ready to abet every excess of an Albizzi or a Medici.

Such was the old democracy of Athens, of which we have spoken at a length perhaps somewhat disproportioned; because we wish, by thoroughly exhibiting its nature, to shew the important modifications which its constitution must have undergone in adapting itself to a great confederacy like the *Achæan League*. Some of these have been very skillfully drawn out by Bishop Thirlwall.‡ Every free *Achæan* of full age, no less than every free *Athenian*, might attend and speak in the Sovereign Assembly of his country; but then that Assembly was not held weekly at his own doors, but twice a year in a distant city.

\* Chap. xxxix., sect. vi., note 24.

† Essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson.

‡ viii. 85.

Such a franchise could have but little attraction for any but the high-born and wealthy, who alone could afford the expense of the journey, or would be likely to command attention when the Assembly met. Again, such a franchise, so seldom recurring in its exercise, could of itself have conferred no political education; and though each citizen had his share in the internal management of his own town, yet a vote in the petty local affairs of Dyme or Tritæa must have been a very different thing from a voice in the direction of the vast and complicated relations of imperial Athens. The rare meetings of the Assembly necessarily involved a far greater power in individual magistrates than could have been tolerable under the Athenian system; and here it is perhaps that we find the most marked difference between the two. At Athens, as we have seen, Demus himself was the real executive power, magistrates being the mere ministerial instruments of his sovereign will. But the Achæan Assembly occupied only six days in its two ordinary sessions; consequently, when no extraordinary Assembly happened to be summoned, there was a suspension of the sovereign authority for 354 days in each year, during which time the full executive power must be lodged somewhere. The natural result was a far nearer approach than Athens ever beheld to the system of modern commonwealths, monarchical or republican. We find foreshadowings by no means dim of a Council of Ministers and of a President of the Republic. There was a Senate, possessing far greater authority, and far more independent of the Assembly, than the mere Committee of Five Hundred at Athens; there was a Cabinet of ten Demiurgi, a body which Demus would never have tolerated; finally, the Republic had a "single person" at its head. For the two Generals which the League in its first form possessed a single one was afterwards substituted, who was appointed indeed by annual election, but who, during his year, occupied an official position such as no Athenian had ever enjoyed since the abolition of decennial Archons. During his time of office he was evidently the very soul of the State.\* Not indeed that Aratus exercised a greater practical authority than Pericles; but while the Athenian, a single citizen to whom the other citizens habitually looked for prudent counsels, derived all his influence from personal qualities, the Sicyonian stood before his countrymen with all the weight of official position, like a Premier or President of our own day. We do not indeed find that any Achæan general ever manifested designs of converting his elective and temporary magistracy into a hereditary empire, or even a consulate for life; but his place was certainly one of sufficient dignity to

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\* See Thirlwall, viii. 93.

induce more than one well-disposed tyrant to abdicate his sovereignty and unite his city to the League.\* Lydiades probably enjoyed a greater personal influence over Grecian politics, as the elective magistrate of the Achaean democracy, than he had wielded as irresponsible despot of the single city of Megalopolis.

It is clear, that with a President and Cabinet, as we may fairly call them, of such a kind, the whole executive power must have been lodged in their hands, and that, even without formal enactments to that effect, they must have obtained a practical initiative in the Assembly at least as effectually as a modern ministry. But the right of individual citizens to make proposals in the Assembly was very narrowly restricted by law: perhaps not an unnecessary precaution in a session of three days. The real business of the Assembly was to elect the magistrates, and to say yes or no to their proposals. After the somewhat unfair monopoly, so long enjoyed by Arctus, had come to an end, it was clearly in the election of the General that the parliamentary warfare of the League had its fullest scope. We continually find the policy of the Republic fluctuating from year to year, according as one or another party had succeeded in placing its leader at the head of the state. Each election might, in fact, bring in what we should call a change of ministry: but to the grand device of constitutional monarchies Achaia never attained. Every year the ministry and its policy was put in jeopardy, but that crisis past, it was safe for another twelvemonth. They had not hit upon our happy plan by which the executive power is held at the silent pleasure of the legislature, liable to be continued for an indefinite time, or dismissed at a moment's notice, according as it behaves itself.

These parliamentary functions were probably discharged by a few of the leading men of each city, together with a somewhat undue proportion of the inhabitants of Egium. Though, as we shall see, this had no direct effect on the reckoning of the votes, still they must have had an unfair monopoly as long as the Assembly was invariably held in their town. Philopemen acted like a truly liberal statesman when he procured the meetings to be held by rotation among the various cities of the League. But so long as the restriction to any one city existed, Egium, as one of the less considerable members of the confederacy, was a desirable place: had the Assembly been habitually held at Corinth or Megalopolis, one can fancy that some pretension to supremacy on the part of those great cities might have gradually arisen.

The practical working of such a system was doubtless that of

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\* See Polyb. ii. 41, 44.

a mild and liberal aristocracy, which, existing solely on sufferance, could not venture upon tyrannical or unpopular measures. The material well-being of the people may have been equal to that of Attica in its best days, but the intense vigour of Athenian political and intellectual life had no scope for its full exercise. The individual Achæan was a free citizen, and not the slave of a tyrant or an oligarchy, but he was not himself minister, senator, and judge, in the same way as a member of the typical democracy. His individual happiness, as far as human laws can secure it, may have been equally great, and his existence was certainly more peaceful; but he could not, by the hand he held up or by the bean he dropped, exercise a conscious influence over the greatest questions of his own age, and an unconscious one over those of all that were to come.

One more observation must be made. The votes in the Assembly were not counted by heads, but by cities. Whether one Corinthian or a thousand were present, Corinth had one vote, and no more. Here, as Niebuhr justly says,\* lay the great deficiency of the constitution, that great cities like Argos and Corinth had no greater weight in the councils of the united nation than the petty towns of the original Achaia. Had any proportion of this kind been observed, as it afterwards was in the Lycian confederacy, the constitution would have been very nearly a representative one; and in such a case the final step could hardly have been delayed of each city sending just as many deputies as it had votes in the Assembly.

But while the great political phenomenon of the League is certainly the first object of attraction, there are not wanting subsidiary ones of considerable importance. The history of the Macedonian monarchy is in itself an interesting one. A small nation, of uncertain origin in its first beginnings, gradually swells into a civilized kingdom: under several energetic princes it becomes Greek and sovereign of Greece; it overthrows the throne of Cyrus, and, for a while, the single realm of Macedon stretches from the Adriatic to the Hyphasis. Such an empire as this could not be lasting; but the Macedonian race gave rulers and a permanent civilisation to vast regions of the East, and the kingdom of Macedonia itself retained its place as the predominant power of Greece, the formidable rival of Rome. This is hardly the history of so worthless a people as Niebuhr and even Thirlwall seem to consider them. We cannot think the former altogether right in so completely identifying the Macedonian royalty with that of oriental states.† It rather resembles an irregular mediæval monarchy, which, under a weak

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\* iii. 277, 305, 409.

† iii. 1.



language was not Greek, consequently in the Greek sense it was barbarous, but it was clearly akin to Greek,\* in the same way as the different Teutonic tongues are to one another. The whole region which we have mentioned is clearly marked by the recurrence of similar local names in widely different districts, by a similar style of primæval architecture, and by the extreme facility with which all its inhabitants adopted the fully developed Hellenic language and civilisation.

The only remaining state of any note during the Macedonian period—for the Ætolians were mere bandits, and can afford little political instruction—was Sparta. The later history of this once imperial city is highly important in a political point of view, and it is interesting, far beyond that of any contemporary state, in the portraits it affords us of personal character and adventure. Macedonia, after Alexander, gives us, unless we may venture to put in a word for our poor friend Demetrius, no character really calculated to excite our interest; Antigonus Doson was certainly a good man and a good king, but we know comparatively little about him, and there is nothing specially attractive in what we do know. Even the chiefs of the League are not men to excite much enthusiasm on their behalf. The character of Aratus was always stained by many weaknesses, and towards the close of his life it assumed a deeper dye; of the gallant Lydiades we know less than we could desire; even the brave, prudent, and excellent Philopœmen is, after all, a hero of a somewhat dull order. But far different is the case when we have to tell how the gallant, unselfish, enthusiastic Agis won the glory of the martyr in the noblest but most hopeless of causes, and how his mantle fell upon an abler, though a less pure successor. Here, for once, we may turn with satisfaction from the prejudiced narrative of Polybius to the picture afforded us by Plutarch of the happy union of kingly virtues with every amiable quality of domestic life. Nowhere either in Grecian or in any other history can we find a character more fitted to call forth our sympathies than the heroic wife of the two last Haracleids; nowhere are more touching scenes recorded than the martyrdom of Agesistrata by the side of her slaughtered son, or the parting of Cleomenes from *his* mother in the temple of Poseidon, parent and child alike prepared to sacrifice all for the good of Sparta. There can be no doubt but that the designs of Cleomenes would have borne lasting fruit, but for the envious treason with which Aratus stained the glory of his earlier exploits. Agis perished because he undertook the visionary task of restoring a state of things which had for ever passed away; Cleomenes, a

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\* See Müller's *Dorians*, i. 3, 486.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Dante's Divine Comedy*. Translated in the Original Ternary Rhyme. By C. B. CAYLEY, B.A. 3 vols. London, 1851.
2. *Translation of the Divina Commedia*. By the Rev. E. O'DONNELL. London, 1852.
3. *Dante's Divine Comedy*. The First Part. Translated in the Metre of the Original, with Notes. By THOMAS BROOKSBANK, M.A. London, 1854.
4. *Dante Hérétique Revolutionnaire et Socialiste. Révélations d'un Catholique sur le Moyen Age*. Par E. AROUX, Ancien Député. Paris, 1854.

DURING the last few years four new translations of the Divine Comedy have appeared in England, and to these is now added one by Mr. Brooksbank, which does not yet extend beyond the Inferno. New editions have also been issued of the translations by Cary and Wright. Of these translations there is none which does not give some aid to the student of the original. The difficulties in Dante are seldom, we should perhaps say never, verbal ones, so that the correction of a predecessor's mistakes has not been in any case the motive leading a new adventurer into the field. Each book has its own claim of merit, and they interfere but little with each other. We are disposed to welcome all, and a dozen more, should a dozen more make their appearance. At each successive perusal of any profound author, much will strike the mind which had at first escaped notice; and much that had at first perhaps dissatisfied us, will, in other lights, and in connexion with objects not at first brought into our view, be seen to have had, with reference to the purposes of the author, its fitness and proportion, and, in its just adaptation to the place which it occupies, a peculiar beauty and propriety. We are glad to take up a book which, in any way, or from any sources, illustrates a favourite author. If but a single passage is so brought out as to enable us to see what was before obscure, the volume well deserves its place among a student's books; and we sometimes think that there are cases in which our English scholars, fixing their attention on each distinct passage, and even on every minute word and particle, with the object of reproducing its effects in another language, may be of more aid in the interpretation of the letter of Dante than any of his Italian commentators. Blanco White tells us that he once possessed a little pocket edition of Shakespeare, in several small volumes, on the margins of which he marked with pencil lines the passages which struck him with admiration. At first a few passages were marked,—some happy phrase, having to him,



Milton. It was abandoned because its effect was felt to be monotonous. Byron and Shelley again tried it, running the lines into each other with almost the freedom of blank verse. We ourselves incline to think that the most successful experiment of its capabilities was one made by Mr. Heraud, in a poem on the Death and Resurrection of our Lord. It has led the translators of Dante who had adopted it into translating line for line with the original, which is a severer trial to a translator than any difficulty arising from the metre employed, and which is likely sometimes to lead to undue compression,—more often to the worse fault of expansion. But our present business is with Dante himself rather than his translators.

The translation of Dante is no light task,—is not a thing to be accomplished by a barrister in his summer holidays, or in such intervals of leisure as other studies and occupations leave. To those most familiar with the poem the difficulties of such a task will probably seem almost insuperable. These difficulties do not arise so much from the veil of allegory thrown over the whole or parts of the work, or from the danger of not distinctly seeing the chief purpose of the poet in any particular passage, as from the circumstance that the language in which he expresses himself is derived from the science of his own day. What was once illustrative is now the cause of obscurity. The Astronomy,—the Physics,—the Theology of his time,—everything called Science,—proceeded in the teaching of the schools from dogmas, which, whether true or false, were regarded as indisputable maxims, and became embodied in popular language. Dante was perhaps more than any man of his age skilled in the whole learning of the times. We are told of his sustaining at the University of Paris an argument against fourteen disputants. He was conqueror in all. "This was regarded," says Boccaccio, "as a miracle." On his tomb is inscribed,—

"Theologus Dantes nullius dogmatis expers ;"

and in an edition of the *Inferno*,\* mentioned by Foscolo, he is called "*Divinissimo Teologo*." In the modern German poets the language is often framed from that of their schools of philosophy,—a theory, involving a number of disputable propositions, will be found lurking in an unsuspected word,—that word perhaps used in a love song, the sentiment of which, as far as it is true and capable of influencing the feelings, is a thing wholly distinct from the words in which it is conveyed. In Goethe's songs we find expressions which can be fully understood only by one who has studied Spinoza. This will often not be perceived by a reader unacquainted with the process which has passed through

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\* Firenze, 1872. Foscolo's *Dante*, tom. iv. p. 113.



however, not merely not communicated, but anxiously concealed from the spectator who has not attained the point of view in which it is intended that the several parts shall be contemplated as a whole. It is easy to say that all this is too artificial to consist with the high claims which the poem possesses,—that such minute attention to objects, which, if not distinct from each other, must by the spectator be contemplated distinctly, derogates from the high genius which we feel to be Dante's prerogative; it is easy to substitute vague admiration of the transcendent mental power of the poet for an examination of the wonderful work which he has executed, and of the hidden resources of art which he has called into his service. Doubt and disregard are states of mind in which it is often easier to remain than to incur the trouble of acquiring distinct information. The extraordinary symmetry of a poem consisting of a hundred cantos—each canto of as nearly as possible one hundred and fifty lines, woven together in an indissoluble net-work of verse—and thirty-three cantos being assigned to each of the great divisions of the poem, with a canto introductory to the entire, but which being prefixed to the first makes the *Inferno* exceed either of the other *canticas* by a canto, would alone suggest that the precise proportions of the poem were a subject of careful attention with the poet—that the respective parts and their relation to each other were in his mind anxiously meditated.

Of Dante or his studies we know little but what he has himself told, but fortunately he has in various ways communicated much, and from his treatise, "*De Vulgari Eloquentia*," in which he discusses questions of style and literary construction, we learn in what low regard he esteemed the mere poetical impulse undisciplined by assiduous cultivation, and refusing to call to its aid all the resources of art. His language on this subject is not unlike that of Milton, who speaks of the "celestial patroness" inspiring "easy his unpremeditated verse," and yet dwells on the impossibility of producing anything which must not soon perish, on any other condition than that of indefatigable labour. Dante in the same way speaks of the poet's exercise of his high gift, as if it were a thing habitual, and flowing freely from within, but, whatever nature may have originally applied, he insists that nothing can be done, "*sine strenuitate ingenii et artis assiduitate scientiarumque habitu*." He quotes his favourite Virgil for the same thought; and in the strongest language of indignant contempt speaks of those who, in reliance on natural talent, disregard art.\* In two

\* Caveat ergo quilibet, et discernat ea quæ dicimus; et quando . . . cantare intendit, . . . prius Helicône potatus, tensis fidibus adsumat secure plectrum, et cum more incipiat. Sed cautionem et discretionem hanc, sicut decet, facere, hoc opus et labor est; quoniam nunquam sine strenuitate ingenii, et artis assi-

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him, and his inference may no doubt be one which he has rashly deduced from the narrative. Of such moral sense he gives an instance in the Gospel narrative of our Lord's transfiguration; he retires to a high mountain with three only of the twelve. The moral inference is that in secret things we should have but few companions. The fourth he calls the *anagogical*. It is where from some narrative of sensible things we are taught things above the reach of the senses. "By passing from the land of Egypt the Israelites became free." This we learn from the letter of the Scripture narrative. A truth, however, is suggested by it, and, Dante says, taught with equal distinctness,—that the human soul, abandoning sin, passes from captivity into freedom. We may easily imagine much mistake and many tricks of self-deception in the critic who endeavours to exhibit even any one of the four; and should a false view of any one be from any cause taken, it will infect all the rest. The letter, the least pliant of all, will be strained into accommodation with theories that arise out of views not suggested by it; as, for instance, Foscolo, who took up the fancy that Dante regarded himself as having a Divine mission to reform the Church, forces the letter of a passage in the *Paradise* to bear false witness in his favour.\* The cloud of allegory will shift with every wind of doctrine or of doubt. Such moral views as a man brings to the study of any work he will see reflected from it; and the higher meanings,—those suggested by capricious analogies will vary with each reader.

How remarkably all this is illustrated by the history of criticism on Dante's poem, we need scarcely mention. Yet we have Dante's own authority for seeking out his meaning in each of these paths of interpretation; and what is of more moment, we have his own illustrations of such interpretation in the case of other poems of his own. From every one of Dante's interpreters we feel that we have learned much—most perhaps from Landino—who is a faithful guide, and seems at all times awake to the beauties of the poet. In Landino there is little that is fanciful, nothing properly speaking which does not fairly arise from his duties as an interpreter. Now and then to a modern reader he may seem tedious, as he often quotes at length the passages from the classics which have supplied Dante with portions of his *Mythology*; and thus a good deal that is familiar encumbers, or seems to encumber, this pleasant old book. Where the book is most defective,—but no editor that we know supplies the defect,—is in omitting to quote from Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura those passages which would aid us in perfectly understanding such parts of Dante's language as

\* See *Paradise*, canto 25, and *Convito*. Fraticelli.—*Opere Minori*, tom. 2, xviii.



allegory—perhaps would not think of any very high elevation of mind as aiding him to understand the relations of this husband and wife; and it is almost certain that his imagination would not ascend to the highest heaven to see more distinctly what might possibly be typified in that which, to most men, would seem a mere historical narrative not calculated to raise Cato in one's mind. But see how Dante allegorizes, and moralizes, and symbolizes. In the *Convito* he tells us that by Marcia is meant the human soul; and that when she married Cato she was a virgin. This signifies Youth. She has children by him. These indicate the virtues and graces proper to that period of life. She leaves Cato and marries Hortensius. This means that Youth is gone and a more advanced period of life has arrived. She has other children, and these must be taken to be the virtues which become graver years. Hortensius dies, and the widowed soul returns to her first love. The noble soul returns—such is the lesson to be learned from Lucan's narrative—to God; “and what earthly man,” adds Dante, “is more worthy of being made a type of God than Cato?” There are two or three pages more of this kind of writing in the *Convito*, in which the allegory is brought out with circumstances of greater distinctness. The passage may give little help in the interpretation of Lucan, but is decisive, nearly decisive as to Dante's own meaning, when he speaks of Cato and Marcia in the Purgatory; and quite decisive of this,—that we have no right to reject, without examination, interpretations of the meaning of a writer who thus argues, which may at first appear as remote from his meaning as this gloss of his is from that of Lucan.

After reading the passage in the *Convito* let us again look to that in the Purgatory. The devotion of a young heart to the divine object of its worship is typified in Dante's thought by the love of Marcia to Cato,—Cato himself typifying one too sacred to be mentioned. He is implored by his love for Marcia—for the soul that has been divorced and severed from him—that has contracted new relations with another than her first and proper spouse—that, however, has returned to him in the feeling of first love, to receive the pilgrim who had been nearly overcome by the seductions and evils of life. Does not the allusion to Marcia, in connexion with this body of thought, acquire a beauty and tenderness which was unlikely to strike us in looking at the mere letter of the passage? Here, it is probable, that without having read Lucan, we should not know how Dante's language was formed; but, except a range of thought to which Lucan did not in the remotest degree approach be taken into account, we lose Dante's real meaning altogether. It will no doubt often accidentally occur, that a mere translation of the literal words



of Dante's *Inferno* they were probably regarded as the least fabulous part. He now and then deviates from the descriptions in the ancient poets, but for the most part he adopts what he has found in Ovid and Virgil. We have seldom been led to refer to any passage, either in the classics,—of which Dante seems to have been a great student, or in the *Vulgate*, without finding illustrations of this. From the latter a great deal, both of the diction and the imagery of his poem, is taken,—much more than a reader of the English Bible could possibly imagine; for our translation, being immediately from the original languages in numberless passages where figurative language is employed differs, not in the essential meaning, but in some apparently accidental image, from the thought presented in the *Vulgate*;—and from the latter and its very words, often exceedingly picturesque and calculated to awaken true poetical faculty, has this great poet built his chambers of imagery. Of this we shall by and bye give some examples.

It is a strange thing that it should be necessary, in order to the study of a single work of the human mind, to have thus to disinter all the language and all the science of the world at the time it was written, and to feel that in so doing we are but clearing the way to understanding the work,—to feel that beyond us far is the mind of the great architect of that work, styled from the first—in prophetic anticipation of admiration which each day must increase—“Divine,”—beyond us, and wholly unapproachable without other aid than such studies can give. The reader's own spirit must sound the dim and perilous depths of thought, and be more than a mere spectator of scenes brought before him, to render intelligible things that require the exercise of a higher faculty than the mere understanding, or,—to use a different language, require that the understanding should see, by other light than any which the sun of earth supplies, what Dante calls “the secret things.” To see what Dante saw, or thought he saw, and sought to render visible—to see the relation of the finite to the infinite, of man to God—in the state of separation and alienation—in the state in which that alienation is regarded as removed and the human spirit undergoes a healing process of discipline—and in the state of entire reconciliation, is what the poem undertakes to exhibit. Properly speaking, no relation can be the subject of sight. It can be but suggested, and to suggest these relations the poet used machinery which he found ready to his hand.

But before we pass to this we must say a word as to the language of Italy. On this, as on all parts of our subject, Dante is our chief, we may almost say our sole authority. Our sole authority he is

with reference to anything connected with his own acts or writings. In his work, "*De Vulgari Eloquio*," in which he vindicates the fitness of the spoken language of the country to become the language of elevated poetry, he gives us an account of the various dialects of Italy, which, classed by him into fourteen primary idioms, branched out into not less than a thousand varieties. Each of the Italian varieties of spoken language had its graces of style and also its own peculiar vices, and each is discussed by Dante for the purpose of shewing that in no one is to be found what the purpose of the poet would require, but that each might supply something to a common language, which should become that of literature, and which he dignifies with the name of *illustrious—curial—aulic*. Of the dialects of Italy, as then spoken, he thought that of Rome the worst. After examining several of the other vernacular idioms of different parts of Italy, he gives the preference to that of Bologna, not as originally better, but as improved, by adopting and blending with its own proper elements a good deal from the dialects of Imola, of Ferrara, and of Modena. What it has borrowed from Ferrara and from Modena would not seem to be of much value, except as in some way that we do not understand, and which Dante leaves unexplained, modifying the Bolognese, for to the compound it would seem that these dialects brought nothing but garrulity, and that such a thing as verse in either of these dialects was a thing unheard of. The Bolognese, however, made a nearer approach to the required curial language—the ideal which Dante sought, but yet was not the thing; and this he says is proved by the fact that men of Bologna, who had been distinguished for the accomplishment of verse, found it necessary to use words which were unknown in the local dialect. Mr. Rose, who travelled in Italy in 1817, has expressed some surprise at the praise which Dante gives to the vernacular of Bologna, and suggests that it must have changed its character since Dante's time, "a thing which," he adds, "appears impossible, or that Dante, in his inveterate hatred to Florence, sought to exalt another city at its expense. The latter," says Mr. Rose, "is my own belief." There is a third solution: the Tuscan, which Mr. Rose had an opportunity of comparing with the Bolognese, had, in the interval since Dante's time, approached very near in its spoken dialect to the written Italian,—to what was the ideal of Dante's contemplation; but if we are to credit what Dante himself says in this tract, and what, we have no doubt, must have been the fact, everywhere these local dialects, where there is no written standard with which they can be regulated, are for ever in a process of gradual though slow change. The alteration he describes to be

as entire, as certain, and as little noticed at any given moment of life, as the transition from youth to age in man; and he deals not very courteously with those who, like Mr. Rose, think such a thing "impossible."\* The five hundred years that had past between the time when Dante wrote this treatise and Mr. Rose's visit to Italy, gave ample time for change in languages more fixed than the local dialects of which Dante speaks could at any period have been; but we should not have mentioned Mr. Rose's remark, if it were not for the pitiful motive of hatred against Florence which he imputes to Dante. That such passion, did it exist at all, could have influenced Dante in the statement of a fact, and when carefully conducting a scientific investigation—for such, and a very valuable one, is this remarkable tract—is in utter contradiction with everything we know of the poet; and in the very treatise itself, his unbounded affection for Florence is expressed in words that, even at this distance of time, have power over every heart of human mould. He reluctantly, and yielding rather to inferences of reason than to the feeling of love to his native place, which, he says, he would wish to indulge, is compelled to admit that there are, or have been, cities in some respects superior to Florence, and languages superior to any ever spoken in Italy.†

But neither the dialect of this district of Italy nor of that assumes the conditions which Dante requires. Each has graces which the other wants; each has defects which renders it unavailable for the purposes of a cultivated literature. The feather of which he is in chase, and over which he would throw his nets—such is his metaphor—is present everywhere ideally, but still eludes him. There is no dialect, however rude, which does not indicate laws of language from which it deviates—laws which, while they govern thought, are yet, from one cause or other, often disregarded in the oral communications of men in the ordinary intercourse of life,—but with reference to which we

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\* Non enim admiramur, si existimationes hominum, qui parum distant a brutis, putant eandem civitatem sub unicabili semper civicasse sermone, cum sermonis variatio civitatis ejusdem non sine longissima temporum successione paulatim, contingat, et hominum vita sit etiam ipsa sua natura brevissima.—Lib. i. cap. 10.

† Nos, cui mundus est patria, velut piscibus æquor, quanquam Sarnum biberimus ante dentes, et Florentiam adeo diligamus, ut quia dileximus exilium patiamur injuste, ratione magis quam sensu, spatulas nostri judicii podiamus: et quamvis ad voluptatem nostram, sive nostræ sensualitatis quietem in terris amenior locus quam Florentia non existat, revolventes et postarum et aliorum Scriptorum volumina quibus mundus universaliter et membratim describitur, ratiocinantesque in nobis situationes varias mundi locorum et eorum latitudinem ad utrumque polum et circulum equatorem, multas usu perpendimus firmiterque censemus et magis nobiles et magis deliciosas et regiones et urbes quam Thusciam et Florentiam, unde sum oriendus et civis et plerasque nationes et gentes delectabiliiori atque utiliiori sermone uti quam Latinos. Lib. i. cap. 6.

must think when we would examine any of these dialects. We mentally compare each with an ideal which no one of them realizes.

He says that this illustrious—cardinal—aulic—curial Italian,\* has been exemplified in a few poems. Why it is called illustrious is in analogy with the use of the word where applied to men—the characters which distinguish it from particular idioms, with all their roughness and tediousness and involutions of construction, are not unlike those which confer distinction upon men—its power is manifested in its influence over the heart—and its votaries hold a rank higher than princes or kings—such is his account of the attribute “Illustrious.” It is called cardinal, as that with reference to which all the dialects of Italy move—and as it were hinge upon it,—aulic and curial, as if Italy had a court and a palace, such would the language of this imagined court and palace be.

The want of any common language which could be regarded as that of Italy, had led the Italian poets to write in Latin long after the Provençal poetry had arrived at its highest cultivation. Latin had the advantage of being a fixed language, but its forms had all been moulded to express a body of thought distinct in many respects from that of modern life. To write in any diction, or in any metres which did not repeat the forms of the Augustan age, would be worse than barbarism, and in these circumstances we find that the Provençal, which, however, was not very different from the spoken language of the north of Italy, was used in their more serious compositions by Italians.

While Dante tells us that the dialect of Sicily was not better than the other vernaculars, we find from him that in the court of Frederick the Second, something which approached his notion of an aulic and curial language was realized—that here may be said to have been the birthplace of Italian—as a language fitted for literature. But in the Provençal all the forms which the Sicilian poets—as the writers in Italian were then called—adopted were found; and as far as we have evidence, till Dante sounded the powers of the instrument, the language of Italian poetry was confined to themes of love. Indeed, he himself says as much—for describing the topics of elevated poetry as threefold with reference to man’s nature and its proper objects, he says, that no poet has yet either in Provençal or Italian treated of war and feats of arms—that his friend Cino of Pistoia made love his theme, and excelled all modern poets in his treatment of this subject—and that he himself was the only poet

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\* *Illustre, Cardinale, Aulicum, et Curial Vulgare in Latio.*

who sang of Virtue—or that which constituted the prime distinction of man—which was either his peculiar attribute, or which of all created beings he alone possessed in common with angels.

We think it not improbable that in the mention of his having written poetry on this subject of Virtue, or rectitude as he calls it, Dante may be alluding to the *Divina Commedia*, rather than to a canzone which he more particularly cites, and to which his words would seem less fitting to apply. Indeed this would appear almost certain, from a comparison of his language in this passage of his essay with that in which the subject of the *Divine Comedy* is first expressed, where Virgil relates his conversation with Beatrice. We are compelled to quote the original, as the translations lose the point on which our observation rests.

“ O Donna di virtù, sola per cui  
L'humana specie eccede ogni contento,  
Da quel ciel ch'ha minori cerchi sui :”

In the prose tract, speaking of *Virtus*, he says, “*Secundum quod rationale est, [homo] honestum querit in quo solus est vel angelicæ naturæ sociatur.*” The anxiety to express something more of allegory than Dante has chosen to exhibit in the passage, has stricken the translators blind as to its real meaning. Even Cary has utterly spoiled the passage—

“ Oh, lady! by *whose* influence alone,  
Mankind excels whatever is contained  
Within that heaven which hath the smallest orb.”

Mr. Brooksbank translates it thus—in language which, while it may express his notions of Beatrice's allegorical character, shews that he has forgotten it is the *heathen* Virgil who speaks. Mr. Brooksbank, however, has the excuse that Lombardi is in the same way forgetful of the actual persons of the drama, and of the dramatic proprieties of the dialogue. The commentators ought to be awake to this at least as much as to hidden meanings. We believe Lombardi to have misled Cary and the rest.

“ Oh! Maid of Grace, from *whom* alone doth spring  
That influence whereby mankind exceeds  
All things heaven's lesser sphere inhabiting.”

*Brooksbank.*

It is not impossible that Mr. Cayley understands the passage as we do, if so, he has scarcely succeeded in expressing the meaning—

“ Oh, Lady, of the puissance whereby  
The race of man doth every bound exceed,” &c.

It is not surprising that the English translators should be at fault, for Piazza is yet more unlike Dante.

——— "O mulier præstans, O unica, dixi,  
Per quam progenies hominum supereminet omne  
Quidquid habet cælum minimo quod vertitur axe."

The language of Dante's poem was *his* in a truer sense than such statement would be, if made with respect to any other poet. It is true, indeed, that wherever there are original powers of poetry, language, which is the instrument through which thoughts not before expressed in words are communicated, itself undergoes a change. Test this proposition by examining the works of any original writer—whether poet or not;—though in the case of the poet it is more easily done, as whatever his relative influences may be, his language blends less entirely with the general body of thought, and continues longer distinguishable. Test the proposition by a comparison of the written language of English poetry before Wordsworth—or before Cowper. Test it by what the language of political economy was before Smith. Test it by the new powers which you find over words—or, such is the poet's magic, through words, in the writings of Shelley. The new body of thought seems to shape to itself a diction. Powers are revealed which, till then, it would so seem were latent in the language.—But Dante's was a power other than this, if not in kind dissimilar. The man who inherits the language in which Milton had embodied his conceptions, has formed to his hand words that under new combinations can scarcely be inadequate to express any conceptions that the human mind is adequate to form. In Dante's case the powers of the instrument are as yet untried, unascertained—and the earliest of the Italian poets is almost to be described as the creator of the language. We do not alone mean that like other great poets he compelled an old language to do his bidding—we mean that he created Italian—that Italian, as the language of literature, had no existence in any true sense of the word till he called it into being.

It requires but to read Dante's book, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, to be satisfied of all this. In Italy there were more than a thousand dialects, each pointing to a common language, which yet could not be said to exist anywhere, each predicting, as it were, a language which might become that of articulately speaking men—of men having something in them which it would be desirable should have a language and communication intelligible beyond the bounds of a district. Latin was the language of science, of law, and of religion as far as religion was ceremonial—as far, too, as it was taught in any authoritative way. Some instruction there must have been of the people in their

own dialects by the local clergy, and there is no doubt that these dialects were used by the Franciscans, and others of the monastic orders. Long after Dante's time the sermons preached in Latin to one part of a congregation were repeated in the vernacular dialect of the district to those who did not understand Latin. The minute examination of everything relative to the mechanism of language, which this tract contains, shews with what anxiety every word—every syllable—every possible effect of sound was weighed. Dante regarded language as of divine origin at first—until, through man's fault and for man's punishment, that Unity was broken so as to be scarcely discernible; and, in the feeling that he was dealing with a holy thing, when exhibiting the laws by which thought manifests itself in words, is the entire discussion conducted. But Dante's works in Italian,—not his essays were what fixed the language for immortality. Before his day, a few love songs were all that it contained—things born to die—field flowers, scarcely that, of a season; when best little more than the natural voice of a transitory passion—most of them nothing better than mere affection. These, no doubt, did exist—and they were something; but the language of Dante was in truth created by the body of thought which he compelled it to express. It was enriched by him with the whole learning of mankind before his time—the weight of which it had to support. With less genius than his that learning would have been an incumbrance and an oppression. To him that learning was but instrumental, and an instrument easily wielded. If it did not aid him essentially in the processes of thought, yet it must in the power of communication, and, through analogies—often seemingly more remote than in reality they are—in the creation of that language on which he “stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.” A generation had scarcely passed when it was pretty distinctly evidenced how much the language owed to Dante. Petrarch and Boccaccio, who used Latin for what they regarded as their more serious works, employed Italian but for love chants and novels,—in truth, diminished the powers of the language. Anything beyond the comparatively narrow range of thought to which they confined its use, the language soon was regarded as unequal to express. Whatever seeming refinement it obtained was at the expense of strength. The richer vocabulary of Dante was regarded as antiquated and pedantic. It would appear that in spite of the arrangements made soon after Dante's death for the elucidation of his poem it was read but in fragments. Most probably the parts which are in truth of least value to us were the most popular. Single scenes were separated from the work,—sometimes for the severity of the satire, sometimes for their exquisite

tenderness, sometimes, as in the case of Ugolino, for the very horror of the narrative. It is not surprising that this should be the fate of a poem of such length. Even in our days of printed books many shrink from the perusal of an epic. Fifteen thousand lines is no trifle. The real cause for wonder is that the poet himself should have been able to sustain the interest from canto to canto. Among scenes and situations so similar through his whole work, *we* may feel at times fatigued, at times unable to proceed. *In the poet* there is never one pause of languor.

In thinking of this early Italian literature, we speak of it as something new—thinking of that which in it is peculiar. But no literature is in truth altogether new,—no man, whatever be his genius, comes into a world in which what he has inherited is not a portion of his wealth greater far than all that he can acquire or create. Roman literature had never wholly died, and in this Dante was deeply learned. All that the schools taught of physics he knew; he was a mathematician; he was well acquainted with the theology of the schools; and with the Bible, which was more read in his day than we are now disposed to credit. Scholasticism, in its elaborate terminology, expressed to the men of that age doctrines often essentially the same as those which are now conveyed in a dialect far simpler, as being more directly taken from Scripture, and far better adapted for the communication of truth,—but which owes more than most of us are disposed to acknowledge to the systematizing spirit of that old time. It is not impossible that Dante's often expressing himself in his scholastic language was one of the elements of his popularity; but whether he expressed himself in the language of the schools or not, he always thought for himself. He always expressed his thoughts with entire distinctness, and where obscurity now exists in his poem, it is almost always from his having relied on the then language of science maintaining its place. What was clear in his writings to the men of his time has occasionally, from this cause, become obscure. To understand him, we must make ourselves acquainted with the learning of his time.

Our real difficulty in the study of Dante is the want of earnestness on our own part. He seeks to see things as they would be seen, if beheld in the light of truth. He takes you to what he calls an eternal kingdom. His subject, he tells you, is two-fold—according to the letter of the words it is the state of souls after death; “but from this you can infer,” he adds, “that according to the allegorical meaning the poet treats of man's condition on earth—considered as a state in which our conduct makes us, as moral agents, fitting subjects of reward and punishment.” The existence of another world is that which gives an intelligible meaning to this world in which we live—

“ If dead we cease to be : if total gloom  
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare  
As summer gusts of sudden birth and doom,  
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,  
But are their whole of being.  
Oh man ! thou vessel, purposeless, unmeant,  
Be sad ! be glad ! be neither ! seek or shun !  
Thou hast no reason why ! thou canst have none ;  
Thy being's being is contradiction ! ”—*Coleridge.*

The object of the *Divina Commedia*, in the creation of which both heaven and earth assisted,

“ Poema sacro  
Al quale ha posto mano cielo e terra,”

is other and greater than any except those of the Hebrew prophets. No person reading it as it ought to be read can dwell on its mere beauties of detail. Through the whole poem there is no one passage of description that seems brought in for its own sake—none that does not subserve some ulterior purpose. Still less do we find passions playing their parts as on a stage, to excite in the hearer useless or vicious sympathies. Everywhere there is intense earnestness—everywhere the distinct exhibition of man as a being whose energies are wasted if not directed to objects beyond those which seem to occupy him here—but a being the proper sustenance of whose true nature is wisdom, virtue, love :—

“ Questi non cibera terra, ne peltro  
Ma sapienza e amore e virtute.”

In the highest poetry of uninspired men we seek but for consistency of plan and purpose—fortunate if even this can be found. Severe truth is not expected or found. The poem is tried by other laws ; and if there be no violation of æsthetic principles, the reader is satisfied. With Dante's poem the case is wholly different. The hearer is not allowed to part from the poet without receiving other and higher delight than is consistent with mere indolent perception of musical sounds, and the transient glimmer before the mental eye of images forgotten almost as soon as presented. Different indeed is the power exercised and the triumph sought by the poet. This is finely intimated in a noble passage in the *Paradise* :—

“ If e'er the sacred poem, that hath made  
Both heaven and earth copartners in its toil,  
And with lean abstinence through many a year  
Faded my brow, be destined to prevail  
Over the cruelty which bars me forth

Of the fair sheepfold,\* where, a sleeping lamb,  
 The wolves set on and fain had worried me.  
 With other voice and fleece of other grain  
 I shall forthwith return; and, standing up  
 At my baptismal font, shall claim the wreath  
 Due to the poet's temples; for I there  
 First entered on the faith, which maketh souls  
 Acceptable to God."—*Cury.*

We transcribe at the foot of the page his strong language.† He tells us that his work is throughout practical, not speculative—that the design of the instruction which the work gives is that which the ethical philosopher proposes to himself—to diminish the evils of life—he would say, to remove them altogether. Of much which now disgusts and distracts society, if once seen as evil produced by human institution, he would anticipate the removal by a change in such institutions; and much of what is now regarded as evil, and inflicts misery on men, would be felt to be in its nature, and in the intention of God, but parts of a corrective discipline.—In the first part of the poem—the *Inferno*—Society is the leading thought: offences are classed and punished with reference to their effects on society; and this portion of the poem seems to us political in a sense in which the others are not so, at least in the same degree.—The second part describes a region of Freedom—one animated by hope—one in which the human affections are the subject of culture—where they are strengthened and purified—where man and man's nature as an individual, and not chiefly or exclusively as the member of a particular society, is the leading subject of thought.—In the third we pass to the Heavens, and are among the spirits who, whether they failed or succeeded in their warfare on earth, were faithful to that trust which the gift of power, of whatever kind and in whatever degree, implies. We have saints and warriors and poets peopling star after star; and the whole poem closes with a view of that kingdom of perfect happiness, which prophets and apostles have at all times rested upon in thought. That close was from the first and throughout every part anticipated. It gives its meaning and significance to much in the first cantica; and in the second—the *Purgatory*—it is everywhere apparent.

\* Florence.

† "Videndum est de subjecto hujus operis prout ad literam accipitur. Deinde de subjecto prout allegorice sentiatur. Est ergo subjectum totius operis litera-liter tantum accepti status animarum post mortem simpliciter sumptus. Nam de illo et circa illum totius operis versatur processus. Si vero accipitur ex istis verbis colligere potes, quod secundum allegoricum sensum poeta agit de Inferno isto, in quo peregrinando ut viatores mereri et demereri possumus. Si vero accipitur opus allegoricum, subjectum est homo, prout merendo et demerendo per arbitrii libertatem justitiæ præmianti et punienti obnoxius est."—*Paradiso; Epistola Dedicatoria.*

In the first sentence of the *Inferno* the thought is led on to this ultimate good, as the leading purpose of the whole narrative :—

*“ Ma per tratter del ben, ch' i' vi trovai,  
Dinò dell' altre cose, ch' io v' ho scorte.  
Yet to discourse of what there good befell  
All else will I relate discovered there.”—Cary.*

It is next to impossible in such a poem to separate the literal story from the allegorical interpretation. A journey through the world in which the guilty dead are confined and punished is what is told us in the letter of the first cantica—the *Inferno*. And the hell which exists on earth through man's counteraction of the designs of God, is the thought intended to be communicated—society interrupted by vices of government—by the sins of those who govern and violate the high duties which their position involves—or by the crimes which render all government impossible. The question which occupied the thoughts of all men in Dante's age was that of the Church and the Empire; and though we do not agree with the hypothesis, that the solution of this question is the real subject of the poem, yet it is one constantly before the poet's mind. The peace of society, and the security which individuals require to carry on their own proper pursuits of whatever kind, needed, he thought, a power absolute and uncontrolled by anything but a conviction on the part of the governor of power being committed to him by God for the good of men. He regarded the imperial power as of Divine appointment; and while he did not deny a rightful power to the rulers of the Church—one also unlimited within its own domain—he denied the claim which the ecclesiastical body made to be that from which the temporal power of the emperors was derived—and to its interference as opposing the unity of Italy, which was his ruling thought—Italy being with him the seat of an empire that was of old destined to rule the world—he ascribed most of the evils of his time. Hence his frequent attacks on the popes—some of whom had, in their claims of supremacy, thoughts that went farther than the Italy of the poet—some of whom, too, in their efforts to aggrandize their families, well earned the reproaches for simony which are so often introduced. So blended are the literal and the allegorical, that in Dante's lifetime we are told of his swarthy complexion being attributed to his having been exposed to fiercer fires than of earthly summers; and what to us is more decisive of Dante's power of producing upon his reader the effect which the narrative of an actual journey would have than any of the doubtful stories preserved by Boccaccio, is that we have ourselves, in looking over volumes of antiquities, been actually occupied in searching for the tomb of Pope Anastasius, forgetting that the only account

of the structure behind which Dante sought a moment's shelter, was to be found in the records of his own subterranean pilgrimage. The artifices by which this feeling of reality is produced would be a very curious subject of investigation; it is one which has been the subject of some thought with us, but one for which we have not now time or space.

The fact of a life after death is described by Dante in one of his prose works as a truth beyond all others certain—as only to be disbelieved by persons sunk in the lowest state of brutality, and in whom the rational soul is to be regarded as altogether extinct. The thought that the future life is one in which the crimes of the present are punished, and in which man's virtues have both their reward and a wider field for their exercise, is found in the early traditions of every nation, and is perhaps believed by every family of man. Seen from Dante's point of view, the punishment of evil has already commenced on earth, and the machinery which he employs for the purpose of communicating this truth,—not told or anticipated either by the classical poets or the framers of the mediæval legends, is framed from classical and legendary story. Homer and Virgil had already described the regions of the dead. Legends of dreams and visions, in which heaven, and purgatory, and hell were visited, sometimes in the body, sometimes in the spirit, while the body was left in a trance of seeming death—existed everywhere. We have journeys to the other world in the early literature of France, of England, and of Germany. Ireland has supplied the scene of the most striking of these adventurous pilgrimages—where something like the initiation into the ancient Pagan mysteries was enacted, and strange shows of worlds beyond the grave exhibited, with prayers and penances calculated to raise religious fervour into actual madness. In an English story of the kind, to which the date of 1206 is given by the annalist, a passage of some beauty occurs. The pilgrim is taken to a fountain, and under a tree of great size and beauty he sees reposing a man of gigantic stature, robed from his feet to his breast in a garment of various colours. The robe is the garment of immortality. Adam was deprived of his robe at his transgression; it was restored in the days of the righteous Abel. Its colours indicate the virtues of the just. The vein of fabling is not always as free from immediate purpose of a suspicious kind. The pilgrim of the legend finds himself in a basilica of marvellous structure, resting on three pillars. In the middle aisle was a large baptistery, from which a shining light was diffused. The brightness proceeded from the tithes of the just. The basilica itself was called "*Congregatio justorum.*" Outside was the entrance to Gehenna. The pilgrim, who was a farmer—one of the race for

whose special instruction the story seems to have been told—saw the whole place darkened with smoke. This smoke was infernal vapour proceeding from tithes unjustly received or unrighteously withheld. The soul of the farmer began to cough and sneeze in its extramundane place—the body which lay till now inanimate was observed to assist in the sternutation. To the east of the church was the fire of purgatory. Beyond the fire were a lake and a bridge leading to the mountain of joy. At the north sat St. Paul inside the church walls—outside was the devil, and at his feet the pit of hell. Between the apostle and the devil was placed a pair of scales, and each was busy weighing the good and evil deeds of such customers as came. The apostle had weights that shone like gold; the devil had his also, but they were sooty and dark.—The story, which we abridge from Roger of Wendover, is one of a thousand such. It is probable that they were believed, and that his using such legends aided Dante's popularity. They were a sort of mythology which became annexed to the Christianity of the period—we do not well know how—and in a poet's hands were elements of power. It is probable that the popular fancies on the subject were originally of Hebrew origin. The valley where the idolatrous Jews passed their children through the fire to Moloch was called Gehinnom; and this name they gave to the place of future punishment. The Talmud, borrowing names from various passages of Scripture, divided the Inferno into seven mansions, which they called,—Hell—Destruction—Corruption—The Horrible Pit—The Miry Clay—The Shadow of Death—The Nether Parts of the Earth. The mansions or divisions are represented, like those of Dante, as of very unequal extent; but Dante's become smaller as we descend,—the upper circle, like that of an amphitheatre, being that of greatest extent. In the Hebrew Gehinnom the outer circle is the smallest, and the circles increase in size instead of diminishing as we descend. "The world," says one of their books, "is as the cover of a caldron, and the extent of hell is inadequately expressed by this comparison." "The seven abodes are very spacious, and in each there are seven rivers of fire, and seven rivers of hail. The second abode is sixty times larger than the first, and every abode is sixty times larger than that which precedes it. In each abode are seven thousand caverns, and in each cavern seven thousand clefts, and in each cleft seven thousand scorpions; each scorpion has seven limbs, and on each limb are seven thousand barrels of gall. There are likewise seven rivers of the rankest poison." The several districts are for different degrees of punishment, and punishment is in some cases represented by them as purgatorial and remedial. This fabling is very much in the vein of Dante's language of communication,

and we think that some passages which present difficulty to his commentators are easily intelligible by reference to Jewish superstitions.

We are compelled to advert in a sentence to Dante's own circumstances, without a knowledge of which the poem cannot be understood. The Government of Florence had before his time past away from the class of nobles to whom his family belonged, and to be qualified to act in public life a citizen was compelled to enrol in one of the guilds of trade. Dante, whose education had been conducted with a view to public life, and who was often employed in embassies for the republic, had to comply with the condition, and he was classed with the medical faculty. The distinction of ranks and the feelings which such distinction involves did not cease to exist, but all in Florence were Guelphs. Dante had to perform the duties of prior or chief governor, an office held but for two months. In his day faction ran high, and peace was obtained only by banishing the leaders of each faction. It became Dante's duty to inflict a sentence which, in a few months after, some change of party made him in his turn suffer. He might have returned, but humiliating conditions were imposed to which he refused to submit; and he lived and died in exile, dependent for his support chiefly on princes of the Ghibelline faction, and employed by them in embassies of one kind or other, or, when this employment did not occur, in some occupation connected with the administration of the laws. He had in early life seen with admiration and passionate love a young female, whose beauty and graces first led him to discover he was a poet. She died. Dante relates in his *Vita Nuova* the story of his love. We think it certain that, though the poems of the *Vita Nuova* are of early date, the work itself was written at a much later period of Dante's life than that assigned by Fraticelli and Cary. It would appear that her image, which was "the sunlight of his boyhood," re-appeared and blended with all his fancies. The Catholic system, with its prayers for the dead, and all its inferences from the doctrine of the communion of saints, was favourable to his making her a sort of patron saint, and this thought not only recurs for ever in the poem, but may almost be said to have originated it. The *Vita Nuova* closes with a vow that if a few years of life be given him they shall be occupied in such celebration of his Beatrice as never woman before received. The *Divina Commedia* was the fulfilment of the vow.

There is this danger in allegory, that the shifting cloud may assume any shape,—that it is obedient not merely to the breath of the creative poet, but to that of the dullest of his critics. Dante told his readers in one of his prose works that after

Beatrice's death he at first found consolation in Philosophy. But something better than austere and barren stoicism was reserved for Dante. The affections were to be sanctified and spiritualized not subdued,—not torn with their fibres from the bleeding heart; and then something of peace had at last come,—it came with the feelings of earlier life,—it came, as Religion comes to all, accompanied with recollections which the world each day obscures and seeks to efface,—it brought back his childhood and his youth, and the image which he sought to displace by Philosophy returned,—

“ Whose was the voice that led me on ?  
 Who walked with me that pleasant wood ?  
 The voice, her voice,—her very tone,  
 Her unforgotten words renewed.  
 The radiant eyes, the folded hair,  
 The lips, the love reposing there.  
 Day wakes her from the conscious trance,  
 And still before my eyes I trace  
 The lines of that beloved face,  
 And that transfigured countenance.”

Dante's personification of Philosophy, and his connecting Beatrice with the sensible imagery by which he sought to render visible his conception of heaven, led persons to ask—Had Beatrice any other existence than in the poet's mind ? had she ever been a woman of actual flesh and blood ? Filelfo was the first to suggest that she had never been more than a phantom of imagination. This notion seemed to have died away, but was stated with somewhat more formality by Biscioni, to be again refuted. The statement and refutation were both forgotten, when Rossetti appeared, re-stating the same argument, finding, however, other characters in the imaginary Beatrice than those which Biscioni discovered. Rossetti's leading thought is that the Ghibellines expressed political opinions in most of the poems which assumed the appearance of love songs; that this disguise being detected, or felt to be insufficient, another bolder one was adopted, and that they then assumed the language and the symbols of the Church. Interpreting both in a way far different from the apparent meaning—as we may imagine infidelity using a Scriptural dialect—Rossetti adds further that Dante invented a conventional language; that not only is the *Vita Nuova* an account of his initiation into some mysterious free-mason club, but that the Divine Comedy is written in cyphers and symbols of which he alone possesses the key. Rossetti's edition of the *Inferno* is in many respects valuable; but as to his theories, they seem to us of the same value as an essay in our own language would be which should undertake to prove that the Paradise Lost was a history of the Great Rebellion in England, and quote half the

prose works of Cromwell's Latin Secretary to establish the fact. Rossetti is pretty well forgotten, and we should not have referred to what we regard as his dreams, if it were not for the work of M. Aroux, which has just reached us, and in which all Rossetti's views are repeated. We do not know whether Rossetti's works, printed in England, ever obtained much notice on the Continent. If they did not, it is possible that M. Aroux may for a moment excite surprise; but the book is as nearly as possible worthless. We do not believe that there is a single sentence in it on the subject of Dante which is not contained in Rossetti under a less skilful arrangement.

Classical poetry—legendary traditions—Rabbinical fancies or figments—and the cherished recollections of his own early life, constituted the external texture of the *Commedia*. All and each of these are in themselves nothing; but without a knowledge of all and each, the letter of the poem is unintelligible, and till that letter is understood, we should in vain seek to see the allegory.

The date of Dante's imagined pilgrimage is placed in the year 1300. The time of the year is spring. He tells of having lost his way in a wood, and that after a night of fear and horrors he was revived by seeing the sun rising above a mountain which he was beginning to climb, when he saw before him a panther, which, however, he thought he should soon succeed in taking; a lion next appeared, and following the lion a wolf; he is flying back to the wood in terror, when he meets and falls into conversation with one whose voice had become hoarse and faint, as it would seem, with long disuse. This is no other than the poet Virgil, who comforts him with a prediction of the destruction of the wolf at some period in the distant future, but dissuades him from rashly encountering her. He tells him of dangers which have interested for his safety beings who, it would appear, from the highest heaven are not regardless of those who suffer on earth. The only way of rescuing Dante is to lead him through paths seldom explored; but if he will trust himself to the old poet's guidance, he will conduct him through the world in which evil is punished, and that in which good is engaged in a struggle with evil—the latter a region of hope. Should he wish to see the kingdom of the blessed, that must be under other guidance.

The earlier commentators saw in the three beasts images of youthful pleasure, of pride, and of avarice. They looked in the heart of man for the vices that easily beset him, and to seek elsewhere for other explanations of the types did not occur to them.—The moderns have found in the spotted panther a picture of Florence, with her factions of Bianchi and Neri: in the lion, which terrified the air with its haughty front, what but France could be indicated? and the wolf was in some half-dozen ways

a symbol of Rome. There seems no reason why more than one object may not be expressed or veiled under the same type, and thus that both may have been fancied by the poet. But we think the probabilities are that the first was Dante's leading thought,—as it appears a more natural idea to represent the court of heaven occupied in efforts to save a human soul from the thralldom of its own sins than from political enemies. The translators have made the second interpretation, which we believe is now the favourite one, look more probable than it is likely to appear to a reader of the original. Till of late years every one regarded the passage in which the panther is first mentioned, as expressing Dante's hope of making it captive, and bringing home its skin in triumph;—in other words, that he promised himself an easy victory over the temptations which lead the young astray. For this thought, which is that of all the earlier commentators, a mere picture has been substituted:—

“ with joyous hope  
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin  
Of that swift animal, the native dawn  
And the sweet season.”

Mr. Cary tells us that “ all the commentators whom I have seen understand the poet to say, that the season of the year and the hour of the day induced him to hope for the gay skin of the panther.” Piazza's translation is,—

“ Ut spe sat faustâ suaderet temporis hora  
Anni et temperies dulcis me posse potiri  
Blandam pelle feram.”

The wolf is also made somewhat different in Cary from what Dante has made her. Dante describes her as making many lead a miserable life. This is converted by Cary into

“ many a *lund* hath made  
Disconsolate ere now.”

The reader will at once see how, in both cases, the language of the English translator, by varying the literal meaning, almost excludes the allegory as Landino and the old commentators understood it, and thus all but forces one on the new and doubtful interpretation.

We have not time to do more than refer to a few passages in the poem, and it is scarce possible to bring before the reader Dante's peculiar modes of thinking and expression without more extracts than it is possible for us to offer. Dante does not allegorize in the manner of Spencer. We have no abstractions created into gods and goddesses. We have no pictures of pride, and envy, and gluttony, with their names written under each. Dante found what he wanted in the old mythology, and he places in each compartment of his infernal prison some figure of the old heathen times as its guardian. To some of these my-

thological figures he assigns new functions; in the case of others he gives them their well-known signification. We are pretty safe in adopting Rossetti's view here. Charon impersonates the corruption of a decaying world, that may be said to lead man to the Inferno—Minos is conscience exercising its judgments on the guilty world—Cerberus is gluttony—Plutus is avarice—Phlegyas is anger. Rossetti would go farther, and say that, in addition to his conventional symbolism, Dante intended, in the demons of his poem, to designate particular individuals. It may be so in some cases, but we see no evidence to justify such statements as expressing a mode of satire pervading the poem, and we think the speculation extremely improbable.

The poets descend, and pass through nine circles. The first is a circle in which the souls of the patriarchs who believed in Christ before his coming were confined till the resurrection, and in which Virgil and those of the heathen world are still to be found. In this and in the five next are punished sins arising from the absence of self-control. For Dante adopts Aristotle's division, who classes vices into those of incontinence, (or absence of due restraint,) malice, and brutishness. In the seventh circle are punished such crimes of malice as are offered by violence. Violence may be offered by man to God, to his neighbour, or to himself, and this leads to a division of this circle into three distinct rounds:—murderers, robbers, &c., are in the first; in the second are suicides and prodigals; in the third are blasphemers and usurers. Between the last round of the seventh circle and the eighth are the falls of the Phlegethon, and when we have descended here we are in the district where fraud in all its varieties is punished. We had at the opening of the poem something like the character of a Gothic romance, where the poets read over hell gate, in faded letters, the inscription which tells them whither the way led and forbade hope of return. We are now in a region in which the picturing seems yet more distinctly of a kind to remind one of such scenery.

“ The circle that remains

Throughout the round, between the gulf and base  
Of the high craggy banks, successive forms  
Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised.

As where, to guard the walls, full many a fosse  
Begirds some stately castle, sure defence  
Affording to the space within; so here  
Were model'd these: and as like fortresses,  
E'en from their threshold to the brink without,  
Are flanked with bridges; from the rock's low base  
Thus flinty paths advanced, that, cross the moles  
And dikes struck onward far as to the gulf,  
That in one bound collected cuts them off.  
Such was the place wherein we found ourselves.”

The ground occupied with these ten bastions slopes down on every side towards a central pit, reserved for deeper guilt than that of the sinners punished in the spaces between the bastions. Seducers of women are flogged by horned demons, whom Cayley calls fiends in the *semblance* of cuckolds, and whom Brooksbank supposes to be the actual injured husbands. "The tormenting fiends," he says, "are cuckolds, and therefore wear horns." The Italian commentators do not see any such joke in the passage, and the cases of seduction mentioned are not of wives. We looked at O'Donnell's translation to see whether he says any thing about it, but his printer, not knowing what to make of the horns, has put the word "horrid" instead. We have "horrid," not "horned" demons. The printer's blunder is better than the interpreter's joke.—In another round we have popes with their feet on fire, then come diviners, who saw into the distant future, and here they are with their heads turned back, shedding bitter tears of repentance, which Cary, in language more reserved than Dante's, tells us fell on the hinder parts. We pass on through their prison places till we come to a fosse, where we find crowds of demons engaged in playing the part of patriots, and hunting such servants of the public as have been guilty of peculation. We seem as we advance through this world of evil to be engaged in reading some account by an old traveller of a visit to the ruins of Babylon, and its bitumen pits, where, in the fifth of those circles, we find pitch boiling up—as in the dock-yards at Venice for the repair of ships. The work of actual wilful torture goes forward here, as the punishments, however well deserved, appear the capricious and arbitrary acts of demons, who are, it would appear, enjoying the sinner-hunt as if it were a kind of field sport. The cruel occupation is pursued with eagerness and delight:—

"Isti cum furcinulis animam ceperunt  
Quam mox ad inferos cum impetu traxerunt  
Quidam furcis ferreis ventrem diruperunt,  
Quidam plumbum fervidum intro projecerunt,  
Quidam os stercoribus suis repleverunt  
Et in ejus oculos quidam comminxerunt,  
Quidam suis dentibus frontem corroserunt,  
Quidam suis cornibus eam compunxerunt,  
Quidam suis ungulis latera ruperunt  
Et a toto corpore pellem abstraxerunt."

The *horned* fiends are found everywhere, without any reference to the horrors which haunt the Englishman's imagination:—

"Sunt in suis frontibus cornua gerentes,  
Per extrema cornua venenum fundentes."

In the old Latin rhymer's verses there is a spirit of fun which

takes away the feeling of reality from the scene,—the intense perception of which disturbs us in Dante's fictions. The reference to Venice is in one respect curious. In Wilkinson's "*Dalmatia and Montenegro*" we have an account of the castle of Imoschi. "One part of it," he tells us, "stands over the precipitous cliffs of the lake, an abyss of six hundred feet in depth; and it was here that the Venetians enjoyed the cruel sport of witnessing the almost hopeless effort of their prisoners to save their lives, who, when condemned to death, were taken to the top of the wall, and promised a pardon if, on leaping on a small projecting rock, about twenty-five feet below, they could check their downward course and stop there. Many spurned this mockery of mercy; and whenever any one clung to the hope of success it was only to afford his tormentors the entertainment of seeing his attempt and failure; for few were known to succeed, and toppling over the narrow point of rock, they went, one after the other, headlong into the depths below, striking here and there a projecting crag, only to be hurled onward from it with increasing rapidity."\*

The scenes in this fifth gulf of Malebolge—such is the name of the district—are as nearly as possible identical with these Venetian gambols; and we think it by no means impossible that the critics who read in the names of the demons engaged in the chase of some delinquent magistrate those of a pack of patriot hounds on the scent of an old corporation fox are quite right. In this part of the work the strange license of the oldest and rudest form of comedy is found, and the grotesque and sublime are strangely mingled. The passage to which we more particularly allude will be found at the close of the 21st and beginning of the 22d cantos of the *Inferno*. It may not perhaps altogether baffle a skilful translator, but it defies all description. The English reader who has the opportunity of referring to Cary is likely to feel even more amusement in looking at his translation than the original, as the tone which he adopts is throughout somewhat more elevated than the original, and this, which elsewhere is an unpardonable fault, here accidentally increases the effect by the odd contrast between his style and the subject. On pass the poets across gulfs of hypocrites, thieves, counsellors, false prophets, alchemists, coiners,—all that is fraudulent, perverse, and abominable. Among the evil counsellors we discover Ulysses, of whom we find a case recorded not in any of the books of reports. Virgil gets him to tell his story, and Guido of Montefeltro, who is in the same circle, at Dante's request, tells his. Guido was one whom Dante had at one time thought well of, for he is praised in the *Convito*, as one who, at the close of life, had retired into

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\* Wilkinson's *Dalmatia and Montenegro*, vol. ii. p. 139.

religion, becoming a Franciscan friar. Unluckily for him, Pope Boniface the Eighth asked and obtained his advice as to the means of making his own of an estate of the Colonna family. Father O'Donnell must help us to translate this passage. "And then he (the Pope) said, 'Banish all scruples from thy heart, of all thou hast done hitherto I absolve thee, if thou suggest me a plan whereby I can supplant Pellestrino. I can shut and open the gates of heaven, as thou knowest; for that purpose there are two keys, of which my predecessor knew not the value.' These strong arguments made me think that longer silence would be worse, and so I said, Father, whereas thou absolvest me of this sin into which I am going to fall, protracted promises, with no intention to perform, will make thee triumph in thy powerful see."

When he was dying, or dead, St. Francis came for him, but met on the way one of the "black cherubs," who claimed him as his, and made his claim good, by denying the validity of absolution without repentance. He bore him down to Minos, who twisted his tail eight times round his body, to indicate the sinner's place in hell, and, with more of wrath than became his judicial character, bit his tail "with excess of rage." The punishments are often such as express the crime, and this renders accuracy of translation of moment. Cary is in general to be depended on. At the close of the 27th canto the pilgrims find themselves on a rock overhanging the gulf in which are punished those who are guilty of sowing discord; but instead of saying this in so many words, Cary mis-translates the passage so as to conceal the meaning and purpose altogether. We speak of the fosse

"In which the penalty is paid  
Of those who load them with committed sin."

Dante's words admit of no doubt—

"Fosso, in che si paga il fio  
A quei, che scommettendo acquistan carico."

The punishment of such sinners is having their bodies hewed and maimed in different ways. Mahomet is cut in sunder by a fiend with a sword; the gashes close to be again renewed. Another figure, the Provençal poet, Bertrand de Borne, who incited John to rebel against his father, Henry I. of England, is seen moving along holding his head in his hand like a lantern. The disunion created by them in society is thus expressed and repaid in kind. Other bastions are visited, and the travellers are approaching the end of their journey. Again the incidents remind us of Gothic romance. It was twilight;—but let Cary aid us with his verse, often, as here, exceedingly happy—

—"There  
Was less than day and less than night, that far

Wine was mingled too, and I heard a horn  
 Whence it came I know not, but it made  
 The chamber merry. Full wine is scarce  
 The wine was not the same as I had seen  
 In the old days, but it was a good  
 And I was glad to see it. I had heard  
 That the wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.

— \* Is this really wine  
 Of which I have heard so much? —  
 Then this the wine of which I have heard  
 Was mixed with water, and not strong  
 Of which I have heard so much. —  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.

The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.

— I saw wine and I heard it  
 A wine which was not strong  
 Of which I have heard so much. —  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.

The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.

— \* The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.

— I saw wine and I heard it  
 A wine which was not strong  
 Of which I have heard so much. —  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.  
 The wine was good, but I had not  
 Tasted it. I was glad to see it.

ted, "Infernus subter conturbatus est in occursum adventus tui. Suscipiam tibi *procurator*." And the fifteenth verse, which we translate—"Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit," is in the Vulgate,—"Verum tamen ad infernum *destruam*, in profundum *laci*." Here parricide and treason are punished—here, too, the criminals seem anxious to hide themselves from all observation: and in this they differ from those confined in the higher ranges, all of whom wish to be remembered on earth: and many of them pray of Dante to record their names. While here he mentions having struck against the head of one who was imprisoned in congealed ice, and says he does not know whether to attribute the act to will, or destiny, or chance. The passage plainly means, that the state of the place was such as to render him incapable of all power of thought. It has been quoted as a proof of Dante's inhumanity. Supposing it to be an act of will, we of course do not think of defending the feeling, but this place will answer as well as any other for our mentioning, that Dante, through the poem, is engaged in a constant confession of the evil propensities of his own nature, the correction of which was the very object of his journey. We have him frequently engaged in conversations with the spirits whom he meets, expressing thoughts which he tells us Virgil disapproved:—in other words, that he was conscious of many offences against right reason, which we suppose to be the distinguishing attribute of Virgil, if not the entire of the conception expressed by that symbol. Virgil at times withdraws, chiefly where Dante enters into discussions on what would seem questions of temporary politics. In the very opening of the poem, it is intimated that the healing of his own heart and soul is the great object to be accomplished. It would be but poor evidence of this having been effected, if we found him disguising his feelings. To a reader, the overcoming thought is of suffering, and of sympathy for the imagined sufferer. The poet who has,—be it remembered,—created the scene, cannot think of it precisely as a reality. We think of the utter cold of the region in which he has placed beings who suffer and who live: that cold to us seems a thing external to them, and arbitrarily annexed. He, the creator of the scene, has in it typified the absence of the principle of love, of that which is the living warmth of the human heart. To him it is figurative, and only figurative. We may have, perhaps, the right to say, that as a question of his art, he should have kept distinct the figurative and the literal,—yet on such a question the poet is assuredly less likely to err than the critic;—but we have not the right to draw any inference, as has been done, against his moral nature, as such inference must arise solely from the confusion of things in their essence altogether diverse from each other. In this dread region he meets Ugo-

lino, and here, too, he meets some persons whom he is startled at finding among the dead, and yet more startled at learning that they have long been actually dead, although they still seemed to move about and perform all the ordinary duties of life,—demons, in fact, personating them on earth, while they were themselves in the world of punishment and pain. So powerful was this strange satire, that it is said that on the publication of Dante's poem, the men thus described were looked upon with horror and fear; they shrunk from the intercourse of society, and seemed half to believe the statement in the poem. Men said they were dead and would not acknowledge it. They had the appearance, and even the smell of corpses.

The poets move onward—ghosts of traitors are everywhere met by them, till at last they stand in the actual presence of "the Emperor, who sways the realm of sorrow." Those who remember Milton's "Archangel Fallen," will be little satisfied with the symbol by which Dante would typify all evil. He has sought to exhibit the soul's essence when polluted altogether,—when, in Milton's language, the soul

"Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being."

How far the image of sin—absolute sin—here sculptured by Dante, is a symbol created by himself, we are unable to say—but the conception reminds us of the Hindoo modes of fabling; and the figure of Lucifer himself resembles an Indian idol. The utter absence of all good,—or rather the antagonism of evil to all that can be imagined of good,—was the conception to be exhibited; and this conception refused to be clothed in any anthropomorphic form. The nature of the Evil One was infra-human, and this was once the most glorious of the sons of God!

"If he were beautiful  
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare  
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him  
May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight!  
How passing strange it seemed, when I did spy  
Upon his head three faces: one in front  
Of hue vermillion, the other two with this  
Midway each shoulder joined and at the crest;  
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seemed; the left  
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile  
Stoops to the lowlands."

The earlier commentators represented the colours as expressing the character of different passions, and Cary entertains no doubt that the passage in Dante, thus interpreted, gave rise to Milton's lines describing Satan:—

"Each passion dimmed his face,  
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair."

Lombardi sees in the colours of the different faces those of the different families of man,—a thought at least likely to be that of the poet. The fantastic picture of each of the three heads being engaged in gnawing a traitor is not unlike the description of the idol which Sebastian Munster, in his account of India, calls *Deumo*:—"Dæmon dextrâ animam ori admovet, sinistrâ autem ex inferiore loco aliam corripit." The woodcut of *Deumo* in the old book sitting in his temple, crowned like the Pope of Rome,—"*diademate redimitum caput ejus modo Romanorum pontificum, sed id plus habet quod diadema ternis insignitur cornibus,*"\*—is the very image of Dante's Lucifer. The traitors who are thus punished are Judas; and Brutus and Cassius, whose offence, if different in degree, was regarded by Dante as not unlike in kind,—the imperial power being in his view of divine appointment. The Italian painters have not shrunk from imitating the scene. The demon with the three heads is at Pisa, painted in fresco by *Orgagna*; and there also may be seen *Bertrand de Borne* holding his head as a lantern.

When the poets have seen Lucifer, they have beheld the worst that hell has to shew. They have come also to the centre of the earth, to a point where farther direct progress is impossible. Here the sound of a rivulet is heard, and along a passage which it had excavated through the rock the travellers make their way.

"My guide and I this recent pathway chose  
To reconduct us to the world of light;  
And up we journeyed, heedless of repose,  
He mounting first, while I his steps pursued;  
Till through an orifice heaven's splendours bright  
Burst on mine eyes. Emerging thence we viewed  
The stars once more unfolded to our sight."—*Wright*.

We have in as few words, and with as little of particular detail as we could, stated the general story of the first great division of the poem. We are scarcely surprised when we are told by those who lived nearest to Dante's time, that it was regarded as the account of an actual journey. The changes of climate through which the travellers pass are scarcely greater than are experienced in Italy through a day's journey when passing from the mountain regions to the plain. And when *Ampère* tells of his having in the morning left the region of wind and cold, and in the evening of the same day coming to *Bibbiena*, where all was warm and mild, and where he heard a peasant girl singing "*Io son la sorella d'Amor*," the contrasts, so frequent yet so natural, in the *Divine Comedy*, are forcibly brought to the mind. This is well expressed by *Ampère*. The readers of Dante re-

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\* *Cosmographie*, p. 1087.

member the scene, where Adamo of Brescia, in the lazar-house of one of the infernal prisons, tells how his sufferings are aggravated by the phantoms of water and green-fields which his imagination creates :

“ Li ruscelletti, che de' verdi colli  
Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno  
Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli  
Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno ;  
Chè l'immagine lor via piu m'asciuga  
Che 'l male, ond' io nel volto mi discarno.” \*

Ampère tells us,—“ C'est un des charmes de cette course du Casentin que le passage presque subit des sauvages horreurs de la nature Alpestre et des rigueurs de la vie monacale à ce que la nature, et la vie Italienne a de plus brillant, de plus animé de plus doux. Ainsi dans *la Divine Comédie*, une image gracieuse, une comparaison riante vous console des terreurs de l'enfer, ou vous délasse des sublimes contemplations du paradis.” Through Dante's poem the effect of contrast appears to be constantly aimed at. Flashes of fire are falling around in one place, and his language is as if he was describing a snow-shower. In the region of eternal ice, the sufferers are described by the image of frogs panting with heat, putting up their heads from below flowing water; and by the village-gleaner, whose toil is suspended by the fervour of the sun, pursuing her labour in dreams. The beauty of this picture is dwelt on by Dr. Carlyle in the notes to his admirable edition of the *Inferno*. If Dante has to tell of sunrise in purgatory, he will at the same time inform you of the aspect of the heavens in Italy and at Jerusalem, and accompany his description with images of evening twilight. He is a wanderer in a strange land—so much a stranger, that he more than once loses his way, and is maliciously misdirected, in the kind of practical wit which is represented as in a peculiar sense devilish. There are parts of their road, too, where, like mere scramblers among rocks, he and Virgil are obliged to make use of their hands as well as their feet, and sprawl along on all-fours. That he is a stranger, is for ever brought before us—often by the perpetual recurrence of his thoughts to the country which he has left. The very legends he is told,—the same that are everywhere still common through the south of Europe, serve to verify his narrative. A mountain is dislodged, the effect, as he says, of earthquake or of some landslide ;

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\* “ The brooks that gush from every greenwood hill  
In Casentine towards Arno, keeping fresh  
And cool, and soft their channels, haunt me still,  
And haunt not vainly for their semblance *ness*,  
Doth much more parch me than the maladies  
That so impoverish my face in flesh.”—*Cayley*.

What does *ness* mean ! We do not know the word.

and he is told by his fellow-traveller, that when he had been in the country before, compelled thither by witchcraft, the ruin had not existed ; that on our Saviour's death, when he descended to hell, an earthquake had produced the rent. In the valley of the Arno, travellers are still told the same tradition, to account for the fissures of the rocks. Addison saw "at Cajeta the rock of marble, said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the chapel-door that leads into the crack, ' Ecce terræ motus factus est magnus.' " In every account of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, we find the same tradition. The dangers he incurred are among the things which keep up the feeling of the journey having been a real one ; and, oddly enough, we are unable to take such refuge in utter unbelief of the story, however marvellous parts of it may appear, as comes to our aid when the *Mandevilles* of the days of old, or of our own days, draw too much on our credulity. The allegorical truth comes to support the literal. The events have occurred because there is a cause which the imagination feels adequate for their occurrence. Through the *Inferno*, though the entrance to it is through a wood, trees are but rarely mentioned, though in the *Purgatory*, where we have the daylight and the soil of earth, they are everywhere ; yet nothing can be more striking than the Grove of *Suicides*, in the second compartment of the seventh circle. We had always thought both it, and the passage in *Virgil* which suggested it,—of men transformed into trees, too fanciful even for the creation of poetry. But the fault is not in the poet seeing more than nature exhibits in those analogies, but in our seeing less. In the life of an artist and poet who though born in England found a home in America, which became his country, we find the following passage, which assuredly has a foundation in outward truth. "Treading the mosses of the forest, my attention has often been attracted by the appearance of action and expression of surrounding objects, especially of trees. I have been led to reflect upon the fine effects they produce, and to look into the causes. They spring from some resemblance to the human form. . . . There is an expression of affection in intertwining branches, of despondency in the drooping willow. In sheltered spots trees have a tranquil air, and assimilate with each other in form and character. So with men secluded from the world. They have an equality seldom broken by originality of character ; expose them to adversity and agitations, and a thousand original characters start forth, battling for existence or supremacy. On the mountain summit, exposed to the blast, trees grasp the crags with their gnarled roots, and struggle with the elements with wild contortions."

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\* *Life of Thomas Cole.* New York, 1853.

In the 16th canto, where Dante describes the fall of Phlegethon, he brings before the eye that of the Montone at Forli. He has to tell how he himself is borne to the plain beneath; he vouches for the precise truth of what he relates,—as if here and here only the reader could have any doubt, everything else was so probable. We have not now time to speak of Geryon, or of the mode in which the monster is won and subdued to the traveller's service. Geryon seems to have been some such crocodile as Mr. Waterton rode, but Dante's had wings as well as feet, and is related to the dragons and hippogriffs of romance. The scene in which Dante beholds the sufferings of Pope Nicholas the third, and anticipates those of Boniface and Clement, is one which we may find some future opportunity of recurring to, as we think it has not been quite understood, and as a good deal illustrative of it, if we understand rightly the circumstances of the situation, does not appear to have been present to those who have translated or commented on the poem. We must, however, say a word on the passage in which Ulysses is introduced, both because it exhibits something of the kind of contrast which we have spoken of as among the resources of his art which Dante was most fond of employing, and because in it he seems to have prepared for the second part of his poem,—the Purgatory. The passage opens with the mention by the poet of his own corrupt nature requiring continual check, as being in danger, through sympathy with what seems to be, but is not, Good,—of "running where virtue guides not." Then follows a picture of great beauty, which we give in Cary's words:—

" As in that season, where the sun least veils  
His face, that lightens all, what time the fly  
Gives way to the shrill gnat—the peasant then  
Upon some cliff reclined, beneath him sees  
Fire-flies innumerable spangling o'er the vale,  
Vineyard, or tilth, where his day-labour lies;  
With flames so numberless, throughout its space  
Shone the eighth chasm apparent, when the depth  
Was to my view exposed. As he, whose wrongs  
The bears avenged, at its departure saw  
Elijah's chariot, when the steeds erect  
Raised their steep flight for heaven; his eyes meanwhile  
Straining, pursued them, till the flame alone  
Upsoaring, like a misty speck he kenned:  
Even thus along the gulf moved every flame."

When the reader is told that each flame contained a sinner—that all this scene of apparent beauty conceals real suffering, he may at first feel the same impatience as we ourselves did with the author for so strangely associating thoughts which are connected by no natural link, and resent what seems a conspicuous

act of arbitrary cruelty on the poet's part. One must dwell upon the passage before he will be disposed to admit, as a sufficient answer to this objection, that the poet would point out the true character of those brilliant distinctions, which are the object of ambition in rank, and which he himself could not behold without an admiration which he felt to be dangerous. The lights which shine with most brilliance contain sinners remembered for the greatest frauds. The wily Ulysses was one. Of him adventures are related here which Homer has not recorded. He gets tired of home,—neither reverence for his old father, nor love of his old wife, has overcome the passion for wandering and the thirst for adventure which had become a part of his nature. Traditions which Pliny preserves describe him as the founder of Lisbon, and Dante sends him on a voyage of discovery which would seem almost prophetic of the heroic expeditions of the Portuguese,—

“Tardy with age

Were I and my companions, when we came  
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordained  
The boundaries not to be o'erstepped by man.  
The walls of Seville to my right and left,  
On the other hand Ceuta already past.

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To the dawn

Our poop we turned, and for the witless flight  
Made our oars wings still gaining on the left :  
Each star of the other pole Night now beheld,  
And ours so low, that from the ocean flow  
It rose not. Five times reillumed, as oft  
Vanished the light from underneath the moon,  
Since the deep way we entered, when from far  
Appeared a mountain dim, loftiest, methought,  
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight ;  
But soon to mourning changed. From the new land  
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side  
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirled her round,  
With all the waves ; the fourth time lifted up  
The poop, and sank the prow : so Fate decreed :  
And over us the booming billow closed.”—*Cary*.

The line—

“Each star of the other pole Night now beheld,”

is of greater moment than would at first appear. The site of the terrestrial paradise was one of the questions which, in Dante's day, and long after, deeply engaged inquirers of every class ; and there were two theories respecting it, each of which had its advocates among the Fathers of the Church. By one class it was sought for in the inhabited world, and looked for in

the East; by the second in the other hemisphere, then regarded as uninhabited, and guarded from access by unnavigable seas. Such stories as this of Ulysses were now and then told. The thought that lands existed, not inhabited by living men, soon passed into this—that they were inhabited by the dead, and a locality was thus found for elysian fields and fortunate islands, where the heroes of olden time pursued the enjoyments which death had interrupted. The land where Ulysses suffered shipwreck, was the foot of the mountain on the summit of which Dante supposed the terrestrial paradise to be placed, and along the sides of which, divided into seven stages, those who had escaped the toils and sufferings of earth ascended—the soul, at each stage, becoming cleansed from one of “the seven mortal sins,” to use the language of the scholastic divinity.—Nothing in language or in conception can be more beautiful than the opening of the Purgatory. It is still night, but night at the approach of morning, when, after their toilsome journey from the centre of the earth, our travellers have reached this new world. It is still starlight, and Dante sees

“ Four stars, ne’er seen before but by the ken  
Of our first parents.”

When Amerigo Vespucci afterwards voyaged in these seas, no longer hidden from men, he tells us that he remembered the passage in Dante, and looked for the four stars. Old globes constructed by the Arabs, as Humboldt tells us, exhibited these stars. From these, and from traditions preserved among the Venetians, Dante might have learned the existence of the constellation, which in after days was called the Cross of the South; and there is no occasion either to ascribe his mention of them to inspiration, as some would say, or resolve the phenomenon into stars of the poet’s own creation, for the purpose of sustaining the character of the cardinal virtues which he makes them typify. With Vespucci and with Humboldt we hold them to be actual stars; and not the less for this in the allegorical or secondary sense—the primary one, no doubt, in the poet’s thought—do they personate the virtues of active life.

“ Here we are nymphs,  
And in the heaven are stars,”

is the language which they are made to utter, when the mysteries of the poem are partially unfolded. None of the translators have succeeded in communicating the effect of the opening of this part of the poem. The freshness, the novelty of every object—the bounding spirits of the visitors, when they enter on this unknown region, to be felt must be read in Dante’s own language. In this part of Dante both Piazza’s Latin translation and Streck-

They took those storm-beat mariners by the hand,  
And through their worn and weary senses pour'd  
*Sweet snatches of old songs.*

Up to the golden Citadel they fare,  
And as they go their limbs grow full of might,  
And One awaits them at the topmost stair,—  
*One whom they had not seen, but knew at sight !*"

Casella sings—a poem of Dante's. We wish that we had room for that canzone,—

" *Amor che nella mente mi ragiona,*"

as we think it in many respects illustrative of this portion of the Divine Comedy ; but we have exceeded our space. We wish, too, we could find room for Longfellow's translation of the lines in which the pilot angel is described, though our readers can easily refer to them.

The history of the Divine Comedy illustrates the fortunes of poetry. Dante's own generation and those which immediately succeeded valued it chiefly for the Inferno. There can be little doubt that the other portions of the poem are those which now give greatest pleasure. Mr. Cary commenced by translating the Purgatory and Paradise,—and added the Inferno not to leave his work incomplete. This seems to express his feeling with respect to the interest of the respective parts. Mr. Wright has expressed the same opinion in distinct words ; he advises the students of Dante "not to dwell on the horrors of the Inferno, but to speed their flight with the poet to the calm regions of the Purgatorio, and the sublime rapture of the Paradiso." We ourselves agree with these great authorities, inclining, however, to prefer the Purgatorio to the other parts.

Of the translations, that with which we are best acquainted is Cary's. It does not quite satisfy us, as the style too much reminds us not only of Milton but of particular passages in Milton, and is always somewhat more elevated than Dante's. There are some admirable passages, however, in which Cowper's best style is equalled—all its earnestness, all its satirical power, and all its energy. We cannot give extracts to prove this ; but such readers as look to the 29th canto of the Paradise will thank us for the reference. The translations which have led us to the subject of Dante are in rhyme, and the Terza rima is adopted. We incline to think that a metre with less constraint of rhyme—say such as Milton's Lycidas, which avoids the formality of the stanza, and allows occasionally the total absence of rhyme—would be found more pleasing to the reader.

ART. VII.—*Poems.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. A new Edition.  
London, 1853.

It is not very long since two volumes of poetry, by "A," "The Strayed Reveller" and "Empedocles on Ætna," passed under our review. If we return so soon to this author it is because his present work comes to us enriched by new and interesting poems, together with an Essay, remarkable for its vigorous contrast between ancient and modern poetry, and endorsed on its title-page no longer by the abstraction "A," but by a well-known and honourable surname. The date of Fox How and the name of Arnold will awaken interest in many hearts, which remember the earnest voice that once spoke from that retirement. They will listen perhaps in hope of hearing the tones that once stirred them prolonged to a younger generation. But the resemblance hardly reaches beyond date and name. These poems so little recall, either in subject, form, or sentiment, the works of the late Dr. Arnold, that they will derive small favour from hereditary association, but must stand or fall by their intrinsic merit.

The most rapid glance at Mr. Arnold's poems must convince every reader that they are the work of a man of undeniable power and high culture; nor can any one fail to perceive the author's fine eye for beauty and the artistic mould in which all his poems are cast;—for his whole mind is of the cultivated and artistic order, and it is to a place among the learned and artistic poets that he aspires. Learned and artistic poets! some one may exclaim. Is it not the very essence of the poet that he is a child of nature, one who works without aid of learning or of art? True, the poetic soul is the first indispensable condition—that without which there can be no poet. But starting from this common basis, one order of poets sings straight from their own heart, in the native dialect, to a self-taught tune, in whatever form comes readiest to hand. This is the natural or unlearned race of poets, of which the great names are Homer, Æschylus, Shakespeare, Burns, Scott, and Wordsworth. The other order is not content with beauty deeply felt and naturally expressed, till they have found for their thought the most perfect expression, and set it to a more elaborate music. Such are Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Milton, and, they say, Goethe in his latter days. These, of course, as the former, had an inspiration of their own, or they would not have been true poets, but it is an inspiration which, if it is enriched, is also tinged with all the hues of past cultivation. To the first, the subject so fills their eye, the feeling it awakens so absorbs them, that the form

in which it is embodied is wholly subordinate. To the second, subject and form seem of equal, or nearly equal, importance. That this is a real distinction, a line which separates into two orders the whole poetic brotherhood, is no theory, but a fact which the history of literature compels us to recognise. We may,—no doubt most men will prefer the natural poets, while the artistic will be dear chiefly to the scholar, but this should not blind us to a style of excellence which some noble poets have chosen as their own.

Whatever may be the comparative merits of these two methods it is to the second that Mr. Arnold has given himself. In that school he has prepared himself with a thoroughness of discipline not often devoted to poetry in our age and country. His mind has turned back from modern times to brace and elevate itself by severe and independent contemplation of the Hellenic masters. His seriousness and respect for the work he has on hand, and the earnest vigour with which he addresses himself to execute it, are in themselves, we trust, an omen of ultimate success. For whatever errors may have misled, whatever mists may still encompass him, we cannot but hope that such strength of mind and fixedness of purpose will shake them all aside, and force their way victoriously through.

But let us open the work and look at its contents. These are of two kinds. One, and by far the larger part, consists of poems on external subjects, founded on classical legends or historical actions; the other part contains poems of personal sentiment and reflection. Sohrab and Rustum, the longest of the pieces, is an epic fragment, taken from a story long famous in Persian tradition. The Persian and Tartar hosts are encamped in front of each other on the flat low sands of Oxus. Sohrab, a young warrior, who has wandered through all central Asia in search of his hitherto unseen father, and has nowhere met his peer, stands forth to challenge the best of the Persian chiefs to single combat. Rustum accepts the challenge. They fight; Sohrab falls, and in his fallen foe the father recognises his son. A noble story, full of the simplest and deepest elements of human feeling; and Mr. Arnold has told it not unworthily. Three things especially distinguish the poem. First, the vividness with which he has seized and expressed the whole environment of his picture, the vast spaces of central Asia, and the wild freedom of the Tartar life. Secondly, the more than usually free and untrammelled movement which he has given to much of his blank verse. Lastly and chiefly, the expressiveness of many of the Homeric similes with which the poem is so thickly strewn. Here is one descriptive of Rustum, standing above the fallen Sohrab before he knows him for his son :—

“As when some hunter in the spring hath found  
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,  
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,  
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,  
And followed her to find her where she fell  
Far off:—anon her mate comes winging back  
From hunting, and a great way off descries  
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks  
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps  
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams  
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she  
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,  
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,  
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more  
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;  
Never the black and dripping precipices  
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:—  
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,—  
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood  
Over his dying son, and knew him not.”

The action and personages of the poem have, we are aware, strongly interested many who know nothing of Homer. For ourselves, we confess that the poem fixes our attention rather as a vivid reproduction of Homer's manner and spirit, than as a new and independent creation. The shade of old Mæonides passes continually between our mind and the warrior forms, and intercepts our primary and genuine interest, allowing only a faint portion to reach the main figures. Indeed the old Greek is everywhere so prominent, that you cannot but doubt whether the subject was chosen for its own inherent attention, or as a block, out of which a fine epic fragment might be hewn. It is to be regretted that the author had not remembered the excellent rule which his own preface contains, and “preferred his action to everything else;” that, “having chosen a fitting action he had not penetrated himself with a feeling of its situations,” and not allowed recollections of the Homeric or any other style to intrude between him and his subject. Had he but kept his eye fixed steadily and singly on the scene and the characters, and portrayed them in the native words which his own feeling would have dictated, the result would have been not as now, a fine picture after the style of Homer, but a grand and stirring battle-piece of his own.

One quotation more from *Sohrab and Rustum*, the description of the Oxus with which it closes.

“But the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,

Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,  
 Under the solitary moon : he flowed  
 Right for the polar star, past Orgunjé  
 Brimming, and bright, and large : then sands begin  
 To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,  
 And split his currents, that for many a league  
 The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along  
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—  
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had  
 In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,  
 A foil'd circuitous wanderer :—till at last  
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide  
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new bath'd stars  
 Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

Such a close is not Homeric, nor Greek, but modern, and none the worse for that. It is one of several passages that shew how much at home the author's imagination is among the steppes and nomad plains of Central Asia, and with what a fine hereditary eye he seizes the great lineaments which mark the earth's surface, the picturesque groupings of different races, and the movements of crowding hordes, on which the historian loved to dwell.

What Sohrab and Rustum are to Homer, the Strayed Reveller, Cadmus and Harmonia, and some other pieces, are to Sophocles,—as vivid reproductions of the tragic style and spirit as the former is of the epic. If we were asked what new thing Mr. Arnold has accomplished, with what has he enriched his country's poetry, we should answer that he has added to it embodiments of the thought and sentiment of Grecian poetry, such as it never before possessed. For in Samson Agonistes and Lycidas,—full though they be of the classic spirit, behind that richness of Pagan lore and the Hebrew elevation of tone, there is ever present in the back-ground the strong soul of Milton, crowding along the multifarious imagery, and penetrating all with a deep harmony of his own. And Tennyson's Ulysses, and Morte d'Arthur, perfect in their kind, contain as much of his own as of the Hellenic spirit. It is Mr. Arnold's peculiar merit to have produced, not mere copies, nor even imitations, but living embodiments of antique poetry all but uncoloured by the feelings of modern times. He has breathed a breath of poetry over the dead bones of scholarship till it has become alive and beautiful. Some, we are aware, have regarded these results as nothing more than happy imitations, proving their author to be strong in the mimetic, but not in the original or inventive faculty. But such an opinion, so stated, does injustice to him. For this marriage of poetry with scholarship

is something which mere imitation could never have effected. Such reproductions are indeed creations, and prove that among classical materials at least he works with original power. Else how could he have produced what is at once so rare and so beautiful? Why should it require an original poetic faculty to bid live anew the middle age with its shapes of old romance, which are so much nearer ourselves, if mere imitation is enough to re-animate a form of life so remote and difficult as classical antiquity. It may well be doubted whether Mr. Arnold has done wisely in taxing his best powers to reproduce the old classic excellence, but that having chosen this poetic field, he has brought thence some rare, almost unique results, it were prejudice to deny. The truth seems to be, that most readers, and many critics, having no deep feeling for the classic poets themselves, care still less for modern re-creations of their style, and so are tempted to underrate the power of mind employed in producing what they have no heart for; and this is a significant fact which Mr. Arnold would do well to take heed to.

But while we differ entirely from these critics in our estimate of the power required for such poems as *Sohrab and Rustum*, and the *Strayed Reveller*, we agree with them in thinking that no strength of imagination can turn back the world's sympathies to the shores of old Greece; and that the poet who tries to do so, while his own land and all Christendom lies fresh around him, is wasting himself on an unprofitable task. By devoting his efforts to subjects of this kind, Mr. Arnold has of necessity confined his audience to the small circle of scholars; and though he may have succeeded in pleasing *them*, he has cut himself off from that general popularity which true poets have sooner or later commanded. Mr. Arnold, we are sure, will not be content with that narrower success, while the other and higher goal stands unattained; and this volume seems to contain proofs of a power which, if rightly used, may yet land him there. But if he is ever to attain to thorough popularity, he must shake himself loose of the exclusive admiration in which the Greek poets have held him,—an admiration so intense, as to have in some degree blinded him to the real lesson which these poets teach.

In his preface he has pointed out two or three lessons to be gathered from their works,—“the all-importance of the choice of a subject, the necessity of accurate construction, the subordinate character of expression.” Truer lessons for a poet there could not be, none but that one self-taught lesson—that native music of soul, “better than all treasures that in books are found.” But has Mr. Arnold really learned these lessons from his study of the classics? Not in the choice of his subjects. For Homer, and after him all

the tragedians chose subjects which were deeply rooted in the hearts of their countrymen, and intertwined with the very fibres of their national existence. Had they done like Mr. Arnold, they would have turned from the legends of old Achaia, and the ancient sympathies of their race, to choose some theme from Egyptian or Syrian antiquity. Nor, again, peculiarly in the construction of his poems. For the ancients had no classical models to fall back upon, but relied for their art on their own strong sense and clear judgment. And so will the modern poet, if his sense is as strong, and his judgment as clear. Even in expression Mr. Arnold does not seem to have read their lesson aright. For they did not mould themselves on any earlier style, but laid hold of the richest words and strongest idioms which the men of their own day employed in common conversation. But in Mr. Arnold's poems the style, though with many excellencies and full of promise, is too prominent, the classical expressions and allusions too abundant. Here, too, as in choice of his subjects, he will have to cleave his way through the classic cloud that still encompasses him, and hold on his independent path into the bracing air and open pastures of his own land. He must remember that the lessons which the old masters teach are of the spirit, not of the letter, and can hardly be reduced to any preciser shape than this most wide maxim: Let the modern poet act under his circumstances, for his countrymen, with his materials, as the classic poets did with theirs, so widely different.

Leaving the classic poems, we might pause over the romantic ones, Sir Tristram and Iseult, and the Church of Brou, or might express once more admiration of the Forsaken Merchant,—on the whole, the most universal favourite of all that Mr. Arnold has yet given to the world. But from these let us turn to the Scholar Gipsy, one of the fresh additions which this volume contains. We would ask all lovers of poetry to read it, and see whether it does not touch their hearts with a sense of fresh beauty, such as one feels on first looking over a new kind of country. And we would ask Mr. Arnold to consider whether the acceptance this poem is sure to win, does not prove to him that it is better to forget all his poetic theories, ay, and Homer and Sophocles, Milton and Goethe too, and speak straight out of things which he has felt and tested on his own pulses. It may be that it derives some of its charm from the vividness with which it brings back old scenes and dear recollections; yet we cannot but think that every one with an open heart for nature, whether he has seen the neighbourhood of Oxford or not, will welcome its delightful pictures. The story is of an Oxford scholar in the 17th century, who was forced by poverty to

leave his college, and at last to join a camp of gipsies. Some time after two of his former companions chanced to meet him in their ride. He told them how and why he had taken to this manner of life, that the gipsies with whom he lived were not wholly unlearned, but had a traditional learning of their own, and that he intended to remain with them till he had mastered their lore, and then to give some account of it to the world. In describing his haunts and way of life, all the peculiar traits of Oxford and Berkshire scenery, the habits of the country people, and the sights and sounds that meet one far and near, are portrayed with quite a delightful faithfulness and transparency. Of all the poems in the book, there is none that gives us so fresh and pure delight. A picture of a part of southern England that has been and will be dear to the young hearts of each succeeding generation, but which never till now has found its poetic expression. Here we have done for Oxford in poetry what Turner's picture from the fields above Ferry Hinxey has done in painting.

“For most, I know, thou lov’st retired ground.  
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,  
Returning home on summer nights, have met  
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,  
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,  
As the slow punt swings round :  
And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,  
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers  
Plucked in shy fields and distant woodland bowers,  
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream,  
And then they land, and thou art seen no more.  
Maidens who from the distant hamlet come  
’To dance around The Fyfield elm in May,  
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,  
Or cross a stile into the public way.  
Oft thou hast given them store  
Of flowers—the frail leaf’d white anemone,—  
Dark blue bells drenched with dews of summer eves,  
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—  
But none has words she can report of thee.  
And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time’s here  
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,  
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass,  
Where black-wing’d swallows haunt the glittering Thames,  
To bathe in the abandon’d lasher pass,  
Have often pass’d thee near  
Sitting upon the river bank o’ergrown :  
Mark’d thy outlandish garb, thy figure spare,  
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air ;  
But when they came from bathing thou wert gone.  
At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,

Where at her open door the housewife darns,  
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate,  
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.  
Children, who early range these slopes and late  
For cresses from the rills,  
Have known thee watching, all an April day,  
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;  
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,  
Through the long dewy grass move slow away."

We should not think much of the poetic taste of him whose heart did not own the natural beauty that is here. But what a pity that the author had not been content to let this portrait stand out in its own refreshingness, without doing his best to dash the dew from it by the painful contrast he draws of our own, as he thinks, unhealthy, unrestful age. Our age may be sickly enough,—the symptoms he describes may or may not exist,—but if they do, the more need that all who have any force in them, as Mr. Arnold undoubtedly has, should do their utmost to strengthen and restore, not farther to paralyze it by useless and unmanly lamentations. At all events, such mournings form no fit setting for otherwise so fair a picture, and, when Mr. Arnold republishes this poem, we are nearly sure that his better judgment will have wholly suppressed them.

Our author is a better and more interesting poet when he goes outwards to describe the situations and feelings of others, than when he turns inward upon himself. The volume closes with lyrics and sonnets, but these are of much less value than the longer poems, which are its chief contents. The lyrics entitled "Switzerland," in spite of their frequent felicity of expression, come to us like faded violets, so pale their colour, so languid the passion. If, indeed, passion was ever there, it has been held up so long, and contemplated so steadily by the intellect, that it has altogether evaporated. There is in them none of that strong gush of heart or depth of tenderness which alone give value to poems of the affections, and which can endear to us songs of less ability than these. But no ability can give interest to poems about feeling, where feeling is not. Indeed, as a general rule, it might be said that there are but two kinds of lyrics which are really valuable. The one, wherein the poet, having felt more deeply, has expressed more happily than ever before was done, some thought, sentiment, or emotion, in which all men share. The other, in which some original and thoughtful man, in the solitary strength of his own genius, goes forth to explore new paths of meditative feeling, in treading which, a younger age, if not his own, will yet inhale fresher and deeper draughts of humanizing sentiment. Of the former kind, are the choicest songs

of Burns, and the best of the Scottish and national lyrics of Campbell. To the latter order belong the lyrical ballads of Wordsworth, almost the earliest and most delightful of his poems. To neither of these good kinds do Mr. Arnold's lyrics belong; but it is not because we cannot refer them to any recognised standard, that we reject them, but because they seem entirely empty of human interest. For these our best wish is, that when another edition appears, they may be allowed to retire into the obscurity of private life.

Of the sonnets nothing need now be said, for they have been before the world for some years.—This only by the way, that the “marble massiveness” of their style, so imposing at a distance, is not borne out, on a nearer approach, by corresponding solidity of thought or depth of wisdom.

But if from many of these shorter poems we are repelled by the blank dejection and morbid languor of their tone, or by the seeming wisdom of apathy, which is not wisdom, we cannot be deaf to some strains of nobler aspiration which here and there break through. The former tones are fewer in this than in the earlier volumes, the latter more numerous. May these grow till they have become full chorus! Of these latter kind are the two poems entitled “The Future,” and “Morality.” Let our quotations close with this last. It is a striking, if rather recon-dite expression of the old truth, that man's moral being is higher than nature's strength; that, as Sir Thomas Browne has it, “there is surely a piece of divinity in us,—something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the Sun.”

“ We cannot kindle when we will,  
The fire that in the heart resides;  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides:  
But tasks in hours of insight will'd  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

“ With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.  
Not till the hours of light return,  
All we have built do we discern.

“ Then, when the clouds are off the soul,  
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,  
Ask how *she* view'd thy self-control,  
Thy struggling task'd morality.  
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,  
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

“ And she, whose censure thou dost dread,  
 Whose eye thou wert afraid to seek,  
 See, on her face, a glow is spread,—  
 A strong emotion on her cheek.  
 ‘ Ah, child !’ she cries, ‘ that strife divine,  
 Whence was it, for it is not mine ?

“ ‘ There is no effort on *my* brow—  
 I do not strive, I do not weep,  
 I rush with the swift spheres, and glow  
 In joy, and, when I will, I sleep.—  
 Yet that severe, that earnest air,  
 I saw, I felt it once—but where ?

“ ‘ I knew not yet the gauge of Time,  
 Nor wore the manacles of Space :  
 I felt it in some other clime—  
 I saw it in some other place.  
 —’Twas when the heavenly house I trod,  
 And lay upon the breast of God.’ ”

And now, before taking leave of these poems, we must advert to one thing which strikes us as their prevailing fault. We read them separately, and see many separate excellencies ; but there is no one predominant interest to give life to the whole. High gifts, beautiful poems you do see ; but one thing you miss—the one pervading poet’s heart, that throb of feeling which is the true inspiration, the life of life to all true poetry, without which all artistic gifts are of little worth. Where this is present you cannot but feel its presence, not by self-revelations of the poet’s own feelings, but by the living personality and interest which it breathes through whatever it touches. If you associate much with a man of strong character and deep heart, you cannot, but feel what kind of man he is. So you cannot read poems which come from a strong poetic soul without their thrilling to your own. But when you have read these poems, and read with admiration, you are still at a loss to know what the author most lays to heart—what kind of country he has lived in—what scenery is dear to him—what part of past or present history he cares for—in what range of human feeling and action he is peculiarly at home. Certain characteristics they do contain—admiration for Greek Art and a uniformly artistic style ; but these are not enough to stamp individuality on the poems. The two earlier volumes, it must be allowed, were pervaded by a strong sense of man’s nothingness in presence of the great powers of nature—that effort and sorrow are alike vain—that our warm hopes and fears, faiths and aspirations, are crushed like moths beneath the omnipotence of deaf adamant laws. But such a view of life can

give birth to nothing great and noble in character, nor anything high or permanent in poetry. This last volume has much less of that blank dejection and fatalistic apathy which were the main tones of the former ones; and though it has hereby lost in unity of purpose, we gladly welcome the change. In some of the newer poems we seem to catch strains which may prelude a higher music, but they have not yet attained compass enough to set the tone of the book. They may grow to this—we trust they may. Meanwhile we cannot but remind Mr. Arnold that there is a difference between poetic gifts and the poet's heart. That he possesses the former no candid judge can doubt; of the existence of the latter in him he has as yet given less evidence. But it is the beat of this poetic pulse that gives unity of impression and undying interest to the works of the noblest poets. At the outset we noticed the difference between what we called the natural and the artistic poets; those chiefly remarkable for what they say; these for the manner in which they say it. And although in the great poet-kings the two qualities meet and combine, they are not the less in other men distinct and in danger of falling asunder. Where the nature is strong, and the heart full, the poet is apt to rely entirely on this, and to care little for the form to which he entrusts his thoughts. Where the sense of artistic beauty and power of expression predominate, their owner, intent on these, is ever ready to divorce himself from the warmth of life and human interests. This is Mr. Arnold's danger. If we are to judge from these poems, his interest in the poetic art would seem to be stronger than his interest in life, or in those living powers which move the souls of men, and are the fountains of real poetry and of all genuine art. Indeed it is only in proportion as it expresses these that any art is truly valuable. Before he again gives anything to the world, we hope that he will take honest counsel with himself, ask himself the simple question:—What is there which he cares about, for its own sake,—apart from its poetic capabilities, what side of human life, what aspects of nature, what of thought or passion is there, in which he is more at home, about which he feels more intensely than common men do? When he has found this, let him forget the ancient masters and all theories of poetry, and stick to his subject resolutely with his whole heart. For, after all that has been said about it, the soul alone is the true inspirer. Let him be true to this, and seek no other inspiration. And when he has found a self-prompted subject, let him turn on it his full strength of poetic gift and power of expression. These will manifest themselves all the more fully when employed on something which has a real base in human interests, and his future productions will awake a deeper response

in other breasts when he speaks from out of the fulness of his own.

Criticism steps beyond its province when it prescribes limits to the poet, or attempts to dictate what his subject should be, or chains him down to the present. All ages, past, present, and future, are alike open to him. Which he is to choose his own instinct must decide. But some are more promising, because they have a deeper hold on men's minds than others. Therefore we cannot but doubt whether Mr. Arnold, or any man, will succeed in really interesting his countrymen by merely disinterring and reconstructing, however skilfully, the old Greek legends. And we are quite sure, that if he is ever to take permanent possession of men's thoughts it must be in the strength of some better, healthier spirit than the blank dejection of his early poems. Mr. Arnold must learn, if he has indeed to learn, that whatever are the faults or needs of our own time, the heart has not yet died out of it; that if he thinks it bad, it is the duty of poets, and all thoughtful men, to do their part to mend it, not by weak-hearted lamentations, but by appealing to men's energies, their hopes, their moral aspirations. Let him be quite sure that these are still alive, if he can but arouse them, and that if he cannot the fault lies elsewhere than in his age. To arouse, to strengthen, to purify whatever is good in the men of his own and after times, this is the work which the true poet does. A noble work, if any is, and it takes a noble unworldly nature rightly to fulfil it.

"To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier, to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more active and securely virtuous, this is their office, which I trust they will perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves." It was thus that Wordsworth looked forward to the destiny of his own poems at the very time when all the world were combining to scorn them. This calm and invincible confidence was supported, not more by the consciousness of innate power than by the feeling that his poetry had left conventional taste behind it, and struck home into the essential harmony of things. For Mr. Arnold we can have no better wish than that his future efforts may be guided by as true and elevated a purpose, and win for him, according to his measure, as worthy a success.

ART. VIII.—*Siluria. The History of the Oldest known Rocks, containing Organic Remains, with a brief Sketch of the Distribution of Gold over the Earth.* By SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, G.C.St.S., D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S., &c., 8vo, pp. 530. London, 1854.

A PHILOSOPHER placed on the earth's surface,—looking upward into the starry firmament, and downward through the crust of the earth, has his attention drawn to two very different classes of phenomena. The sun and moon—the stars and comets which are seen in the celestial vault, appear to him at the same distance from the earth on which he stands; and when he explores the various rocks and strata, which, without any appearance of order, shew themselves around him, he can neither class them according to their age, nor refer them to the position which they may have formerly occupied in relation to the centre or the surface of the earth. Like the stars which stud the sky, and which seem but lights of different magnitudes and intensities, the rocks and strata of the globe appear but as masses of stone differing in form, in position, or in structure.

In the progress of observation, however, the astronomer is soon convinced that the stars which change their place in the heavens, belong to a group or system to which he himself belongs, and that the other stars among which they move have an independent existence, and a more distant locality. In like manner, the geologist learns to separate the stratified rocks from those deeper masses upon which they rest, and by means of the fossils which they contain, to identify them in different parts of the earth, and ascertain their difference of age, and the relative distances from the centre or the surface of the earth at which they were originally deposited. And as the Solar System with its sun, and planets, and comets, is separated from the sidereal firmament beyond it, so the crust of the earth formed of various strata, of mountain masses, and of insulated stones, is separated from the solid nucleus upon which it rests. By means of powerful telescopes the astronomer has been able to discover binary and multiple systems of stars,—to extend to their motions the laws of terrestrial gravity, and by principles by no means illusory, to sound even the interminable depths of sidereal space; and when his science has been more generally cultivated, and its generalizations more firmly established, the geologist may reasonably expect to penetrate the primæval mass where no trace of life has been found, and perchance to reach even depths where new formations may excite his wonder, and from which new forms of

life may be disinterred. If the astronomer, with the telescope of Lord Rosse, has resolved a nebular mass like a piece of cloud or smoke, into distinct stars, and displayed to the eye of reason new systems of worlds filling the immensity of space, why may not the geologist discover the crusts of more ancient conditions of the globe, separated from each other, and from that which he has himself explored by azoic girdles of erupted rock, analogous to the unoccupied interval which separates our system from the nearest fixed stars, and to the other intervals which separate these systems from other systems still more remote. When the geologist does not scruple to carry back the "beginning" of creation to an epoch preceding the birth of man by myriads of years, upon what principle of reason does he fix it there, and thus limit to an arbitrary date the exercise of that omnipotence which we recognise in the infinity of space? The geologist, whose science is but half a century old, is not more justified in referring the absolute commencement of organic life to the lowest member of the Silurian formation, than Ptolemy would have been in confining the solar system within the orbit of Saturn, or than modern astronomers would be, in limiting the systems of the universe to those of the most distant of the stars whose parallax has been determined.

In following out these speculations, should he venture to entertain them, we trust that the geologist will neither be disturbed in his course, nor deterred from pursuing it by those misinterpretations of Scripture, which, in the case of astronomy, so long placed Religion and Reason at variance, and while he is thus dauntless in the pursuit of truth, that he will at the same time deal tenderly with popular feeling by refraining from those wild hypotheses in which the powers of omnipotence are limited to secondary causes, and periods of almost infinite length demanded for operations which from physical laws, of which we are ignorant, may be more summarily completed. Till the geologist establishes a unit of time as unquestionable as the unit of space in the possession of the astronomer, he will do well to abstain from computations which are startling even to those who make them, and which have been recently used as the foundation of opinions consecrated by religion as well as by science.\* He will not be harassed in his speculations, even by the theologian, if he uses only relative numbers, and recollects that till the earth was launched in its double movement there was neither a day nor a year for measuring the durations that preceded it.

If these views have any degree of plausibility, we may look forward to the future of geology with the same enthusiasm with

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. xxi. p. 22, &c.

which astronomers were inspired when the little tube of Galileo disclosed new secondary planets round Jupiter, or when Lord Rosse's colossal telescope began to convert nebulous matter into sidereal systems. In the meantime, our best preparation for the expansion of geological science, is the accurate examination of the present crust of the earth, and particularly of those early formations, in which the first traces of life have been found. In the survey which has already been made of the superficial and upheaved deposits which form the external covering of our globe, we recognise with national pride the distinguished labours of our own countrymen,—of the dead as well as of the living geologists of Scotland. When geology was in its infancy, it derived its first scientific form from the writings and researches of Dr. Hutton, Professor Playfair, and Sir James Hall, and the geology of Scotland was assiduously studied by Professor Jameson, Dr. Macculloch, Sir George Mackenzie, and Mr. Thomas Allan. With equal pride may we enumerate the living geologists who have succeeded them. Dr. Fleming, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Hugh Miller, Mr. Maclaren, Mr. David Milne, Professor Ramsay, and Professor James Nicol of Aberdeen, have in various ways contributed to the advancement of their favourite science. Without depreciating, however, the brilliant labours of other geologists, whether foreign or domestic, we have no hesitation in stating that it is to Sir Roderick Murchison that we owe the most elaborate and successful investigation and classification of the oldest sedimentary rocks, or those formed by aqueous deposition, in which the earliest traces of vegetable and animal life have been found.

Before we enter upon an analysis of the interesting work in which the results of this investigation are consigned, we shall gratify our readers with some account of the life, writings, and labours of the distinguished individual to whom we owe it; and however meagre be the sketch which we are enabled to give of a career so honourable and eventful, we shall not fail to observe, as we did in the case of Sir Charles Lyell,\* how nobly and disinterestedly the sage pursues his toilsome pilgrimage, how steadily he climbs the steep ascent to the temple of fame, throwing aside the trammels of professional labour, renouncing the wealth and position which it brings, and looking to a grateful posterity for that appreciation of his genius, and that gratitude for his discoveries, which are so seldom extended to the man of science by those who have been most benefited by his labours.

Sir Roderick Murchison was born on the 19th February 1792, at Taradale, a picturesque estate on the Beaully Loch, and was the

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. xiv. p. 543.

eldest son of Kenneth Murchison, Esq. of Taradale, by the sister of General Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Bart., of Fairburn, in the same county,—a distinguished officer, who was second in command at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1795, and subsequently served in the Mediterranean. The Murchisons derive their descent from Colina, (subsequently M'Colmans,) the son of Anselm, a son of Ryan, King of Ulster, who had been driven from his country by the Danes. One of the M'Colmans, called Murdo or Murcho-du, settled in Kintail, in Ross-shire; but the family fell into comparative poverty. One of his descendants, John Murchison, the great-grandfather of our author, who held a Major's commission in King James's army, fell, at the age of thirty-five, in the battle of Sheriffmuir. His grandson Kenneth, our author's father, born in 1752, was educated for the medical profession, and held lucrative appointments in India. He was the friend of Hastings, Impey, and Sullivan; and after his return to Europe he purchased the estate of Taradale from his maternal uncle, Mr. Mackenzie of Lentron. It is a curious circumstance that he kept journals written in Gaelic and in the Greek character,—a fact which may probably have been known to Macpherson and John Home, who had at one time proposed to have the Poems of Ossian printed in the same character. Having, on account of his health, removed to England in 1794,—he died at Bathampton, near Bath, in 1796, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Inheriting the martial spirit of his uncle, young Murchison chose the profession of a soldier, and while imbibing the first elements of learning, at the school of Durham, under Dr. Britton, to which he went in 1799, he exhibited among his school-fellows that daring spirit and recklessness of danger which so well harmonizes with the ambition of military adventure. On one occasion he performed, to the wonder of his school-fellows, the hazardous feat of getting outside of the balustrade of the great tower of the cathedral, and seating himself on a corner spout projecting from a dragon; and at another time he began his career of subterranean exploration by crawling, as we have heard him say, in the society of rats not yet fossilized, along the conduit which begins at the Watergate and terminates at the river Wear, where he was received with open arms by his admiring school-fellows.

From the grammar-school of Durham he went, in 1805, to the Military College of Marlow, where he remained till 1807, when, at the age of fifteen, he got a commission in the 36th regiment of foot. By the interest of his uncle, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, he was transferred to the University of Edinburgh to pursue his studies, at a time when he had a recruiting party under his orders in the town. He was boarded in the house of Mr. Manners,

then bookseller and librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, where he had among his associates the late M. Schwertzkoff, who died when Russian Minister at Florence, and the present Sir Thomas Birch, M.P. for Liverpool, and private secretary to Lord Melbourne when his lordship was Chief Secretary in Ireland. Our young Ensign does not seem to have drawn much wisdom from the Modern Athens, or to have acquired, in his University studies, any knowledge in those branches of science to which he was afterwards devoted.

After he had joined his regiment at Cork, in the winter of 1808, it was moved to Fermoy, when it was suddenly ordered to embark for Portugal under Sir Arthur Wellesley. After the army landed at Lisbon and advanced into the interior, he was present at the battle of Roleia, where General Laborde was defeated on the 17th August; and he carried the colours of his regiment, the 36th, when it so nobly distinguished itself at the battle of Vimiera on the 21st of August. Sir Arthur's despatch specially recommended Colonel Burne, who commanded the 36th, and, what was unusual, he devoted a whole paragraph to the praise of the regiment. Having observed the brilliant charge executed by General (afterwards Sir Ronald) Ferguson's brigade, of which the 36th formed the right, and noticed the manner in which they captured the enemy's guns, and drove them across a moor away from their main body, Sir Arthur followed them at a gallop from the centre, where he had repulsed Junot in person, and reached them only at a hamlet where the French were rallying in their front. At this moment our author's brother Ensign was shot. In the confusion and din of the fight, a shrill voice was heard, "Where are the colours of the 36th?"—"Here, Sir!" replied the young Ensign. The regiment was immediately halted, and the welcome sound of "Very well, my boys," conveyed the satisfaction of their distinguished chief. Our limits will not permit us to follow our young soldier in his military career in the Peninsula. He accompanied the army in its advance to Madrid through cold and snow to meet Soult; and after its retreat, and junction with Sir John Moore, he was present at the battle of Corunna, and shared in all the dangers of that unfortunate event. He was subsequently removed to the staff of his uncle, General Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in Sicily, and afterwards served in the Mediterranean at the siege of Cadiz, and in Ireland as a captain in the Inniskilling or 9th dragoons. Amid the excitements and dangers of war, the germ of science which Nature had planted within him had not yet shown its peaceful foliage, and, though his eye dwelt on the fine gorges and rugged outlines of the mountain ranges between Spain and Portugal,—on the masses of

granite in the famous pass of Guadaramma,—he was not aware that he was treading upon Silurian pavements, which, in other countries, it was to be the business of his life to explore.

In 1815 he married the only daughter of General Hugonin, a lady of congenial taste and great accomplishments; and, considering the married state as incompatible with the duties required from a soldier, he left the service, and sought for amusement and instruction in foreign travel, and, when at home, in the occupations of the sportsman and the fox-hunter. Destined, however, for higher objects, it required only the voice of affection and friendship to remove him to more rational and more congenial pursuits. Herself a good florist and botanist, Lady Murchison attracted him to scientific studies, and having thus been initiated into the temple of knowledge, it was not difficult to fix him at its shrine. When in company with Sir Humphry Davy, and engaged with him in field-sports at the hospitable mansion of the late Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, he was encouraged by that eminent chemist to devote himself to science, and, at his advice, attended the Lectures at the Royal Institution. Here he acquired his first lessons in science between 1822 and 1824, and having been elected a member of the Geological Society in 1825, he at once entered upon the duties of a practical geologist. In the following year he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, and thus took his place among the philosophers of England.

After examining the Brora coal in Sutherlandshire, and showing that it was a member of the Oolitic series, and equal only to the impure coal of the oolite of Scarborough and Whitby, our author visited the Highlands in the following year with Professor Sedgwick, when they succeeded in showing that the primary sandstone of Macculloch was nothing more than the true old red sandstone.

Thus prepared by his geological studies at home, our author, accompanied by Lady Murchison, set out in 1828, along with his distinguished friend Mr. Lyell, to study the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne, and the geology of the north of Italy. In this tour they visited Paris, Auvergne, the south of France, Nice, and Turin. The results of this diversified journey, which Mr. Lyell by himself extended to Rome, Naples, and Sicily, were partly published in his "Principles of Geology," and partly in three Memoirs, the joint production of the two geologists. These Memoirs were on the excavation of Valleys, as illustrated by the volcanic rocks of Central France, on the tertiary strata of the Cantal, and on the tertiary fresh water strata of Aix, in Provence.

After separating from his companion, who continued his

journey to the South, our author crossed the Alps from Venice and Bassano, and in this journey he discovered a key to establish the order of sequence of the Jurassic or Oolitic and Cretaceous rocks, and the Tertiary strata which overlap them; and having in 1829 visited the same mountain chain in the following year, along with Professor Sedgwick, and again in the year 1830 by himself, he was enabled, with the assistance of his friend, to publish a Memoir in the Geological Transactions on the Structure of the Eastern Alps, accompanied by a Geological Map of the chain.

After these explorations of the Alps, Sir Roderick directed his attention to the geology of his own country. He had been led by his friend and instructor Dr. Buckland to explore the banks of the Wye between Hay and Builth, in the hope of discovering evidences of order among those masses of rock to which the unmeaning term of *grauwacke* had been applied, and he was thus led to study those vast and regular deposits of a remote age, which are most clearly displayed in that part of Wales and England which was occupied by the Silures, and which he called the *Silurian System*. After having established the existence of the system in the counties of Shropshire, Hereford, Montgomery, and Radnor, he traced it to the southwest, through the counties of Brecknock and Caermarthen, and finally discovered the whole succession of the upper and lower Silurian rocks, in the sea cliffs to the west of Milford Haven,—the only place in the British Isles where the whole series, down to an unfossiliferous base, is seen to be regularly surmounted by the Old Red Sandstone.

These views were first published in the proceedings of the Geological Society and in the Philosophical Magazine, between the years 1832 and 1835, both inclusive; the term *Silurian* having been applied to the series in the last mentioned year. At that time it was believed that the great slaty masses of North Wales, which had been under the survey of Professor Sedgwick, but whose fossils had not been made known, were inferior in position to the formations which had been classed, and whose fossils had been identified, as *Silurian*. This belief continued to be in force when the large work entitled the "*Silurian System*" was published, (1839,) the *supposed* lower rocks having been termed *Cambrian* in 1836, by their explorer, Professor Sedgwick; it being then presumed that this would prove to contain a distinct group of organic remains. When the masses, however, to which the name *Cambrian* had been given, were examined in detail by the numerous geologists of the Government Survey, and were thus, for the first time, placed in correlation with the previously established Silurian strata, it was found that the great

and apparently chaotic pile of Snowdon, though full of porphyry and other igneous rocks, was nothing more than the absolute physical equivalent of the Llandeilo formation of the Lower Silurian, and hence these gentlemen, with the entire approval of Sir H. De la Beche, the founder of the great National Geological Museum in the metropolis, restricted the term Cambrian to the underlying grauwacke without fossils. When we add to these considerations the fact that Silurian fossils are alone found in what were called Cambrian rocks, we cannot avoid adopting the opinion expressed fourteen years ago in one of his anniversary addresses by Sir R. Murchison on his return from Russia, and which has since been maintained by the great body of geologists,—Continental, American, and British,—that the so-called “Cambrian” rocks which contain fossils, are merely geographical extensions (under those different mineral characters so admirably described by Professor Sedgwick) of the lower Silurian deposits of the typical region of Sir R. Murchison in Shropshire and the adjacent counties. But passing by this subject of nomenclature, the difference about which is feelingly alluded to in his preface by our author, we cannot view the question as affecting the acknowledged merits of the distinguished Cambridge Professor, who, whatever be the names of the rocks, will ever occupy the same lofty place in the history of geology to which his labours have so justly entitled him, and whose praises are emphatically recorded in the volume under review by his associate in many a field of research.

Without particularly noticing the two journeys which were performed by our author and Professor Sedgwick in 1835 and 1839 into the Rhenish provinces, including the Hartz district and Franconia on the one side, and Belgium and the Boullonais on the other, in the last of which they were accompanied by M. de Verneuil, we must hasten to give a brief account\* of the remarkable journeys which he made to Russia in 1840 and 1841, in company with M. Verneuil, whom he invited to accompany him. Our geologists reached St. Petersburg in the summer of 1840, and after visiting the banks of the rivers Volkof and Siass, and the shores of Lake Onega, they proceeded to Archangel, and the borders of the White Sea, and followed the river Dwina into the Government of Vologda. After traversing to the Volga they returned by Moscow to St. Petersburg, examining the Valdai Hills, Lake Ilmen, and the banks of the rivers which they passed. Mr. Murchison returned to England in 1840; but having, along with M. Verneuil, been

\* In this *Journal*, vol. v. p. 183, where we have reviewed “The Geology of Russia in Europe,” our readers will find a fuller account of these journeys, and of their results.

invited by the Emperor to superintend a geological survey of Russia, our two geologists travelled overland to St. Petersburg in the spring of 1841, and being joined by Count Keyserling and Lieutenant Koksharof, they proceeded to explore the Ural Mountains, the southern provinces of the empire, and the coal districts between the Dnieper and the Don. In order to render his great work on Eastern Europe as perfect as possible, our author alone travelled, in 1842, through several parts of Germany, Poland, and the Carpathian Mountains; and, with the same objects in view, he explored successfully, in the summer of 1844, the Palæozoic formations of Sweden and Norway. He afterwards revisited St. Petersburg, and after communicating with Count Keyserling on the subject of the Petchora and Timan country, which had been explored by that geologist, and examining some newly-discovered natural relations of the strata, not very distant from the capital, he returned to England, and completed in 1845, in conjunction with M. de Verneuil, that magnificent work on the geology of Russia and the Ural Mountains, of which we have given a full account in a preceding article.

Before quitting our enumeration of the geological works of Sir Roderick Murchison which preceded the one now under review, we must notice his remarkable treatise on the Alps, Apennines, and Carpathians, published by the Geological Society, in which, after visiting the Alps for the sixth time, he clearly separated the great Nummulite formation from the chalk and other cretaceous deposits with which it had been confounded. This treatise was translated and published in Professors Savi and Menegheiri's work entitled *Le Alpi et gli Apennini*, in which they adopt the general views of the English geologists, and append to it the details of their own observations on the geology of Tuscany. In addition to the works we have enumerated, Mr. Murchison has published upwards of a *hundred* memoirs, a list of which will be found in the *Bibliographia* of Agassiz, published by the late Mr. Hugh Strickland.

But it is not merely by his geological discoveries and writings that Sir Roderick Murchison has earned the gratitude of his country and his reputation in the world of science. After having for five years discharged the arduous duties of secretary to the Geological Society, he filled the office of president in the years 1831 and 1832, and 1842 and 1843. When the British Association assembled at York for the first time in 1831, he was one of the few geologists that responded to the invitation of its founder, and fully appreciating the value of such an institution, he discharged the arduous duties of general secretary for several years, and was president of the Southampton Meeting in 1846. In the important discussions which took place in the geological

section he took an active part; he communicated many important papers to its different meetings, and at Ipswich in 1851 he succeeded in establishing the new section of physical geography, ethnology, and philology, thus removing geography from the geological section, in which it was overborne by more popular topics of discussion.

Not less important have been the services of Sir Roderick to the Royal Geographical Society, now one of the most popular and flourishing institutions in the kingdom. When the Society was not in its most active state, he was raised to its presidency in 1844, and was re-elected in 1845; and the energy and talent which he displayed in promoting the objects of the Society are sufficiently shewn in the two printed annual addresses which it is the duty of the president to deliver. At that time the Society had no house of their own, no suitable apartments for the reception for their numerous collections of maps and charts; and hence during the year of the Great Exhibition, in 1851, when the Emperor of Austria presented to it the valuable framed maps which were exhibited in the Crystal Palace, no other place could be found for them than the walls of the staircase which led to their small meeting room. This was not the proper condition of a society which bore the name of *Royal*, and adjudged annually two royal medals; and the indifference of British Ministers to the interests of science, even when the nation derives from it the most palpable advantages, is well displayed in their treatment of this most useful institution. Sir Roderick Murchison had, in 1844 and 1845, failed in obtaining from Sir Robert Peel any pecuniary aid, and when, during his second presidency in 1852, he made a new appeal to the nation, he might have equally failed, had he not proposed that the Society should repay any obligation conferred upon it by the Government, by "rendering one of its rooms a *map office* of the British nation, in which all persons might have access to maps, charts, and plans, many thousands in number." This appeal to the utilitarian conscience succeeded, and we believe that it was chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Joseph Hume that the sum of £500 was wrested from the national purse, never closed but against science, to enable the Geographical Society to receive presents from foreign sovereigns, and carry on researches, honourable to the nation, and subservient to the highest interests of its trade and commerce. We have reason to believe that Sir Robert Peel was ashamed of his illiberality to the Geographical Society. We know at least that after he had associated, as he did in the latter part of his life, with many of our most distinguished men of science, he did more to promote its interests than all the Ministers that preceded him, and all those, too, that have fol-

lowed him as the advisers of the Crown. Had his valuable life been spared, the science of England would have wanted neither money from the Treasury to advance its interests, nor honours from the Crown to reward and stimulate its cultivators. His successors have yet to learn, as he did, the national value of education and knowledge, and require to be taught that if they have not the liberality to foster and extend the educational institutions of the country, it is at least their duty to maintain them, and especially those of Scotland, of which her Majesty is the visitor, in the possession of their original endowments.

Among the other services to his country, and one for which his native Scotland owes him peculiar obligations, we must not omit the great and successful exertions which he made to promote the Ordnance Survey of Scotland. While £850,000 was expended on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, in procuring for that country a magnificent map on the scale of *six inches to a mile*, almost nothing was done for the map of Scotland, though the survey of the country commenced in the last century. Humiliated by the reflection that Scotland stands almost alone in Europe as a kingdom without a good general map, and experiencing how much geologists and engineers were perplexed by the want of such an auxiliary in their researches, Sir Roderick roused the public attention to the fact in 1834. The British Association in 1834 presented to Government a memorial on the subject, which was printed in 1835 by order of the House of Commons; and the Royal Highland Society, and other public bodies, seconded their exertions. The apathy of the Government, however, to every thing like science, and especially to Scottish interests, was not overcome even by their powerful influence; and a fresh agitation in 1850 was required to awaken the Scottish members to a due sense of the interests which they had unwarrantably neglected, and obtain from a reluctant Legislature the necessary means for carrying on and completing the survey of Scotland.\* A grant of £25,000, and subsequently of £35,000 per annum was made to this great work; but judging from the past, and knowing how little trust is to be placed in public men who have been driven to the discharge of a duty, not by the impulse of knowledge, but by an overwhelming pressure from without, we fear that the necessities of war will be employed as an excuse for neglecting this and all the other works of peace.

We have already had occasion, in a previous article, to mention the honours and rewards which were conferred upon Sir Roderick Murchison, by the Emperor of Russia, in consideration of his services in investigating the geological structure of that

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. v. p. 218.

vast empire.\* The scientific institutions of Europe have equally recognised his services to science, and we find his name in the list of members of the Imperial Academies of Science of St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Copenhagen, in that of the corresponding members of the Imperial Institute of France, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Trustees of the British Museum. In enumerating these honours, we may add that he has long been an active member of the Royal Society of London, and that he has received the honorary degree of M.A. from the universities of Cambridge and Durham, and of D.C.L. from that of Oxford. In 1846 he received the honour of British knighthood—the cheap reward which an ungrateful country offers in exchange, to-day, for professional sacrifices and national benefits; to-morrow, for political subserviency and corruption. The last service which Sir Roderick has performed to geological science is the publication of the work entitled *Siluria*, of which we shall now proceed to give our readers a brief account.

After giving some hypothetical views concerning the production of the earliest sediments formed under water, our author devotes the *first* chapter of his work to an account of his original Silurian researches, and of the leading object of his work, which was “to bring out the *Silurian System*, not as a mere abridgment of its original form, but such as it finally became in the year 1849, when it was honoured by the highest distinction which the Royal Society can bestow, namely, the adjudication of the Copley medal; and then he gives “a popular sketch of the immense accumulation of those sedimentary strata, which succeeded to the primary state of the planet, and in which the remains of the earliest known animals are entombed.” In his *second* chapter he treats of the base of the Silurian rocks, and the earliest zone of former life. In studying the most ancient rocks, containing the traces of fossil animals, they are found to vary greatly in structure and outline in the different countries where they have been found. In Russia, these primæval deposits are merely hillocks of slightly adhering mud, marl, and sand, and have scarcely any resemblance to the hard slaty rocks of North Wales. In the Ural chain these soft rocks have been converted, by the action of heat, pressure, and other causes, into crystalline schists, limestones, and quartz rocks. In

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\* The illiberal treatment of the Scottish Universities by the Government is a grievance which has not been brought forward as it ought to have been by the Association organized for the redress of Scottish Grievances. The Treaty of Union binds England to maintain all our Scottish Universities—that is, to keep up their buildings and maintain their endowments, not merely as they were a century and a half ago, but in conformity with the changes in social life. They have not even maintained them as they stood at the time of the Union.

like manner, in North America, the ordinary sandstone, shale, and limestone, of the United States and the British provinces, have been converted into crystalline rocks, throughout the vast prairies stretching westward to the sources of the Missouri. This is the change to which geologists have given the name of metamorphosis. These rocks are therefore of the same age, as indicated by similar groups of organic remains, notwithstanding the great difference in their mineral aspect in different localities. Owing to this difference of structure, the Silurian rocks, in different countries, assume many external forms. In Russia they form level plains, or low plateaus, while in mountainous countries, where they consist of schists originally of mud, the shales and schists are changed into hard slates, the sandstone into quartz rock, and the limestone into crystalline marble, they rise into striking peaks, or form abrupt cliffs.

The fundamental crystalline rocks on which the Silurian formations rest, do not contain the slightest vestiges of life. In Scandinavia, and in parts of North America, these primary rocks include granitic gneiss, mica-schist, as well as metalliferous schists, and quartzose crystalline masses, while in Bohemia, Britain, and portions of North America, the bottom rocks are thick buttresses of earlier sedimentary accumulations of sandstone, schist, or slate, which, though not more crystalline than the fossiliferous beds above them, have yet afforded no trace of plants or animals, except in Ireland, where a zoophyte has been detected in them. Hence it appears that out of the pre-existing rocks of granite and gneiss, there have been formed sedimentary rocks, in which a bare trace of life has been found, and that above these lie the lower Silurian, in which the first distinct group of organic remains occurs. To the sedimentary rocks without life, the Longmynd rocks, the Government surveyors have restricted the name of *Cambrian*, simply implying that no traces of the Silurian forms of life have hitherto been found in them. The lowest beds of the Silurian formations contain casts of fucoids, and a few crustaceans, molluscs, and graptolites.

The lower Silurian rocks, described in the 3d chapter, are those of the Llandeilo formation, consisting of slates, schists, sandstone, limestone, and interpolated igneous rocks. In the lower schistose parts the prevailing fossils are graptolites, little serrated creatures, supposed by some to belong to the living virgularia, and by others to corallina or sertularia. They have been divided into four genera, and have been found exclusively in the Silurian system; but it is only when the genera display a double set of serratures in the same species, that, when other signs are absent, the observer may presume that he is examining

the lower Silurian. The pictorial views and vertical sections which illustrate this chapter are particularly instructive to the general reader.

The next portion of the lower Silurian, which forms the subject of Chap. IV., is the Caradoc formation, as developed in North Wales, Radnorshire, and typified in the adjacent counties of England. Like the older sandstone and conglomerate of the Llandeilo division, the Caradoc is generally a hard untractable and siliceous rock, having many courses of shale or schist, but so few traces of calcareous matter, and seldom any well-preserved fossils, that it resembles closely the very oldest grauwacke grits of the bottom rocks. In parts of Wales and Shropshire, the Caradoc is either transgressive or unconformable to the inferior schists. In the wild tracts east of Bala, on the contrary, it rests conformably for many miles, on lofty escarpments on the Llandeilo slaty schists, and in the western parts of Radnorshire, on the same schists, overlaid conformably by the Wenlock strata. In the west of Longmynd, in Shropshire, and in some parts of Wales, there is a break between the Llandeilo and Caradoc formations, (which in many parts constitute by their fossils one formation only,) and the uppermost Caradoc of the author; but this is a phenomenon purely local; and even where these formations are physically united, no effect has been produced to destroy the races of animals which inhabited the seas at that period. The more characteristic fossils are the same in both formations. After an interesting description of the lower Silurian of the Malvern hills, so admirably given by Professor Phillips, and an account of the calcareous zone which separates the lower and the upper Silurian, Sir Roderick proceeds, in his *fifth* chapter, to give an account of the latter.

The upper Silurian rocks consist of two formations, to which he has given the names of the Wenlock and Ludlow. Above the summit of the upper Caradoc sandstone is found the dull argillaceous Wenlock shale, with the lower or Woolhope limestone. This is succeeded by shale, followed by the Wenlock limestone. Then comes the lower Ludlow; the middle Ludlow, or Aymestry limestone; then the upper Ludlow; and then the bottom of the Old Red Sandstone. The prevailing fossils of the Wenlock shale, exclusive of trilobites, are similar to those of the Wenlock limestone. This limestone, which is identical with that of Dudley, consists of thick grey masses, sometimes of a light pink colour, highly charged with encrinites, and replete with corals. The rock, which is concretionary, contains occasionally large concretions, termed "ballstones," which have sometimes a diameter of 80 feet. They are extracted as a good flux for smelting ore, and thus leave large caverns in the quar-

ries. This limestone is scarcely to be recognised, from its thinness, in Brecon, Caermarthen, and Pembroke; but is copiously and instructively developed in the districts of Malvern, Woolhope, Mayhill, and Uske. It rises into various domes near Dudley, the chief of which are the Castlehill, the Wren's-nest, &c., which have received their inflated and arched form from the subterranean action of the igneous basaltic rocks. The limestone being about 300 feet thick, the total thickness of the formation will be about 1000 feet. In North Wales, where the limestone is wanting, the formation is about 2000 feet.

The Ludlow formation, described in Chap. VI., consists, in its lower member, of the same argillaceous masses as those of the underlying Wenlock mudstone. The central portion is generally a dark grey limestone, and the upper member an imperfect thin bedded, earthy building stone, occasionally graduating lithologically and conformably into the lowest beds of the old red or Devonian rocks. The finest examples of the lower Ludlow bed are seen in the deep excavation of the Ludlow promontory. Calcareous nodules surrounding an orthoceras, a trilobite, or some other fossil, are often found in it. These strata are separated from the Aymestry limestone, by soft soapy beds of fuller's or "Walker's" earth, which occasions landslips and subsidences, one of the most remarkable of which, affecting fifty acres, and called Palmer's cairn landslip, occurs to the south-west of Ludlow at Churnbank. The *central member* of the Ludlow formation, or the Aymestry or Ludlow limestones, is an indigo or bluish-grey limestone, extensively quarried for use, and well exposed at the beautiful village of Aymestry, where layers of fossil shells mark the laminæ of deposit. The predominant fossil is the *Pentamerus Knightii*. Besides this, it contains many of the shells, corals, and trilobites common to the subjacent Wenlock limestone. The upper Ludlow rock, which is very diversified in its structure, exhibits an interesting transition from its highest members into the overlying Old Red. Its lowest stratum is the calcareous shelly bed forming the roof of the Aymestry limestone, and occasionally attains a thickness of 30 or 40 feet. This is surmounted by grey argillaceous masses running into large spheroids containing little concretions of clay, which decompose, leaving small elliptic cavities like swallow nests. The chief portion of the upper Ludlow is generally a slightly micaceous thin-bedded stone of a bluish-grey colour within. It is principally in this member of the formation that the best defined organic remains are found. They consist of Annelida Crinoidia, Trilobites, Crustacea, Brachiopoda, Lamelli-branchiata, Gasteropoda, Pteropoda, Heteropoda, and Cephalopoda, beautiful engravings of which are given in 37 plates; while a multitude of other forms are repre-

sented in 46 woodcuts. Of these fossils 100 are common to the upper and lower Silurian rocks.

The upper Ludlow rock is the most interesting division of the upper Silurian, from its being the oldest band in which any remains of fishes and land plants have been discovered. The bone-bed of this formation is a matted mass of bony fragments. Some of the fragments of fish were of a mahogany hue, but others so brilliantly black as to resemble a heap of broken beetles. The fish remains are minute, and among these are Shagreen scales, and certain fish defences, with coprolites, probably of plectodus, and containing encrinite stems and shells of the upper Ludlow rock. In the sandy beds above, the remains of carbonized vegetables are found, among which are very minute globular or spherical bodies, called "Baionites" in the "Silurian System," but which Dr. Hooker has ascertained to be the seeds or spawn of some cryptogamic land plant of the natural order of *Lycopodiaceæ*. In closing this brief notice of the Silurian System in Wales, we cannot avoid calling the attention of our readers to the remarkable fact of the universal absence of every vertebrated animal in all the lower deposits of the Silurian age; and if this fact is not contradicted by subsequent discoveries, we cannot refuse to admit it as an argument indicating a progress in creation, but not a progress by development. The onchus of the uppermost Silurian rock, the *O. tenuistriatus* and *Murchisoni*, are true bony fin defences, such as were possessed by many placoid fishes of the old rocks,—fishes of the highest and most composite order, exhibiting no symptom whatever of transition from a lower to a higher grade of the family, the first created fish being as wonderfully constructed as any now living in our seas. "The one or two small fishes," says our author, "which we have just been considering, may be viewed as the heralds which announced the close of the Silurian era, and the introduction of the numerous other families of this class, which thenceforward are found in sediments of every succeeding age."

In his *seventh* chapter, our author gives some account of the Silurian rocks of Great Britain, which are found in Cornwall, the north-west of England, Scotland, and Ireland; but their succession is nowhere so clearly defined as in Siluria. In Cornwall the succession is not to be recognised, owing to the alteration and dislocation of the strata. According to Professor Sedgwick the strata are even inverted, the lower Silurian overlying the Old Red or Devonian rock. In Cumberland, too, where the lowest members rise into Skiddaw and Saddleback, the inferior masses of crystallized schists, passing downwards into chianstolite slate, are so metamorphosed by irruptive granitic rock, that they exhibit no regular order.

Silurian rocks, and especially their lower beds, occupy a large region in the south of Scotland. In the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh they appear in considerable masses, spreading out largely over the counties of Selkirk, Peebles, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Galloway, Wigton, and Ayr, constituting what have been called the south Highlands. Our author considers the purple hard grauwacke to the north of Dumfries as the bottom rocks of the Silurian, and the true south Scottish axis,—an opinion which has been confirmed by Mr. Harkness and by Professor Nicol, who has satisfied himself that the real axis of the old unfossiliferous grauwacke ranges by Teviotdale. In Ayrshire the full order of the lower Silurian masses is not developed; but the higher strata, particularly near Girvan, are more copiously charged with fossils than any rocks of this age in Scotland. The fossil promontories of Kirkcudbright, which are certainly Silurian, overlie the great mass of the older Silurians,—contain a fauna of a younger date than any other part of Scotland, and are referable to the Wenlock formation. In the south of Scotland great masses of igneous rocks have been intruded among the Silurian rocks, and the schists in contact with them have been highly metamorphosed; and hence our author has been led to the opinion that certain bands of clayslate, chloritic and micaceous schists of the southern zone of the Highlands, with their interstratified limestones, are probably nothing more than metamorphosed Silurian rocks.

Rocks unquestionably Silurian occupy a large part of Ireland; but notwithstanding the labours of Colonel Portlock, Mr. Griffith, the Government surveyors, Professor Nicol, and our author, much remains to be done in their examination. A high degree of metamorphism is exhibited in the Lower Silurians of Wicklow and Connemara.

The thickness of the Silurian rocks in Britain has been pretty accurately estimated. Professor Nicol thinks that those in the south of Scotland cannot be less than 50,000 feet. The Longmynd or bottom rocks of Shropshire are said to be 26,000 feet thick, and the lower Silurian 14,000, swelling out to 19,000 feet. The Caradoc sandstone is about 4000 or 5000 feet thick, so that the sedimentary strata measure about 50,000 feet, the lower half of which has no fossils. The upper Silurian nowhere exceeds 5000 or 6000 feet. Hence the whole of the fossiliferous Silurians in England and Wales, from the *Lingula* beds to the Ludlow rocks inclusive, have the enormous thickness of about 30,000 feet; and adding the unconformable underlying mass of fossils, “we have a pile of subaqueous deposits reaching to the stupendous thickness of 50,000 feet, or upwards of ten miles.”

Passing over our author's two next chapters, the 8th and



Miller 'the frame' in which the crystalline rocks are set. In other words, it is the rough mantle which has been thrown over their shoulders and sides. That this deposit was of enormous thickness, and occupied a very long period in its formation, is manifest to every one who surveys either the east or west coasts of the Highlands. In the latter the deposit is chiefly known as a coarse conglomerate, or a hard red sandstone, which "rests in layers more or less horizontal, in low and gnarled bosses of crystalline gneiss, out of which, and other ancient rocks, the conglomerate has been formed."

Referring our readers to our review of Sir Roderick Murchison's *Geology of Russia*,\* and Mr. Hugh Miller's *Footprints of Creation*,† for an account of the Old Red Sandstone and its fossils, of which there are no fewer than sixty-five genera and species,‡ we must claim for Sir Roderick and Professor Sedgwick the merit of having discovered the equivalents of the Old Red Sandstone, in the stratified rocks of Devonshire and Cornwall, and of having given them the name of Devonian, a discovery which has been confirmed by the researches of Sir Henry De La Beche, Professor Philips, and other geologists. The identity of these formations was subsequently confirmed by the researches of Sedgwick and Murchison in the Rhenish provinces, and placed beyond a doubt by the observations of our author and Messrs. Verneuil and Keyserling, in central Russia, who found, in the very same strata, the identical species of the Old Red Scottish fishes of Miller and Agassiz, mingled with the species of molluscs very common in the Devonshire strata. As none of the Devonian shells, however, are found in Scotland, and none of the Scottish fishes in Devonshire, it had been argued that the formations might be different, notwithstanding the proofs of identity derived from superposition and intercalation. This distribution of life was regarded by our author as depending on the local condition of the old sea bottoms; and owing to the vast extent of the formation in Russia, he was enabled to confirm this opinion. Throughout hundreds of miles, where all the strata are sandy, like those of Scotland, the remains were those of fishes, but in getting into a region where the mineral condition of the strata of Scotland and Devon were united, the ichthyo-

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. v. p. 187.

† *Ib.*, vol. xii. p. 443.

‡ Since these works were published, Mr. P. Duff of Elgin has discovered, in the light coloured sandstones of Elgin, on the south side of the Moray Frith, (strata classed by Professor Sedgwick and our author as the upper division of the Old Red Sandstone,) the small air-breathing and oldest known reptile, the *telepeton Elginense* of Mantell, about three inches long. See *Quart. Journ. Geol. Society*, vol. viii. p. 97.

lites of the Old Red Sandstone of Scotland were found united in the same strata with the marine mollusca of Devonshire.\*

We have already seen that there were no traces of land plants in the great mass of the Silurian system, and that it was only in their uppermost strata, where they mingle with the Old Red, that a very few traces of land plants have been discovered. Even in the Old Red such plants are rare, and only prevail as we pass into the carboniferous system, the consideration of which occupies our author's *eleventh* chapter. This formation is distinguished by the remains, sometimes in the form of coal, of a rank and luxurious vegetation, which must have occupied extensive areas of land, from the arctic to nearly the equatorial zone. The great mass of these plants belong to the vascular cryptogamic class, indicating the peculiar vegetation of an intertropical climate, which disappears in the younger primæval strata, and has never been again reproduced. The celebrated fossil botanist, Professor Goppert, who has himself discovered a number of species, estimates the total number of known species of fossil plants at 934, which he thus distributes:—

	Number.
1. <i>Cellulares</i> , including the fungi, algæ, &c., . . . . .	19
2. <i>Vasculares</i> , . . . . .	915
Total, . . . . .	934
Of the <i>vasculares</i> we have—	
Cryptogamous plants, ferns, calamites, asterophyllites, and club mosses, . . . . .	772
Dicotyledinous plants, such as cycads, conifers, &c., . . . . .	94

The carboniferous rocks do not differ essentially from many of the older ones in their principal lithological characters. Like those of the Silurian and Devonian æra they contain beds of shale, sandstone, pebbles, or conglomerate, and limestone, but they have seldom a true slaty cleavage. The calcareous and inferior members of the system are more developed towards the North than in South Wales, and they expand strikingly in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland. In some of the coal tracts, as at Dudley and Wolverhampton, the carboniferous limestone, the base of the system, is wanting. In the central and southern parts of England their general relations are as follows:—

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\* For an account of the organic remains in the Old Red Sandstone, our author refers to Dr. Fleming's paper in the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural Science*, vol. iii. Dr. Fleming has recently assured Sir Roderick, that the fruit-like body found in Fife, and in the Arbroath paving stones of Forfarshire, is not the egg of a mollusc, or of a batrachian, as conjectured by Sir C. Lyell and Dr. Mantell, but a vegetable.

Old Red Sandstone, upper beds.

1. Limestone shale.
2. Carboniferous limestone.
3. Millstone grit.
4. Coal and ironstone.
5. Main coalfields.
6. Upper coal, with a peculiar limestone.
7. Red Sandstone, base of Permian rocks.

Permian rocks, lower beds.

After describing the beautiful Stackpole cliffs of carboniferous limestone in Wales, and the remarkable outburst of eruptive basalt which has risen through and overflowed the coal at Cornbrook coal basin in the Clee hills, our author gives an account of the lower carboniferous rocks in Ireland, which are proved to be of exclusively marine origin, from the multitude of well preserved fossils, amounting to 500 species, according to Mr. Griffith. In most of the productive coalfields which overlie the shale, limestone, and millstone grit of the lower carboniferous series, which is everywhere of marine origin, all traces of marine life disappear, and we find only huge accumulations of terrestrial, lacustrine, or fluviatile origin. "In South Wales," says our author, "where the coal measures are estimated to attain the great thickness of 12,000 feet, and one hundred beds are intercalated at various levels, we have undeniable evidence of successive terrestrial conditions—each of these coal seams (as shewn by Mr. Logan) having immediately beneath it a band of sandy shale called underclay, and abounding in *stigmara*, or the *roots* of *sigillaria*, one of the plants out of which coal has been generated."

Our author concludes this interesting chapter with a brief account of the organic remains in the lower and upper carboniferous formations. In the superior coal strata the trilobites become extinct, and there appears for the first time a *limulus*, which is typified in the present day by the great king crab of the Indian seas. The larger orthoceratites also disappear at this period, and with them most of the genera of cephalopods, which have a simple form of air-chamber, their office as "successors of the ancient seas" being taken in the triassic and later secondary strata by other groups of cephalopods, such as *ceratites*, *ammonites*, &c., in which the air-chambers are minutely foliated at their edges.

We have already mentioned the occurrence of one air breathing reptile in the Upper Devonian rocks, simultaneously with the appearance of land plants. It was therefore to be expected that reptiles would be found in the carboniferous strata along with its mass of terrestrial vegetables. Two have accordingly



of Scandinavia and Russia ;"—the *fourteenth*, describing the primæval succession in Germany and Belgium ;—the *fifteenth*, containing an account of the Silurian, Devonian, and carboniferous rocks of France, Spain, Portugal, and Sardinia ;—and the *sixteenth*, describing the succession of primæval rocks in America.

But before quitting this part of our subject, we cannot avoid noticing, what is particularly interesting at the present moment, the very limited extent of coal in the Russian empire. So early as 1841 Sir Roderick Murchison justly remarked, "that without coal no modern people can become great, either as manufacturers or in the *naval art of war*," and "that Great Britain has an almost exclusive monopoly of this mighty agent, since the carbonaceous tracts of France are well known to be valueless for all great purposes." Even in the great Western Continent coal almost disappears where the English language ceases to be spoken ; and Sir Roderick remarks the singularity of "this correlation between the spread of Englishmen and the presence of that mineral which is destined to be their great palladium." In Russia there is no valuable and unbroken coal field ; and if, in the progress of cultivation, her forests disappear, she has very little mineral fuel to supply their place. There is, indeed, a coal field upon the Donetz, but it is very distant from Petersburg and Moscow, and it may not be of sufficient value for transportation to the Black Sea. In the carboniferous system which occupies the vast territory between the Volga and the Ural Mountains, there occur, only at intervals very rare and thin, traces of coal ; and it is certain that "*the place of the great upper coal fields of England is unoccupied by any due representative in the Russian empire.*"

"With a knowledge of the fact," said Sir Roderick in 1841, "that the great provinces which surround her metropolitan cities do not contain coal, wise and prudent men, such as the Emperor and his ministers are generally allowed to be, can never wish to be on bad terms with that state which supplies Russia with the fuel by which her steam vessels and her rail carriages are now propelled, and this, too, at a price not amounting to that which the inhabitants of London pay for the same commodity.

"The Duke of Wellington, in alluding, on a late occasion, to the invidious interpretations put by some among us on the plans and designs of Russia, said, in his usual spirit of fairness, that he saw no reason for doubting that her official language had been, and was, in unison with her intentions. We are sure it has been in unison with her most essential interests. The mart which Great Britain affords to this ally of three hundred years' standing for her grain, timber, tallow, and flax, is no trifle ; and every puff of smoke from a steamer in the Neva must remind her of the old friend who now furnishes her with that material, without which she must cease to advance in

manufactures and naval enterprise. Mr. Bremner\* confesses openly, that having entered the country imbued with prejudices, he left it with a high respect for the people, and with changed views regarding their government. We did not carry with us the prepossessions of which he got rid, but we heartily concur in his closing hope, 'that Russia and England may long continue united by a friendship which has hitherto stood firm under many rude assaults, and which is alike honourable and advantageous to the two greatest empires in the world.'

This Christian and pacific wish has, alas, been sadly disappointed. The friend and ally of England has been placed in the position of its bitterest enemy. A Christian monarch, in defence of Christian rights, has been suddenly denounced as a fiend; and, as in private quarrels, every virtue is overlooked, every defect exaggerated, and every vice and crime imputed to a sovereign who was yesterday our friend. Under such influences a frantic people has hurried the nation into war, the result of which no prophetic eye can foresee. But judging from the experience of the past, we have no hesitation in predicting, whatever be the results of the struggle, that when England's treasure has been spent, and England's blood shed, the wisdom of Lord Aberdeen, in his efforts to preserve peace, will, when too late, be understood and appreciated.†

The seventeenth chapter of *Siluria* is very properly devoted to an account of the "original formation of gold, and its subsequent distribution in debris over parts of the earth's surface." Gold has never been found in any appreciable quantity in any of the rocks of the secondary or tertiary deposits. It has been imparted abundantly only to the ancient rocks or to their associated eruptive rocks. "The most usual original position of the metal," says our author, "is in quartzose veinstones, that traverse altered palæozoic slates frequently near their junction with eruptive rocks. Sometimes, however, it is also shown to be diffused through the body of such rocks, whether of igneous or of aqueous origin. The stratified rocks of the highest antiquity, such as the old gneiss and quartz rocks, (like those, for example, of Scandinavia and the northern Highlands of Scotland,) have very seldom borne gold; but the sedimentary accumulations which followed, or the Silurian, Devonian, and carboniferous, (particularly the first of these three,) have been the deposits

\* *Excursions in the Interior of Russia*. By Robert Bremner, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo, 1839.

† Our readers may derive some instruction respecting the person and character of the Czar from a perusal of the late Marquis of Londonderry's "Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe," and the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxvii. p. 348. The philosophers of England will be the last to join in the vulgar attacks upon a sovereign who has been the greatest benefactor, among European princes, to science and scientific men.

which, in the tracts where they have undergone a metamorphosis, or change of structure, by the influence of igneous agency, or other causes, have been the *chief* sources from which gold has been derived."

Although gold has been found in different parts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, yet "no rich auriferous sand or gravel is known in any part of the British Isles," and hence our author believes that "the quantity of gold originally imparted to the rocks was small, and was to a great extent exhausted." "Crushing machines, however," he adds, "and the improved application of mercury, may indeed liberate a notable quantity of ore from a matrix of apparently slight value."

In England gold occurs in a few places in Cornwall and Devon. Fragments of the size of a pigeon's egg have been rarely found in the gravel from which tin ore is extracted. It is most productive in the Poltimore mine, near North Molton, in Devon, and in certain schists of the Devonian or lowest carboniferous strata.

In South Wales, gold was obtained by the Romans near Pump Saint, west of Llandovery, from large veinstones of quartz. In North Wales, it is still found in some of the older slaty rocks of Merionethshire. Small flakes of gold are distinctly visible in the saccharoid quartz veinstone at Cwm-eisen-isafand and Dol-y-frwnog. In the last of these localities Professor Ansted found so much gold, that in a small quantity removed by himself from one of the threads, or thin veins, the proportion upon analysis was that of sixty ounces to the ton!

In Scotland it was formerly found in the lower Silurian slates of Lead-hills which have been penetrated by porphyries and other igneous rocks; and near Lochearn Head, on the Marquis of Breadalbane's property, a metalliferous veinstone has recently been found to be impregnated with gold.\*

In Ireland it is found in the Silurian schists of Wicklow, fragments being occasionally picked up in the rivulets which descend from Croghan-Kinshela. Lord Wicklow possesses "pepitas" of this Irish gold, the largest of which are about two inches long. They are free from quartz, and were found in the debris or coarse gravel, on that slope of the hill where a rivulet descends through the property of the Earl of Carysfort.

The history of the gold diggings of modern times is full of interest both in its relation to geology and to political economy. The dependence of this precious metal on certain geological or

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\* The reader will find some very curious details respecting the gold of Scotland, in "*The Discovery and History of the Gold Mines in Scotland.*" By STEPHEN ATKINSON, written in the year 1619," and published by Gilbert Laing Mearns, Esq., for the Bannatyne Club, in 1825.

mineral relations, is nowhere so well seen as in Russia. In the primæval deposits of her principal European territories, no crystalline rocks are found, either intrusive, sedimentary, or metamorphic: and hence not a particle of gold has been obtained from them throughout an area exceeding that of the rest of Europe. But in the Ural chain where the same formations are upheaved and penetrated by eruptive rocks of porphyry, greenstone, syenite, and granite, associated with huge masses of serpentine, the same rocks have been crystallized and impregnated with gold. In a former article we have given an account, after Sir Roderick Murchison,\* of the Uralian gold fields, in which a pepita of ninety-six pounds Troy had been discovered; and we shall therefore confine ourselves at present to a notice of the important results to which he was led by his study of the gold bearing strata in Russia.

When Sir Roderick returned, in 1844, from his examination of the Ural Mountains, and had the advantage of examining the rocks, fossils, and maps of his friend Count Strzelecki, collected along the eastern chain of Australia, he was struck with the similarity between their structure and that of the Blue Mountains, which he called the Australian Cordillera, in which, in so far as he knew, no gold had been discovered: and he was thus impressed with the conviction that gold would sooner or later be found in the British colony. This opinion was announced to the Geographical Society, when, in his Presidential Address in 1844, he mentioned the work of Count Strzelecki, on the physical geography of Australia. In 1846, his opinion was confirmed by some specimens of gold quartz which had been discovered in Australia. Thus fortified in his convictions, he, in the same year, at a meeting of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, incited the superabundant Cornish tin miners to emigrate to the colony, and to obtain gold from the ancient alluvia, as they extracted tin from the gravel of their native county. This advice, printed in the Cornish journals, and transmitted to Sydney, was given in the year previous to the discovery of gold in California. Upon our author's return from the Continent in 1848, and finding that specimens of Australian gold had been sent to him, he addressed a letter, on the 5th November 1848, to Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, stating his views on the subject, mentioning the actual discovery of gold ore, and urging upon the Government a well regulated search for it. Lord Grey seems to have taken no notice of this communication, imagining, as he afterwards confessed to our author, that the discovery of gold would be very embarrassing to a wool-growing country. Such

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\* Review of his *Geology of Russia*, in this *Journal*, vol. v. pp. 199-201.

is the history of Sir Roderick Murchison's undoubted claim to be the first person who called the attention of Government to the actual existence of gold in Australia.

Unknown, however, to Sir Roderick, its actual discovery in that colony had been previously made by Count Strzelecki. This eminent geologist, when surveying New South Wales, discovered in 1839, in Boree and Wellington Caves, distinct specks of gold in silicate, and of native silver in hornblende rock. In a letter dated 26th October 1839, and addressed to Mr. James Macarthur, a member of the Legislative Council, he says—

“I have specimens of excellent coal, some of fine serpentine with asbestos, curious native alum, and brown hepatite, fossil bones and plants, which I digged out from Boree and Wellington Caves; *but particularly a specimen of native silver in hornblende rock, and gold in specks in silicate*—both serving as strong indications of the existence of these precious metals in New South Wales. It was beyond my power to trace these veins, or positively ascertain their gauge. I would have done so with pleasure, *pro bono publico*, but my time was short, and so were the hands. I regret that the Government, having reserved all the mines for its benefit, did not send here a scientific man, truly miner and mineralogist, to lay open these hidden resources, which may prove as beneficial to the State and individuals, as the rest of the branches of colonial industry.”

So great was Count Strzelecki's anxiety upon this subject, that he wrote another letter to Mr. Thomas Walker, stating, in the most confident terms, that a gold field existed in the Wellington county. The Count had previously exhibited his specimens of gold to Sir George Gipp, the governor of the colony, and had repeatedly told him of the existence of a gold field in the Bathurst district; but Sir George advised him to keep the discovery secret, on the ground that, in the penal condition of the colony, much mischief might arise from its publication. Soon after this the Count sent to Berlin a few of his specimens, which were analyzed, and found to be superior to the gold of the Ural Mountains. In 1841 the Rev. W. B. Clarke discovered gold in the neighbourhood of the Windburndale; and in 1844 he obtained a fine specimen from Mr. Blakefield, which had been obtained in the district of Bathurst.

Notwithstanding these discoveries, theoretical and practical, no decided step was taken to draw from the Australian rocks, or their accompanying alluvia, the valuable metal which they bore. An impulse of the smallest kind was alone wanting to excite the activity of the colonists. So early as 1849 an application was made to the Government at Sydney by a Mr. Smith, (who in 1848 had placed in the hands of the Colonial Secretary a nugget of gold of *three ounces*,) to as-

pieces unmixed, and also in fused irregular masses of pure gold. No fewer than 2500 persons had congregated at these diggings; and, according to Mr. Latrobe, one party is known to have raised 16 lbs. at an early period of the day, and in one day 31 lbs. During his visit 10 lbs. was the produce of a single washing in a day. When this intelligence reached Geelong and Melbourne, neither of them above fifty miles distant, their inhabitants flocked to the Ballarat diggings; and in the month of October the steady workers amounted to 3000.

Greater discoveries still were about to be made. At Mount Alexander, forty miles north of Ballarat, and 75 from Melbourne, a shepherd found gold incased in a piece of quartz; and from a seam of this compact mineral nearly £400 was taken in the course of a fortnight, and gold was subsequently found copiously diffused in the gravelly soil. The news of this discovery attracted adventurers from all the other gold diggings. Seamen forsook their ships, shopkeepers left their professions, respectable individuals gave up places of trust, the clerks and functionaries in public offices disappeared, and in the month of December 1200 men occupied an area of fifteen square miles. The license was doubled by the Government, but the diggers having met in thousands to resist this ill-judged proceeding, and the Government being unable to enforce its regulations, the increased fee was abandoned. In the last quarter of 1851 the licenses yielded £25,481, and in the first quarter of 1852 they rose to £48,597. At the end of March 1852 the following were the results of the diggings at Victoria:—

Gold shipped at Melbourne, (and waiting to be shipped,) 700,000 oz.			
Value, at £3 per ounce, . . . . .	£2,100,000	0	0
Licenses issued up to the end of March, . . . . .	49,386	0	0
Monthly average earning of each licensed digger, . . . . .	42	10	0

At the same period the following were the results in New South Wales:—

Amount of gold raised there, . . . . .	320,000 oz.		
Value, at £3 per ounce, . . . . .	£960,000	0	0
Licenses issued, . . . . .	30,781	0	0
Monthly average earning of each licensed digger, . . . . .	31	3	0

In his address to the Geographical Society, on the 23d May 1853, Sir Roderick Murchison states that he has reason to believe that nearly *twenty millions sterling* of gold have been extracted from Victoria and New South Wales in the last year.

At a meeting of the Legislative Council of Sydney, on the

5th October 1853, the proposition of the Government to grant a reward of £10,000 to Mr. Hargreaves, and of £1000 to Messrs. William Tom, junior, James Tom, and John Leslie, was carried by a majority of 24 to 5.

Such is a brief history of the gold diggings in Australia. To Count Strzelecki we owe the great discovery of the precious metal, and to Sir Roderick Murchison the independent merit of having, without any knowledge of what had previously been done, pointed out to the authorities the theoretical existence of gold in the Australian Cordillera. The individuals who followed them in the prosecution of this great discovery have been enriched and rewarded, but neither the colony nor the mother-country have expressed even their gratitude to the men who threw the light of practical and theoretical science among the buried treasures of their colony.

The history of the discovery of gold in California, though less interesting to Englishmen, is not less interesting in its physical and moral relations. The mineral wealth of California was unknown till a year after the discovery of gold in Australia. About thirty years ago, indeed, the captain of one of the ships belonging to the Right Honourable Edward Ellice brought to him from California a fine specimen of gold in quartz rock, which is still in his possession, but no steps were taken to search for more in the western Eldorado. In 1830, Captain Sutter, a Dutchman, who had been an officer in the Swiss Guards of Charles X., having been wounded when fighting for his sovereign at the Barricades, and despairing of another restoration, set out for the western world, and offered his services to the Government of Mexico. Here he received a grant of land in Upper California, 700 or 800 miles in extent. When Mexico was invaded by the Americans Captain Sutter and his people turned out in defence of their country, but they soon experienced the strength of the invaders, and concurred in the transference of their country to the United States. The captain had cleared about 300 acres, and after several scuffles with the Indians, he finally induced them to become his friends and to aid him in erecting his fort, and in cultivating his fields. After a residence of ten years he entered into a contract with a Mr. Marshall to erect a saw-mill on the Americanos, at a short distance from his residence. The tail-race having been found too narrow for the free exit of the water, the mill-wheel was removed, and the whole body of water sent through the tail-race, in order to increase its width. While superintending the work, Mr. Marshall saw a few yellow shining spots on the part of the bank which had been washed away, and, upon picking up the brightest of them, he found that they were, as far as he could judge, pure gold. Upon finding the soil to be

auriferous, he hurried to Captain Sutter, and, after satisfying themselves that gold abounded in the rock of the South Fork, and picking out of the rock a lump weighing an ounce and a half, they prosecuted their researches in secret. Secrecy, however, was out of the question. Their movements were watched by their workmen, who also found specks of gold; and, while the captain and the mill-wright were engaged in an attempt to prove that these specks were merely worthless spangles of mica, or pieces of yellow pyrites, a better informed Indian called out "Oro, oro!" and exposed the trick which was about to be practised upon the community.

Captain Sutter began his searches with a gang of fifty Indians, but the news having spread, and large collections of gold having been made by new diggers, and carried from San Francisco to the United States, a sensation of the most extraordinary kind was created among its citizens. Hundreds of families set out for the land of gold. Unprovided for a journey in autumn, and physically unfit for its toils, many died from thirst, many from ague, while others sunk under the burdens which they bore. Even after they had passed the Humboldt, whose waters are for 300 miles impregnated with alkali, they had to cross a barren desert without a blade of grass, or a spring of pure water, to encounter the rigours of winter on the very flanks of the Sierra Nevada,—to lay themselves down in miserable encampments, sick and destitute, when almost within sight of the land of promise,—till relief was extended to them by the very settlers in whose gains they came to participate.

The current of life which at this time rushed into California did not flow in an unobstructed channel. Composed of heterogeneous and self-destroying elements, its channel was strewn with the dead; and corpses in their earthen mounds measured like milestones the dreary length of the Prairie journey. In the month of May a train 700 miles long, consisting of 20,000 souls and 50,000 animals, wended their way to the land of gold. The pedlar with his mule,—the mother with her child in hand, or her infant at breast,—the stripling with his larder upon his back,—the octogenarian with his staff,—the pilgrim with his scrip,—the ruffian with his knife, and the robber with his revolver, were all mingled with gentry of a higher order, with carriages, carts, wheel-barrows, and noble steeds carrying the adventurous bloomer or the enterprising merchant. In the same month 10,000 individuals landed at San Francisco, and nearly the same number in the following month. No fewer than 14,000 Chinamen disembarked in the first half of the year, and it has been calculated that, in the year 1852, 100,000 souls were added to the population of California.

The state of society arising from such a rapid influx of human beings of all varieties of station and character, and all impelled by the same love of mammon, must necessarily display features both interesting and repulsive. It would be curious to ascertain who the men were who thus left their native shores and their sunny valleys, to seek perchance for a subsistence for which they had vainly struggled at home. Among them, doubtless, were men of elevated talent, of high education, and of lofty principles, who found themselves outstripped in their own land by the ignorant, the unprincipled, and the criminal, and whom God, and nature and genius, had marked out for position and for honours, which an ungrateful country denied them. Others certainly there were, who were instigated by the passion of acquiring money without regular labour,—the *auri sacra fames*,—one of the ignoblest impulses of rational man. But whatever have been the motives which have driven the gold-digger to the Eldorado, let us not denounce him as more erring than his prototype at home,—the gold-seekers in our metropolitan cities, our provincial towns, and our rural villages, who wrest it otherwise than from the matrix of rock or the nodule of sand. He who, for his own interest, taxes the staff of life and the necessary beverage of man,—who discharges perfunctorily public duties,—who uses short measures and light weights, is less worthy than the lowest gold-digger, who earns honest wages by the sweat of his brow. He who obtains his gold from the adulteration of food, of wine, or of medicine, or who imposes false articles on the ignorance of the community, takes it in the form of a pound of flesh from the bodies of his victims; and we in vain seek for him an exemplar in the rough community of California.

What results are to flow, in their financial phase, from the copious influx of gold, it would be folly in us to conjecture. The political economist knows as little on the subject as the gold-finder. Time alone will be our teacher; but whatever the result may be, great benefits have already accrued, and will accrue, to society. The precious ore was elaborated in the rocks, and these rocks upheaved, not to retard, but to promote civilisation. A great empire, with noble cities, and harbours, and an extended coast, will spring up in the remote West. Railroads, and telegraphs, and canals, and steam-ships, will connect, by their pacific links, otherwise separated and divided communities, and hasten that cycle of universal peace, which, though now rudely interrupted, must at no distant day be the inheritance of nations.

Chemists and mineralogists have found it difficult to ascertain the origin of gold. Traces of it have been detected in lead and copper ores, and small particles of it have been found diffused

through the body of various rocks, both of igneous and aqueous origin. According to Humboldt, it is in Guiana sometimes disseminated like tin in an almost imperceptible manner in the very mass of the granitic rocks, when free from ramifying or interlacing small veins. In Mexico, these particles occur in porphyry; in Australia, in felspathic granite; and in Siberia, in clay-slate. To what extent downward the gold has been thus diffused into the body of any mountain, has not been ascertained; but however this may be, "the indisputable fact is," as Sir Roderick Murchison remarks, "that the chief quantities of gold, including all the considerable lumps and pepitas, having been originally imbedded in the upper parts of the vein-stones, have been broken up (by denudation) and transported by the debris of the mountain-tops into slopes and adjacent valleys." At what time, and how, the gold was imparted to these rocks, it is not easy to discover. Sir Roderick thinks that they were impregnated with it at a comparatively recent period, that is, "a short time before the epoch when the very powerful and general denudations took place which destroyed the large extinct mammalia." Humboldt is of opinion that the formation of gold had some closer relation to, or dependence on, the atmosphere, than that of lead, copper, or iron. Dr. Percy, who has detected minute quantities in almost all lead ores, is disposed to believe that it may have been thrown down by deposition from an aqueous medium.

Sir Roderick closes his elaborate and instructive volume with an eighteenth chapter, in which he takes a general view of the succession of life from a beginning, as based on positive observation,—endeavours to establish a progress in creation, and draws a distinction between geological results absolutely true, and speculations merely theoretical. This generalization of geological facts could not have been made till the Silurian formations had been carefully examined and described, and, however interesting and valuable are the researches which have been made in the more recent formations of our globe, no general views could have been hazarded till the plants and animals of the ancient world were traced to their lowest bed, and the oldest vestiges of life discovered and studied. But, notwithstanding the success which has attended this exploration of the crust of the earth, geology, still in its infancy, and scarcely half a century old, has not yet risen from the cradle of hypothesis, and centuries must elapse before a rigorous induction can be applied to its facts, and before its doctrines can claim the implicit assent of philosophy. Its assumption of a beginning is itself a hypothesis, and the whole of its chronology is without a unit to measure its periods, and without distinct epochs to mark their succession.

The primitive condition of our planet is conjectured to be that of a fluid mass, (which has assumed a spheroidal form from a rotation about its axis,) consisting of melted crystalline masses, and it is supposed to have cooled to such a degree by radiation as to allow its surface to become solid. Upheaved and shattered by forces from within, the rugged surface seems to have been worn down by aqueous action or other causes, so as to form sedimentary beds of mud, sand, and pebbles. The lowest and most ancient of these deposits hitherto accessible to man, and sometimes less altered than more recent strata, are almost entirely *azoic*, or without life, either vegetable or animal. One genus of zoophytes, however, has been found in the bottom rocks, and Professor Nicol has detected microscopically a tubular fibrous structure in the ashes of anthracite from the lower Silurian *grauwacke* of Peeblesshire, and fragments of what he supposes reeds in the same rocks in Liddesdale.

In the next formation, hardly differing in mineral character from those which preceded it, animal life, in the form of crustaceous molluscs and zoophytes, appears in layers of the same age in the crust of the earth. Above this *protozoic* zone, where fossils are comparatively rare, we find sedimentary strata in which, in nearly all latitudes, there occur in great numbers "submarine creatures, resembling each other very nearly, though imbedded in rocks now separated by wide seas, and often raised up to the summits of high mountains." From these ancient and desiccated sediments geologists have obtained trilobites, orthoceratites, molluscs, crinoids, and zoophytes, examples, in short, of every group of purely aquatic animals excepting fishes, not a trace of which has, according to our author, been found in the "various sediments which constitute the chief mass of the Silurian rocks." They occur, for the first time, in the highest zone of the upper Silurian, close to the lowest member of the Devonian formation,\* and along with "the first appearances of a diminutive yet highly organized tree vegetation." Hence our author draws the conclusion, *that there was a long period in the history of the world wherein no vertebrated animal lived, and no terrestrial plants.*

In the Devonian period which succeeded the Silurian, a profusion of large fossil fishes, with imperfectly ossified vertebræ, and singularly shaped dermal skeletons, appear in the strata. "They differ vastly from anything of their class in existing nature," and are accompanied with well-defined land plants larger than

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\* This is not very consistent with the results which we have given on the authority of eminent geologists, in this *Journal*, vol. xii. p. 465; but this only shews how, from the progressive nature of the science, the facts of one year may be modified by the discoveries of the next. Who can venture to assert that fishes may not be found in the very next exploration of the lowest Silurian beds in another region, or even in the bottom rocks beneath them?

those in the upper Silurian, and at the close of the period with the little air-breathing reptile the telerpeton, "which might nestle amid the roots of tree-ferns and coniferæ." These facts are considered by our author as absolute data, and *clear signs of a progress in creation*. They are signs undoubtedly, but not *proofs*, and a progress in creation is still but an *inference*.

The *Carboniferous* period is marked by an abundant terrestrial flora, the pabulum of our great coal-fields. It extends over many latitudes and longitudes, and containing everywhere the *same common species* of marine shells, an equable climate is supposed to have existed, from "polar to intertropical regions; a phenomenon wholly at variance with the present distribution of animal or vegetable life over the surface of the planet."

In the *Permian* formations which overlie the carboniferous system a number of the primæval types of life disappear, while those that remain are essentially modified. Its fossils, notwithstanding, bear a strong resemblance to those of the preceding period. It is remarkable that the Permian strata contain no relics of the Thecodont Saurians of the Dolomitic conglomerate of Bristol, which Professor Owen refers to a higher order of reptiles than any of the older fossils of this family, by shewing that they are even allied to the living Monitor.

Although all the preceding formations that constitute the *Palæozoic*\* strata occupy wide spaces in certain regions, yet our author considers the Silurian as of greater value "in representing time, or the succession of life on the globe."

When the Permian æra terminated, a remarkable change took place in life,—all the species of the earlier races disappeared, and were replaced by a new creation, the generic types of which were continued through the secondary or *Mesozoic* strata, which constitute vast mountain masses over the globe. From this formation we ascend through the Trias, the Lias, and the long series of the Oolitic or Jurassic formations, all of which abound in animal and vegetable remains, and numberless curious and large Saurians, unlike the lizards which preceded them. Numerous terrestrial plants, and even insects, which first appeared in the carboniferous æra, now abound, and with them the bones of the large winged reptile, the Pterodactyle. Amid all this abundance, however, of land fossils, no evidence appears of the existence of Mammalia till we reach the bone bed of the Trias, or the bottom bed of the Lias, in which a few teeth of a carnivorous

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\* Professor Edward Forbes divides these strata into the *Lower* and the *Upper Palæozoic*, the *Lower* being applied to the Silurian system. The name *Mesozoic* has been given to the strata above the Upper Palæozoic, and *Neozoic* to those near the surface of the globe.

animal have been found, and in the Stonefield Oolite the rare fragments of the *Amphitherium*, a creature allied to the living Marsupials. In the vast thickness of the Wealden, too, full of plants and gigantic fossil lizards, not one bone of a mammal has been found, while bones of birds have been found only in the green sand and chalk. It is not till we have passed through the whole Cretaceous series, and enter upon the Tertiary, that we find the bones of the higher order of mammalia associated with the exuviae of marine animals, which are entirely different in species from those of the earlier formations. In the superficial deposits are found the bones of gigantic quadrupeds, which once inhabited our present continents, and which must have required for their sustenance a range over lands as extensive as those now occupied by man and his associates. From these numerous facts, which we have abridged from our author's more ample details, we can scarcely avoid coming to the same conclusion that he has drawn from them, namely, that "in surveying the lower deposits upwards, we shall find everywhere a succession of vertebrated creatures rising from lower to higher organizations—a doctrine first promulgated by the illustrious Cuvier, but from much less perfect data than we now possess." But though we have thus a progress in creation in the animals of the vertebrate kingdom, we have not a progress in *the creation of life*, for our author willingly subscribes to the opinion of naturalists, that in other and inferior classes, such as crustaceans, molluscs, and corals, many of the earlier leading groups were quite as highly organized as any of their representatives in subsequent ages, or at the present day. This complexity of organization, so finely seen in the innumerable facets of the eye of the earliest crustacea, and in the structure of the eye of the cuttle-fish,\* entirely excludes the theory of a transmutation or development from lower to higher grades of being, which, in the face of all evidence, has been so pertinaciously pressed upon the public attention.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to give a full account of our author's views of the primæval and subsequent conditions of our globe. From the universal spread of the primæval strata, or those of the palæozoic formations, which he has illustrated by a map of the world representing all the regions over which one or more of the primæval fossil groups are known to exist, as well as those crystalline rocks which were formed before, or are associated with them, our author concludes that the former temperature and outline of the surface of the earth was essentially distinguished from those of our day. A very

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. iii. p. 500.

large portion, if not the whole of its surface, must have enjoyed an equable and warm climate,\* arising from the radiation of the internal heat, independently of solar action; and from these and other physical and zoological phenomena, he is led to the opinion "that the land of those days could not have been thrown up into lofty mountains." If such great elevations existed, they must have been accompanied by such corresponding deep chasms, in the bottom of the sea, as would have prevented the numerous primæval submarine creatures from being co-existent over the most remote regions. It was not till after the accumulation of the carboniferous strata that these powerful revolutions commenced. Large volumes of igneous matter must form the interior of the earth. Fractures in its surface, accompanied by oscillations, that displaced masses to thousands of feet above or beneath their present level, produced translations of water, which attracted and destroyed the most solid materials. By such tremendous forces the strata were thrown into those grand undulations and contortions which have given to the coal basins their curvatures and limits.

"Thenceforward," says our author, "was continued that large series of additional and repeated emissions of volcanic matter from within, of elevations of the sea bottom, and corresponding depressions of land, combined with the metamorphism of strata, (these changes being often accompanied by corresponding new creations of animals suited to the existing conditions,) during the secondary and tertiary periods. By these great physical operations, our planet was eventually brought to possess the climatal relations which have for so long a time prevailed. . . . ."

"Among the terrestrial changes to which science clearly points, there is none which better deserves to be recorded in a few parting words, than that great mutation of surface and its accompanying loss of warmth, by which extensive fields of ice were first formed upon the sea, and large glaciers upon the land. As very lofty mountains, in moderate latitudes, and masses of land and water, in Arctic and Antarctic regions, are now essentially the seats of glaciers and icebergs; so we know that these bodies alone have the power of transporting huge, erratic blocks from their native mountains to considerable distances by land, or for hundreds of miles over the sea on floating icebergs. Now, of the translation of such blocks, we have no evidence whatever in any former geological period. On the contrary, whilst every boulder of the primary, secondary, or older tertiary rocks, bears on its surface the signs of having been water worn or rounded by aqueous or atmospheric agency, the great blocks of the later cold period (gigantic in comparison with all that preceded them,) are often angular, or nearly in that state in which they left

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\* Our author attributes this equable and warm climate to the absence of lofty mountains, as its chief cause.

the mountain side, before, in short, they were wafted over seas or lakes, to be dropped at remote distances from their parent rocks, upon sediments which by subsequent elevation have been made portions of our continent. Hence, independently of the indications of a more equably diffused, and warmer temperature in older times than at the present day, these large erratics are in themselves decisive testimonials of that intense cold which, it is believed, was principally due to the great elevated masses of land which specially characterized the modern period."—Pp. 481, 482.

From the preceding account of Siluria, brief and imperfect as it is, our readers will be able to comprehend the series of physical truths which constitute geology. When we view it as a science only half a century old, we are surprised at the extent and grandeur of its generalizations, and cannot fail to admire the genius and talent by which they have been established; but when we compare it with the science of astronomy, to which it is allied, we recognise the imperfect character of many of its data, the uncertainty of several of its deductions, and the purely speculative character of its chronology. The object of geology is to describe the phenomena exhibited by the rocks and materials which form the crust of the earth,—their position, their structure, their chemical composition, and the plants, animals, and minerals which they contain. These phenomena are of the same character as those studied by the astronomer in his observatory. Limited in his researches to continents and islands, and having only very small portions of these exposed to view, the geologist experiences much difficulty in identifying rocks or strata of the same age, that is, which have been deposited at the same time. When he does this by the study of their truly lithological or mineral character, he proceeds on surer ground than when he does it by means of the fossils which they contain. Two rocks, lithologically the same, that is, with the same chemical composition, and the same physical character, are the same rock, though they contain different fossils; and two rocks that contain the same fossils, are not necessarily the same rocks. We are therefore as much entitled to infer equality of age from lithological similarity, as we are from similarity of fossil contents. Similar animals may have existed in different parts of the earth, at different dates, just as in different parts of the globe our seas may have held different ingredients in chemical solution, or in mechanical suspension. The astronomer *infallibly* determines different distances in space by the parallaxes of the stars. He does it *inferentially* only when he does it by means of the different magnitudes of stars, or by means of resolvable or unresolvable nebulae. We, therefore, do not scruple to say, that the identification of strata by their fossil contents is nothing more than an

inferential one, and, however correct it may be found to be, it is not *infallible*.

We have already referred to the doubtful chronology of geological periods. Sir Roderick Murchison, and prudent writers, speak but of long periods of time. It is the reckless theorist only who, to serve a special purpose, transcends the powers of arithmetical expression, by reckoning geological intervals in myriads and myriads of years. It is the relative and not the absolute age of rocks that geologists have to determine; and it is owing to their having transgressed this prudent limit, and the improper use that has been made of their purely fanciful numbers, that it has become necessary to challenge their chronology. So deeply has the theorist plunged into the abyss of primæval time, that, "frightened at the sound himself has made," he stands arrested upon his primary rocks, afraid to look beneath them in space, and beyond them in time. Had he adopted a different unit, the grand truths of his science would have met with a warmer and a readier reception; and, free from the incubus of religious prepossessions, he might have looked deeper into the Earth, and anticipated cycles of life buried beneath his own.

We have already, in a former article,\* referred to this interesting topic, and have mentioned the probability that the earth was prepared for the residence of man in a comparatively short period. Under the influence of electric agency, and chemical and physical forces of higher activity, even secondary causes may have operated much more quickly than at present; but as creative power must have, at some period, acted by its mighty fiat, and actually did, even in the opinion of geologists themselves, by the *direct creation* of new life, after all pre-existing life had been destroyed, why should the same power be limited in its exercise, and myriads and myriads of years demanded for the preparation of a home for man? If the visible cycle of life, therefore, extending from the Silurian age to the present, has been comparatively short, may we not look for other cycles more remote than it, like the binary systems in the heavens far beyond our own, and to others remoter still, like the nebular worlds, which the science only of the present day has been able to resolve?

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. xxi. pp. 23, 24.

- ART. IX.—1. *History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles.* By LORD MAHON. 7 vols. London, 1854.
2. *Memoirs of George Bubb Doddington.* London, 1785.
3. *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., from original Family Documents.* By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. 2 vols. London, 1853.
4. *History of Party.* By GEORGE WINGROVE COOK. London, 1836.
5. *The Extraordinary Black Book.*
6. *The Morality of Public Men.* Two Letters to Lord Derby. Third edition. London, 1853.
7. *The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli; a Biography.* London, 1853.
8. *The British Cabinet in 1853.* London & Edinburgh, 1853.

PROBABLY few great philosophic statesmen,—few men, that is, who had acted intimately in public affairs as well as contemplated them from the closet,—ever quitted the stage without a feeling of profound discouragement. Whether successful or unsuccessful, as the world would deem them, a sense of sadness and disappointment seems to prevail over every other sentiment. They have attained so few of their objects,—they have fallen so far short of their ideal,—they have seen so much more than ordinary men of the dangers and difficulties of nations, and of the vices and meanness of public men. The work to be accomplished is so great, and the workmen are so weak and so unworthy,—the roads are so many, and the finger-posts so few. Not many Englishmen governed so long or so successfully as Sir Robert Peel, or set in such a halo of blessings and esteem; yet, shortly before his death, he confessed that what he had seen and heard in public life had left upon his mind a prevalent impression of gloom and grief. Who ever succeeded so splendidly as Washington? Who ever enjoyed to such a degree, and to the end, the confidence and gratitude of his country? “Yet,” says Guizot, “towards the close of his life, in the sweet and dignified retirement of Mount Vernon, something of lassitude and sadness hung about the mind of a man so serenely great,—a feeling, indeed, most natural at the termination of a long life spent in men’s concerns. Power is a heavy burden, and mankind a hard taskmaster to him who struggles virtuously against their passions and their errors. Success itself cannot wipe out the sorrowful impressions which originate in the conflict, and the weariness

contracted on the scene of action is prolonged even in the bosom of repose." \*

"Mirabeau, Barnave, Napoléon, La Fayette, morts dans leur lit ou sur l'échafaud, dans la patrie, ou dans l'exil, à des jours très éloignés et très divers, sont tous morts avec un même sentiment, un sentiment profondément triste. Ils ont vu leurs espérances déçues, leurs œuvres détruites. Ils ont douté du succès de leur cause et de l'avenir. Le roi Louis Philippe a régné plus de dix-sept ans. J'ai eu l'honneur d'être plus de onze ans son ministre. Si demain Dieu nous appelait à lui, quitterions-nous cette terre bien tranquilles sur le sort de notre patrie?" †

With these passages fresh in our recollection, we recently ventured, at the close of some long conversations with a retired philosopher and statesman, who, for many years, was the first minister of a great kingdom, to ask him the following question:—"You have lived through some of the most interesting and troubled times of human history; you have studied men contemplatively, as well as acted with them and governed them; you have long had the fate of your own country, and a portion of that of Europe, in your hands;—what feeling is strongest in your mind as you look back and look forward—hope or despondency for your country and the world—contempt and disgust, or affection and esteem, for your fellow-men?" His reply was, as nearly as we can recall it, this:—"I do not feel that my experience of men has either disposed me to think worse of them, or indisposed me to serve them; nor, in spite of failures which I lament, of errors which I now see and acknowledge, and of the present gloomy aspect of affairs, do I despair of the future. On the contrary, I hope; I see glimpses of daylight; I see elements of rescue; I see even now faint dawnings of a better day. The truth I take to be this:—The march of Providence is so slow, and our desires are so impatient,—the work of progress is so immense, and our means of aiding it so feeble,—the life of humanity is so long, and the life of individual men so brief, that what we see is often *only the ebb of the advancing wave*; and thus discouragement is our inevitable lot. It is only History that teaches us to hope. No! I feel no disgust, no despair; my paramount feeling is simply a sense of personal fatigue. I am weary of the journey and the strife. *Ego, Hannibal, peto pacem.*"

Yet the statesman who spoke thus had witnessed stranger catastrophes, had encountered deeper discomfitures, had steered through mirier ways, had witnessed more cruelty, more cowardice, more tergiversation, more corruption,—had seen more splendid

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\* *Sketch of the Life of Washington*, by M. Guizot.

† *De la Démocratie en France*, 1849.

glory tarnished, more gorgeous hopes frustrated, more brilliant promises belied, than any previous period of modern history could have displayed; but he was profoundly acquainted with the past annals of other countries as well as of his own; and one of the most unquestionable and encouraging facts which these annals bring out into day, is full of promise and of consolation, viz., the gradual improvement in the character of public men,—the higher standard of morality they set before themselves,—and the far greater purity which the world exacts from them now than formerly. This is seldom perceivable from year to year—not always even from generation to generation—not always and at all times in every country—but no one who compares age with age will hesitate to record it as one of the great truths of history. And in no country does it stand out in such clear relief as in our own; and all will acknowledge, that no surer indication and no more powerful instrument of national improvement can exist, than the moral progress of the men to whom the national destinies are committed.

We need not go so far back for comparison as the dark times of the Restoration, when a long period of storms and revolutions, of doing and undoing, of frantic violence in one extreme followed by frantic reaction in another, had prepared men to commit tergiversations with scanty scruple, and to witness them with scanty condemnation; when the sword and the scaffold, long reckoned among the ordinary weapons of party warfare, had broken down the integrity of the timid, and worn away the susceptibilities of those whom they had not dismayed; when skill in detecting and flexibility in availing themselves of the signs of the times, were the most essential qualities to every public man who wished either to maintain his position or his head; when scarcely any statesman could afford to keep a conscience, and few indeed could boast of a conviction or a faith; when the English king was a pensioner of the French monarch, and when Parliamentary patriots, of high character and what was deemed stubborn virtue in those days, not to be behind-hand with the royal example, accepted from the same quarter pecuniary gratifications, which, if not bribes for abandoning their duty, were at least ignominious wages for performing it; when even Algernon Sydney, it is sad to know, did not consider himself dishonoured by intriguing with a foreign enemy against the plots of a native traitor, and would have accepted the aid of a French despot to realize his dream of an English republic; and when, of all the friends of liberty, Lord William Russell and Lord Hollis alone seem clear from the charge of having tampered with these unclean transactions.

Nor will we pause even over the statesmen of the Revolution,

who were all deeply tainted with the same immorality, and might trace it in a great measure to the same fatal education. They assisted James II. through the main portion of his illegal oppressions; they deserted him when the Prince of Orange, whom some of them even had invited over, was safely landed with a formidable force; they professed the most unbounded loyalty up to the very moment of desertion; they were as unfaithful to their second as to their first allegiance, and intrigued with the expelled monarch while holding the seals of office under his successor. The Earl of Sunderland was about the worst of the set. This man, ambitious, covetous, cowardly, without principle and without conviction, but amply gifted with that sagacity and cunning which are qualities more valuable than genius in the times in which he lived, was Secretary of State under James II., and his most trusted counsellor. To obtain power, he betrayed the liberties of his country to his sovereign,—to obtain money, he betrayed his sovereign to France,—to obtain immunity in the hour of danger, he betrayed the master whom he had encouraged in iniquity to the invader who came to avenge it. For a long time he supported James in all his worst outrages on the constitution. He constantly communicated to the French ambassador any schemes of the Court which might be unwelcome or hostile to France, and stipulated to receive from Louis a pension of 25,000 crowns, on condition of preventing, if possible, the re-assembling of the English Parliament. When James began to push his prerogative and his zeal for the Church of Rome to lengths which Sunderland deemed dangerous, that minister ventured timidly to warn and disapprove, but finding that his credit was weakened by his moderating counsels, he made a desperate and successful effort to recover the position which was slipping from under him, by a public abjuration of Protestantism. He amassed vast sums of money by fines and forfeitures, as well as by the sale of places, titles, and pardons. When he was at the height of power, and enjoying the most unbounded confidence of the King, he discovered at once the plan for placing the Prince of Orange on the throne, and the great probability of its success. He thought only of his own safety,—of the manifold sins by which he had been heaping up wrath against the day of wrath,—of the tremendous retribution which awaited him in the event of a Protestant revolution—and he resolved, with little hesitation and with no scruple, to sell his present to his future master, and to do it in the most infamous and efficacious way. He opened negotiations with William through his wife and his wife's lover, and he remained with James and used the influence he had obtained over him by obsequiousness and apostacy, to lull him into security and to

lead him into danger. When suspected and disgraced, he retired in safety, by half-persuading the credulous monarch that the infamy attributed to him was beyond human capability. The Revolution of 1688 took place, but did not terminate either his career or his intrigues. In a few years he acquired the entire confidence of even the shrewd and suspicious William, and held high offices about his Court, maintaining all the while a traitorous correspondence with St. Germain's, certainly betraying James to William, probably betraying William to James also, but carrying on his intrigue with such dark ability, that to this day historians are in the dark as to which monarch he really intended to adhere to. Probably his only idea was to secure himself a *pied-à-terre* in either camp.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Lord Carmarthen, while ministers and trusted ministers of William, kept up, for a time at least, treasonable intercourse with the banished sovereign; though the first had been one of the leading men in inviting the Prince of Orange to the throne, and was one of the most noble and beloved statesmen of his day. Many others were implicated in the same dishonourable transactions, but on none have the treacheries of that shameless time left so deep a stain as on Marlborough—a stain which his after-glories rendered yet darker and more astounding. His, indeed, is one of the most singular and perplexing characters in history. He was gifted with the most wonderful powers of fascination, both of mind and person. His manners were both dignified and winning, his external decorum unflinching, his courage serene and imperturbable, and his diplomatic and military genius of the very highest order. His army was the best conducted and most “respectable” in the world. He allowed no improprieties of behaviour;—he read prayers constantly to his troops, and would tolerate no swearing or licentious language. He was in all things a model of the *τὸ πρέπον*. His success, both as a general and an ambassador, has been rivalled by Wellington alone. Yet he seems to have had no one really estimable virtue in his character, and to have been devoid both of patriotism, of principle, and of shame, to a degree absolutely inconceivable. His sister was seduced by James II. He attached himself to that Prince, and gained his promotion by conniving at his family dishonour. He laid the foundation of his independence\* by accepting money from the women whom

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\* Marlborough's love of money seems to have been insatiable. Here is a list of the offices and emoluments he at one time enjoyed, in addition to vast Parliamentary grants of cash and estates:—

Plenipotentiary to the States,	£7,000
General of the English forces, on Mr. How's Establishment,	5,000
General in Flanders, on Mr. Brydges's Establishment,	5,000

Over, £17,000

300 Pac lui Fostic Fostic Murari si Bratii Sotomai.

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to believe a formal national commission to the study the  
status of a justice system, which after a consideration of this  
subject, may be the best of way and their recommendation.

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The Director's office was—

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chronicle" by deceiving their allies, and entering into clandestine negotiations with their enemies; throwing away, for the mere purpose of maintaining themselves in office, the fruit of all the splendid and matchless victories of Marlborough; and terminating the most glorious war which this country had ever waged, by the most disgraceful treaty she had ever signed! Well might Macaulay write,—“Among those politicians who, from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover, were at the head of the great parties in the state, very few can be named whose reputation is not stained by what in our age would be called gross perfidy and corruption. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the most unprincipled public men who have taken part in affairs within our memory would, if tried by the standard which was in fashion during the latter part of the 17th century, deserve to be regarded as scrupulous and disinterested.”

With the undisputed succession and the consolidated power of the House of Hanover came in a new era of statesmanship,—a period of modified and somewhat amended morality,—of mitigated if not of meaner passions. The stakes played for were less high,—the feelings excited by the game less virulent and intense,—the laws of the game more moderate and decent, as well as better observed. The matters involved in the strife of politicians were henceforth the change of Cabinets, not of dynasties; the legislation, not the liberties, of an empire; the retention of power, not the preservation of life. Since 1714 no British statesman has run any risk of losing his head: even the impeachment of Oxford, whom we now know to have been a traitor, fell through; even Bolingbroke was pardoned. Impeachment is still occasionally threatened, and has once or twice been voted; but no punishment has ever followed. Intrigues, too, became less desperate, public profligacy less shameless, party warfare somewhat less acrimonious. But this was a gradual change, and at first not a rapid one. About the same period also the conditions and the arena of statesmanship became somewhat altered. With the repeal of the Triennial Act began that supremacy of the House of Commons over its two co-ordinate powers which has ever since been growing more decided and more confirmed. Walpole was, we believe, the first Prime Minister who ever sat in the lower House,—certainly the first who ever remained there by calculation and from choice. He was in office for nearly forty years, and was First Lord of the Treasury for twenty-one. He, too, consolidated and systematized that system of Parliamentary management which remained in practice for upwards of a century. He was the first Premier who held nearly the same position both with regard to the Court, the Cabinet, and the House of Commons, as Premiers of our day

hold. With his accession to power, therefore, we may fairly commence our comparison of the present with the past. And, as we proceed, we shall find the improvement which we have asserted to consist in four principal points,—far greater pecuniary purity;\* more scrupulous observance of party honour and consistency; less animosity and more decency in the conduct of political hostility;† and a higher sense of public duty, with a more comprehensive view of public interests and requirements.

Walpole was beyond question the most eminent, the ablest, and the most successful statesman of his day. Of all who acted prominently in that time he was, though by no means brilliant, yet certainly the man of the soundest judgment, the clearest head, the fewest prejudices, and the mildest passions. His ambition only was excessive and insatiable. He was, as Hume well says, “moderate in exercising power, not equitable in engrossing it.” He was in private life, and on the whole in public life too, a man of loyalty and honour. He understood the interests of his country wonderfully well, and served them with a rare fidelity—for his age. He understood the interests of his ambition still better, and served them still more faithfully. He was, with the exception perhaps of his brother-in-law, Lord Townshend, the most *respectable* statesman of that barren period. He was also the most clement and forbearing towards his adversaries. From his conduct and his sufferings,—from the things he did not scruple to do, and the hostility he was compelled to endure, we may, therefore, gain a very fair picture of the public morality of one hundred and thirty years ago,—of the language which it was thought decent to use,—of the charges which it was not shameful to make,—of the conduct which it was not infamous to pursue.

Walpole entered life as a Whig, and remained a Whig and a leader of the Whigs till his death, during a time when the questions and feelings which divided Whigs and Tories were far

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\* During the reign of Triennial Parliaments, from 1694–1716, corruption seems to have been rife and general. Burnet admits that King William was obliged to sanction it, though most unwillingly. Some scandalous transactions were brought to light; numbers as scandalous must have remained unknown. Several members of the House of Commons were detected in a system of false endorsements of Exchequer Bills. Sir John Trevor, *the Speaker*, accepted a bribe of £1000 from the city of London, and, indeed, was himself for some time the person who managed the bribing of the members. The Secretary of the Treasury, too, was sent to the Tower for (being found out in) a similar offence.

† Strange freedom of language was tolerated in those days. Walpole “wanted words to express the villany of the late Frenchified Ministry.” Stanhope said, “he wondered that men who were guilty of such enormous crimes (as the gentlemen opposite) had still the audaciousness to appear in the public streets.” Another member, whose name is not recorded, made some most malignant observations on the recent increase in the salaries of the Judges, which, he said, “were for services not rendered but expected!”

more important and more virulent than now. He early became a great favourite with the King. When his immediate chief and friend Lord Townshend was dismissed by Stanhope, Walpole resigned along with him, in spite of royal entreaties that he would remain; but promised that he would offer no factious opposition. Yet he at once allied himself with the most violent Jacobites and Tories, with Wyndham and Shippen at their head, to thwart every measure of the administration of which he had been a member,—measures even which he was known to approve,—measures of which he had himself been the originator. The Schism Bill,—an infamous law against Dissenters, forbidding them even to educate their children,—which he had opposed and denounced with the most vehement and righteous indignation when proposed,—Stanhope proposed to repeal: *Walpole voted against the proposal.* He,—a practical statesman,—inveighed against a standing army, and proposed its reduction to 12,000 men, when one rebellion had been just with difficulty quelled, when another was known to be imminent, and when invasion was hourly expected. He did not even scruple to oppose the annual Mutiny Bill—without which, as he well knew, no army could be held together for a month. And finally, he who was the most vehement of Lord Oxford's denouncers, and the chairman of the committee for preparing his impeachment, two years afterwards—nothing being changed except his own Ministerial position—joined the Tories in a skilful and successful intrigue for procuring Oxford's acquittal. "In short, in looking through our Parliamentary annals, (says Lord Mahon,) I scarcely know where to find any parallel of coalitions so unnatural, or of opposition so factious."

Charges of malversation and peculation were among the commonest party weapons in those days; and public men voted upon them, as they used to vote on controverted elections, not with any reference to evidence, but solely to the party opinions of the accused and the accuser. Marlborough, Stanhope, and Townshend had all been charged with crimes of this sort, without the shadow of foundation. Nay, Walpole himself at the commencement of his career had been expelled the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower on a similar charge of the blackest dye,—groundless, but not the less successful on that account; and on his fall from power a similar accusation was again brought forward, but totally failed. Yet when Shippen, the Jacobite leader, out of pure spite, made a charge of embezzlement against Lord Cadogan,—one of Walpole's late colleagues,—Walpole did not think it unworthy of him to support the attack with such vehemence that it ended in violent hemorrhage, which compelled him to leave the House.

Yet to the whole compared with his contemporaries, Walpole was clement and forgiving. He submitted to be belittled and thwarted by opponents of whose treasonable practices he was well aware, and whose lives and liberties were sometimes in his power. He battled hard words with them, but he never menaced them with criminal prosecution. He was merciful to *opponents* who opposed him—placable towards open enemies. He even protected Sunderland, and endeavoured to protect Aislaire, when their connection with the South Sea delinquencies had exposed them to popular vengeance. He was essentially a mild-tempered and good-natured Minister. Yet language like the following seems to have been common and "Parliamentary," both with him and his antagonists. When Sir William Wyndham and his party seceded in a body, Walpole answered the final speech of that leader thus:—

"The gentleman who is now the mouth of this faction was looked upon as the head of those traitors who, twenty-five years ago, conspired the destruction of their country and of the royal family, to put a Papist pretender on the throne. He was seized by the vigilance of the then Government, and pardoned by its clemency; but all the use he has ungratefully made of that clemency has been to qualify himself according to law, that he and his party may some time or other have an opportunity to overthrow all law. . . . They went off *like traitors as they were*, Sir; but their retreat had not the detestable effect they wished, and therefore they returned. Ever since, Sir, they have persevered in the same treasonable intention of serving that interest by distressing the Government."

Walpole had long been accustomed to the terms "corrupt tyrant," "wicked Minister," and other similar amenities, and seemed to care little for them. The attack made against him at the close of his career by the union of all whom he had opposed, and all whom he had dismissed, and all whom he had disappointed, is for its unmeasured and unscrupulous invective one of the least reputable passages in our Parliamentary history. The language held by Pitt—a gentleman and a man of character,—may be taken as a mild specimen.

"The Minister who neglects any just opportunity of promoting the power and increasing the wealth of his country, is to be considered as an enemy to his fellow-subjects; but what censure is to be passed on him who betrays that army to a defeat by which victory might be obtained; impoverishes the nation whose affairs he is entrusted to transact, by those expeditions which might enrich it; who levies armies only to be exposed to pestilence, and compels them to perish in sight of their enemies without molesting them? It cannot surely be denied that such con-

duct may justly produce a censure more severe than that which is intended by this motion; and that he who has doomed thousands to the grave,—*who has co-operated with foreign powers against his country*,—who has protected its enemies and dishonoured its arms, should be deprived not only of his honours, *but of his life*; that he should at least be stripped of those riches which he has amassed during a long series of prosperous wickedness, and not be barely hindered from making new acquisitions, and increasing his wealth by multiplying his crimes.”\*

It is curious matter for reflection how often during the delivery of a similar harangue in our day, the orator would have been called to order by the Speaker, or how long the House would have endured such outrageous personalities. Walpole's own speech in reply was not far behind-hand with the assault. He divided his assailants into three classes—the Tories, the Boys, and the Patriots. The Tories, he said, he could forgive; “but can it be fitting in them (he asked) who have divided the public opinion of the nation, to share it with those who now appear as their competitors?—with the men of yesterday, the boys in politics, who would be absolutely contemptible, did not their audacity render them detestable! with the mock patriots, whose practices and professions prove their malignity. . . . Patriot! Sir—why, patriots spring up like mushrooms; I could raise fifty of them within four-and-twenty hours; I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to justify an

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\* It does not appear that Walpole himself was dishonest or corrupt, in the sense of unfairly and secretly enriching himself, or applying to his own purposes any portion of the public money. His enemies, who were both virulent and unscrupulous, could make good no charge of the kind against him. But he was somewhat too much both of a pluralist and a nepotist for the notions of our time. We have seen the lucrative posts monopolized by Marlborough. Walpole was not *quite* so bad. Here is a list of places held by him and his sons :—

			Per annum.
Sir Robert Walpole, .	1721,	First Lord of the Treasury,	£7000
” ” .	1725,	{ Ranger of Richmond Park, (with survivorship to his son,) }	
Robert “Walpole,” jun., .	1739,	Auditor of the Exchequer, .	7000
E. Walpole, .	1721,	Clerk of the Pells, .	3000
” . . . .	1727,	Clerk of Exchequer Pleas, .	400
” . . . .	”	Secretary to the Treasury, .	
” . . . .	”	Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, .	
Robert and E. Walpole } jointly, . . . .	1721,	Collectors of the Port of London, .	2000
Horace Walpole, .	1737,	Usher of the Exchequer, .	2000
” . . . .	1738,	{ Comptroller of the Great Roll, and Clerk of Foreign Estreats, }	500

The joint income of all these places, many of them mere sinecures, long since abolished, must have amounted to upwards of £25,000 a-year. On retiring Sir Robert accepted a pension of £4000 a-year, to which, indeed, his long services fairly entitled him.

## THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. From the first settlers to the present day, the nation has evolved through various stages of development. The early years were marked by exploration and settlement, followed by a period of rapid expansion and industrialization. The American Revolution and the Civil War were pivotal moments in the nation's history, shaping its identity and values.

The United States has a rich and diverse cultural heritage. The melting pot of different ethnicities and religions has created a unique American identity. The nation's history is filled with stories of courage, sacrifice, and achievement. From the founding of the country to the present day, the United States has played a significant role in world affairs. The American dream, the pursuit of happiness, and the values of freedom and democracy are central to the nation's identity. The history of the United States is a testament to the power of human ingenuity and the ability to overcome adversity. The nation's growth and development have been the result of the hard work and dedication of its people. The United States is a land of opportunity and hope, where the future is bright and the possibilities are endless.

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"Let them ring the bells now (muttered Walpole); they will wring their hands before long!"\*

The transactions that followed Walpole's overthrow, afford a good specimen of the low standard of party honour at the time. They were marked by a double treachery. He was driven from power by a combination between the Tories and the discontented Whigs—the patriots, as Walpole called them—led by Pulteney. During the thickest of the fight, however, a negotiation was entered into between Pulteney and some of Walpole's colleagues, with Newcastle at the head,† by which Walpole was to be abandoned, on condition that the *whole* Ministry should not be upset. Newcastle threw over Walpole, and Pulteney threw over the Tories and the Patriots. Both were furious, and with reason. A sort of coalition Ministry was formed; but Newcastle and Pulteney soon quarrelled. Pulteney's friends were slighted, and when he remonstrated, the Duke told him coolly, that "the king had now another shop to go to!" Pulteney in disgust retired, and "hid his head in the coronet" of the Earl of Bath.

From 1742 to 1757, from the fall of Walpole till the celebrated Ministry of the first Pitt, the Pelhams were in power—at first divided, afterwards supreme. Henry Pelham was a man of small calibre, of timid and peevish temper, but of good sense and industrious business habits; Lord Mahon calls him "Walpole in miniature." He was skilful and prudent, but his talents were very limited. His brother, the Duke of Newcastle, was probably the greatest fool who ever held high office in this country. Yet by dint of concentrated love of power, of resolution to do anything to retain and increase it, by perfidy, by intrigue, by Parliamentary corruption, he contrived to remain Minister for nearly thirty years, and Premier for nearly ten. Every one of his contemporaries ridiculed and satirized him. Lord Hervey said, "he did nothing with as much hurry and agitation as if he were doing everything." Lord Wilmington described him as "having lost half an hour in the morning, and running after it all day without being able to catch it." Lord Waldegrave

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\* One of the most curious specimens of the lax morality of those times is brought forward by Lord Mahon, (iii. 33.) It appears that *Walpole himself*, the Minister of two monarchs of the House of Brunswick, the Whig *par excellence*, the trusted friend of the king, when he found himself in danger, *actually made overtures to the Pretender*, "declaring his secret attachment and promising his zealous services;"—and that he did this in order to persuade James to induce the Tories to give him their votes in the approaching struggle! This was in 1740. The judicious and cautious answer of James is preserved among the Walpole papers, indorsed in Sir Robert's own hand.

† This compact was the more scandalous, because the most vehement attacks on Walpole were based upon the misfortunes of the war, to which he was known to have been opposed, with the conduct of which he had nothing to do, and which was managed entirely by Newcastle himself.

says, "his character is full of inconsistencies; he would be thought very singular who differed as much from the rest of the world as the Duke differs from himself. Hear him speak in Parliament, his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time he labours through the confusion of a debate without the least distrust of his own abilities; fights boldly in the dark; and never gives up a cause." The period of his ascendancy is one of the most ignoble in our Cabinet annals. The king intrigued against his ministers, and entreated his grandson's tutor to rescue him from "these scoundrels."\* The Ministers intrigued against each other. They even spoke against each other in the House. Henry Fox, when one of the Lords of the Treasury, engaged to smash the Secretary of State, Sir Thomas Robinson. Pitt, Paymaster of the Forces, undertook to silence the Solicitor-General Murray. When he had succeeded in that feat, he attacked Newcastle himself, and thundered from the Treasury Bench against the First Lord of the Treasury. The Duke saw the necessity of conciliating one at least of his powerful insubordinate subordinates. He offered Fox the post of Secretary of State. Fox accepted, but asked for the management of the secret service fund, then used for purchasing votes. "I shall keep that for myself," said the Duke. "But," said Fox, "I must know how it is employed." "No," replied Newcastle, "my brother never disclosed to any one what he did with the money, nor will I." "But," urged the unhappy Secretary, "how then can I lead the House of Commons. *How shall I be able to talk to members, without knowing who have received gratifications?* And who is to nominate to places?" "Oh! I myself," answered the Duke. "And how are the vacant boroughs to be disposed of?" "Don't give yourself any anxiety about that: I have settled it all." Even Fox could not stand this treatment, and declined the Seals, but remained in the Ministry. Newcastle then tried Pitt, but with no better success. He returned to Fox, offered him better terms, and succeeded;—and Pitt and Fox became rivals for life, as their more celebrated sons were after them.†

If Walpole was the most "respectable" minister of the 18th century, Pitt was incomparably the grandest. He was in all things a man of magnificent proportions—noble to the core—a sincere and energetic patriot. His advent to power brought about a complete change in the spirit and fortunes of the nation, raised it from despondency to the height of elation, from the depth of degradation to the summit of glory. Before he took

\* Lord Waldegrave's *Memoir*.

† Those who wish to have a full idea of the low and shabby intrigues of this period should go through the wearisome task of reading Doddington's *iarg*.

the helm we were insulted by France and Spain with impunity, and lost Minorca from want of energy to succour it; thirteen English ships retired before twelve French ones. Before he had been three years at the helm we had conquered all our enemies, and added Canada and several West Indian islands to our dominions. We were so uniformly and so promptly victorious, that our foes, wherever they met us, expected to be defeated, and were in consequence so easily routed that, as some one said, "it became almost as discreditable to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman." This, without exaggeration, might be said to be all Pitt's doing. He infused his own daring and indomitable spirit into every branch of the service, every soldier in the army, every sailor in the fleet. Colonel Barré declared years afterwards, when William Pitt had become Lord Chat-ham, that "no man ever entered the Earl's closet who did not feel himself braver on his return than when he went in." Pitt, too, had other merits, as signal as, in those days, they were rare. In an age of low and unscrupulous corruption, he, though poor, was ostentatiously pure and delicate in all pecuniary transactions. When Paymaster of the Forces he refused all the usual but very questionable perquisites of the office, amounting to above £6000 a-year, and contented himself with his simple salary. In an age when notions of party honour were deplorably lax and vacillating, Pitt, though inordinately ambitious, long consented to waive his just claims, lest by pressing them against the known dislike of the king, he might embarrass or injure the prospects of his party. In an age of general cowardice and truckling, both to royal prejudice and popular passion, Pitt, though fond of popularity, and owing his power to his popularity alone, had the courage and the manly justice to hazard and to sacrifice that popularity in order to save an innocent victim from a furious people. When the wretched Ministry of the day immolated Admiral Byng to an unreasonable and unrighteous clamour, Pitt was one of the very few who stood boldly forward both in the House of Commons and in the royal closet to recommend mercy. Yet even this statesman, high-minded and generous as he was, did many things which in our times sound very culpable, and which would be scarcely defensible in any times; and habitually used language which in our times no conjuncture would be considered serious enough to justify. He called Lord Carteret "wicked minister," "execrable minister," "infamous minister, who seemed to have drunk of the potion which, poets said, made men forget their country,"—"with sixteen thousand Hanoverians as his placemen, and no other party,"—adding, "If he were present I would say ten times more." In the same debate, two other members were

even more intemperate in their phrases, and Yorke, in his journal, declares that "the scene could be compared to nothing but a tumultuous Polish Diet." Pitt's invectives against Newcastle were scarcely less unmeasured, and far better deserved than those he had formerly levelled against Walpole and Granville. Indeed the violence of his language, and his insolent treatment of opponents, was the greatest blot upon his character.\* He was always vehement—rarely factious. On two occasions he refused to join his party in assailing the ministry, not because he thought the Ministry right, but because he thought it for the interests of his country that their hands should not be weakened. On another occasion, however, when his associates insisted upon opposing a vote for the payment of British troops employed in Flanders, Pitt, after vainly endeavouring to dissuade them from pursuing such an unjust and unpatriotic course, unhappily consented to give a silent vote against his convictions. Walpole, whom he had always opposed and abused as the worst of men, he afterwards spoke of as a great and wise minister, whom he repented having factiously thwarted. Yet he had done his best to bring about his impeachment. But this was not the worst. It is painful to find this young patriot, just before Walpole's fall, opening a negotiation with the man on whom for years he had lavished all the abusive epithets in his vocabulary, and offering to screen him from prosecution if he would use his influence with the King in favour of Pitt and his friends. It is more painful still to find him, when this overture had been rejected, resuming all the fierceness of his old hostility, the loudest and foremost of those who clamoured for vengeance on the fallen Minister, and supporting the shameful proposal of a Bill of Indemnity for all who would give evidence against him. In truth, his course was by no means always consistent. No man had out of office been more fierce or resolute against continental subsidies, or against our implication in Hanoverian politics. Yet he afterwards, in office, declared that "Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire,"† and he lavished subsidies as no previous Minister

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\* The sort of amenities which public men in those days permitted themselves in Parliament in speaking of their adversaries, both in and out of the House, may be inferred from the expressions used in reference to Wilkes by a Bishop and a Secretary of State—both, it must be allowed, rather intemperate politicians. Warburton declared, "that the blackest fiends in hell would disdain to keep company with Wilkes"—and then asked pardon of Satan for comparing them together! Pitt says, "The author of these Essays does not deserve to be ranked among the human species; he is the blasphemer of his God, and the libeller of his King." The Letters of Junius, too, are a disgrace to the age; for concentrated malignity, reckless and universal hostility, and unmeasured ferocity of language, they are probably unexampled in any literature.

† It must be allowed, however, that circumstances had somewhat changed when he made the latter declaration. George II. was then threatened with the loss of his Electorate, because of the war which he waged as King of England.

had dared to do. It is somewhat startling, too, to find him coalescing with the Duke of Newcastle, after he had refused to share office with him, and though no man was more profoundly convinced both of his corruption and his incapacity. No coalition of recent days seems at first sight more monstrous, and in our time it would scarcely have been possible. But there was great excuse for it. Pitt felt and said, "My Lord, I believe that I can save the country, and I am sure no one else can." He was anxious to be at the helm, from motives of the purest and noblest ambition. He had tried to rule alone, and had found it impossible to maintain himself. Though the most popular man in the kingdom, and having the intellectual and moral command of the House of Commons to a degree unexampled either before or since, he could not make head against the hostility of the Court and the immense Parliamentary interest of Newcastle. He had the country to back him, but scarcely any *party*; and the country alone he found was not sufficient. He therefore joined the imbecile and veteran intriguer on terms which were at least disinterested, if not highly honourable. Newcastle kept the treasury and the patronage; Pitt was Secretary of State, and leader of the House of Commons, with the sole direction of the war and of foreign affairs. Pitt had the power—Newcastle the plums of office. Or, as a contemporary expressed it, "Pitt DID everything; the Duke GAVE everything;"—yet from this strange union sprung a ministry "as strong at home as that of Pelham, as successful abroad as that of Godolphin,"\*—the most glorious administration probably that England has ever known.

The period which elapsed from the fall of this Ministry to 1785—from the supremacy of the father to the advent of the son—was one which may afford considerable interest to those who love to trace the change in the *personnel* and the principles of parties, but is not one of much satisfaction to the patriot. It was a succession of short and feeble ministries—a perfect chaos of changes and intrigues. The Whig reign had ended. The Tory reign had recommenced. Its inauguration was signalized by two features. Corruption never was so desperate; libelling never was so fierce. The ministry of Bute had a vast inferiority of talent, a still vaster inferiority of numbers. The majority which sanctioned the discreditable peace of Paris had to be actually bought, vote by vote, with hard cash. Fox did the business. He had been very poor; his character was already partly damaged, and he was made Paymaster of the Forces for the ex-

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\* Macaulay.

press purpose of managing the dirty work of corruption.\* It was necessary, too, to damage Pitt's reputation. On his retirement he had accepted a pension and a peerage—no man ever coveted them more. But he was instantly assailed by all the blackest charges. He had sold his country. He had tarnished his fame. All the venal venues of literary brains was let loose upon him. The press swarmed with the most malignant libels, which were ordered by Court authority and paid for with the public money. Indeed, the number and ferocity of the slanders and personalities on nearly all statesmen was the predominant characteristic of the time. It may be called the AGE OF JUDITH. That celebrated writer—whoever he may have been—stands at the head—*facing prince*—of that large class of political assassins whose fame, like that of Red Indians, is estimated by the scalps of their victims. Wilkes was before him; Troke came after him; but neither were fit to hold a candle to him. His genius, his knowledge, his secret means of information, his yellement and pointed style, his unsparing and apparently impartial ferocity, his unscrupulous, ungentlemanly and savage personalities, and it must be added, the amount of truth which both winged and barbed his arrows,—made him the most formidable public writer who ever held public men in awe. One good thing he certainly effected. He emancipated the Press from any fetters but those of public opinion and general taste. Since his day, no man has feared to criticise men and measures in the tone of most unbounded freedom. After him the use of initials (formerly universal) was entirely abandoned. But we paid a heavy price for this emancipation in the savagery and malignity which he—not introduced indeed, but—established in political warfare.

After this weary period the ministry of Lord North affords real refreshment to the historical student. Not that it was spe-

\* The prices given for a single vote, ranged, it is said, from £200 upwards. £25,000 were thus paid away in a single morning. "Intimidation (says Macaulay) was tried as well as corruption. The Duke of Devonshire was dismissed with flagrant insult. As nothing was too high for the revenge of the Court, so nothing was too low. A persecution, such as had never been known before, and has never been known since, raged in every public department. Humble and laborious clerks were deprived of their bread, not because they had neglected their duty, not because they had taken an active part against the Ministry, but merely because they had owed their situations to some nobleman or gentleman who was against the Peace. The proscription extended to door-keepers, to tide-waiters, to gongers. One poor man to whom a pension had been given for his gallantry in a fight with smugglers, was deprived of it because he had been befriended by the Duke of Grafton. An aged widow, who, on account of her husband's services in the navy, had been made housekeeper to a public office, was dismissed from her situation, because it was imagined that she was distantly connected by marriage with the Cavendish family." By such means a majority approving of the Peace was procured, of 319 to 65.

cially pure; for that of Lord Rockingham had been far purer. Not that it was peculiarly honourable or successful to the country; for it witnessed our unhappy war with America, and the loss of a most valuable portion of our empire. Not that sound constitutional principles made any great advance during Lord North's administration; on the contrary, Lord North was more guilty than most men in sacrificing his own opinions to the prejudices and passions of the monarch, and carried so far his submission to royal influence, that the House of Commons, in spite of his opposition, carried their celebrated resolution, that "the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished." Not even that party consistency became much more general and settled during his tenure of office; on the contrary, we find several signal instances of change and tergiversation; and he himself shortly after his first retirement, set the example of probably the most questionable "coalition" in our modern annals. But his administration had two pleasing features: it introduced a gentler and less acrimonious tone into public strife, and it witnessed the first efforts of that purer and nobler race of statesmen whom in our youth we were accustomed to listen to with reverence and admiration. Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke came upon the stage, and William Pitt just appeared above the horizon. Lord North's genial character and imperturbable good humour were real blessings in his day. They did not indeed disarm, but they softened his merciless assailants. For years, with little aid, he carried on the contest against Burke, Barré, Dunning, Fox, Saville, and sometimes Pitt, with a courage, energy, spirit, and jocularly which was charming to behold.\* He listened to their thundering denunciations—made more vehement and more stinging by the constant failure of his military enterprises—with coolness always, with sleepiness often.† It was easier for him to keep in office

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\* Senators were not always very polished in their language in those days, and sometimes pushed invective even to vulgarity. There had been much of this one night, and Lord North rose to deprecate the too great readiness to give and take offence. "One member, for example, (he said,) called me 'that thing called a Minister!' Now, to be sure, (he continued, patting his portly sides,) I am a 'thing;' when therefore the gentleman called me 'a thing,' he said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added 'that thing called a Minister,' he called me that thing which of all others he himself most wished to be,—and therefore (said Lord North) I took it as a compliment."

† A prosing old sailor, well known for his lengthy orations, having risen to speak on an Admiralty question, Lord North said to one of his supporters: "Now, — will give us a history of all the naval battles from that of Salamis to that of last year; I shall take a nap—wake me when he gets near our own time." After an hour's infliction the friend nudged Lord North. "My Lord, my Lord, wake up, he has got to the battles of Van Tromp." "Oh dear!" (said the sleepy minister,) "you've waked me a hundred years too soon!"

than to keep awake, except when Burke startled him with some scandalous false quantity ;\*—and when finally driven from power by an irresistible combination of misfortunes and of foes, he retired with the politest of bows and the most benevolent of smiles. His antagonists had collected for a grand battle; Lord North rose in his place, and declared the administration at an end. Of course, the House adjourned immediately. It was an awfully wet night, and in those days cabs were not; the members, expecting a prolonged debate, had ordered their carriages at one or two o'clock in the morning; and Lord North, as he passed through the baffled and imprisoned crowd of his opponents to his own chariot, bowed to them right and left, saying, "Adieu, gentlemen, you see it is an excellent thing to be in the secret!"

We now emerge into a purer and clearer atmosphere. Factionous opposition and factionous manœuvres we still unhappily meet with from time to time, and we fear we always shall, as long as Parliamentary warfare exists, when public excitement rises high. Violent and unwarrantable language still occasionally disfigures our debates; and changes of opinion and of party connexion are by no means unfrequent, indeed, become almost more so as we get nearer our own day. But faction becomes less mischievous and shameless; invectives more measured and decorous; unfounded accusations—unless where Irish members are concerned—less common and less malignant, and inconsistencies and tergiversations more generally defensible on the ground of altered circumstances or honestly modified opinions. The three great statesmen we have just named were all more or less guilty on all counts of this indictment, yet their advent into public life marked the dawn of a better day. We may grieve over several things they did, we may regret much of the language which they thought themselves justified in using, but, on the whole, we feel proud both of their genius and their character. Even their contemporary, Sheridan, though unstable and unprincipled in private life, was, on the whole, steady and consistent in his public course. It is curious that Burke, Fox, and Pitt, all changed sides. Fox, the leader of the modern Whigs, entered life a Tory, and at first distinguished himself as a violent one. Pitt and Burke began as

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\* Burke was very inaccurate, and Lord North had a very sensitive ear. One night when he was napping, Burke stopped in his speech, and pointed at the Minister nodding on the Treasury Bench, saying, "Quandoquidem bonus dormitat Homerus." Lord North instantly started from his slumbers—"Dormitat, Sir, for God's sake!"—On another question Burke was preaching economy, and made repeated use of the quotation, "Magnum vectigal est parsimonia." Lord North, in a low tone, corrected him—"Vectigal, Mr. Burke." Burke immediately took it up:—"The noble Lord hints that I am wrong in my prosody: I thank him for the correction, as it gives me another opportunity of shouting forth that inestimable maxim—'Magnum vectigal est parsimonia!'"

Whigs and ended as standard-bearers and idols of the Tory party. Burke, far the greatest and purest of the three, can, indeed, scarcely be charged with inconstancy or desertion of party. He began life as a warm friend to the principles of constitutional liberty; he ended life, we believe, in the same creed, and with the same affections. But when he was young those principles were in danger from the Crown and the aristocracy; when he was old they were in danger—or at least he honestly and not unwisely deemed so—from democratic violence and folly. His inconsistency was less that he fought for a different cause, than that he fought against different assailants, with different weapons and under a different banner; and he made that inconsistency appear greater than it really was, because his fierce and ungovernable sensibility led him always to push his position to the utmost verge of truth, and to state his doctrine in the extremest language. When contending against the unconstitutional influence of the Crown, and the tyrannical behaviour and desires of the “King’s friends,” he brought forth from his well-stored armory every maxim of boundless liberty, every claim of popular right, every lesson of history which teaches courage to the citizen and affords warning to the Sovereign. He preached the faith of freedom in sentences so spirited, so brilliant, and so terse, that they were remembered and used against him with telling effect, when it became necessary to preach the faith of order and authority instead. One of his noble critics goes so far as to say, that “it would be difficult to select one leading principle or prevailing sentiment in Mr. Burke’s later writings to which something extremely adverse may not be found in his earlier works.” This may be very true; but it must be remembered that the former were written when “the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;”—the latter came forth when democracy was rampant in France and threatened to become dangerous here, when monarchy and nobility had gone down before the tempest, when the wickedest and wildest doctrines were proclaimed in the name of liberty, and when the populace, from being the oppressed had become oppressors in their turn. Then Burke turned to the quarter whence the peril threatened the other side of his gorgeously painted shield; and people clamoured that he had changed his armour and his war-cry. Of any thing that deserves the epithet of “tergiversation” we unhesitatingly acquit him; of the charge of violent and exaggerated language we must pronounce him very guilty.\* He was vehement by temperament, of acute sus-

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\* In speeches his invectives not unfrequently degenerated into scurrility, sometimes into positive indecorum. And even in his published writings the exuberancy

ceptibility, of turbulent and excitable imagination: and he could seldom curb himself sufficiently to avoid stating a principle far too wide for the occasion, or clothing a truth in language whose extravagance almost made it degenerate into a fallacy. Wise as he was, profoundly philosophic as was the character of his intellect, his passions, when once aroused, blinded him to everything but the immediate question or the immediate foe before him; and his passions were easily aroused, for his affections were warm, his sympathies quick, and his hatred of wrong or oppression prompt and earnest even to morbidness. Hence, though generous and open-hearted, he pursued an antagonist as he would have done a criminal; and though wide and comprehensive in mind, far beyond his age, his language and conduct were too often those of a narrow and heated partisan. But when every reasonable deduction from his greatness has been allowed for, he will still remain entitled to all our veneration; and his writings must always be consulted as perfect arsenals of political wisdom, unmatched alike for glowing eloquence and profound and comprehensive statesmanship.

Charles Fox has long been the idol of the Whig party, and will probably remain so as long as any of his contemporaries remain to cherish the memory of his personal qualities, and to convey to others their vivid impression of those amiable and endearing virtues, and that wonderful eloquence which made those who knew him always indulgent, and often blind to his political errors. He must have been the most *lovable* of men, vehement, impetuous, and dissipated; but generous, manly, affectionate, and, in private life, as simple as a child. He had vast genius, but little learning—the powers but not the training of a statesman. He acquired his political knowledge as he formed his political opinions, in party strife. Hence he had no philosophy, nor the slightest tincture of financial or economic science. His eloquence was not like that of Burke; it was neither the *φανόμενα σοφία* of Aristotle, nor the *copiosè loquens sapientia* of Cicero; it was the brilliant argument or the violent invective of a great master of Parliamentary warfare. His faults and his false steps arose from his position and education as a party leader. His business was to defeat an adversary, to overthrow a rival, to detect the errors of a minister; and he threw his whole heart into his work with an impetuosity which detracted from his statesmanship and made him often blind alike

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of his fancy and feeling often gets the better both of taste and decency, and runs riot in the most unpleasant and indefensible metaphors. We do not quote any, because we would willingly forget them, as well as every other spot upon the brightness of a genius from whom we have derived more pleasure and instruction than from any other author in our own or any language.

to the merits of a foe and to the real interests of his country. He made a gallant fight for the liberties of his fellow-citizens against the arbitrary measures of Mr. Pitt in troublous times, but we incline to think that he inflicted serious injury on the Whig party, and hampered his subsequent freedom of action by his unmeasured admiration for the French Revolution. In fact, with the secession of Burke the philosophy and moderation of that section of politicians disappeared, and party too often afterwards degenerated into faction.

Fox, entering Parliament under the auspices of his father, the first Lord Holland, was of course a Tory; and being impetuous by temperament, was by no means a moderate one. But his dismissal by Lord North for some act of insubordination, tallying in time with the influence of Burke's society, threw him into the arms of the opposition, and for many years he was the most merciless denouncer of the person as well as the policy of the minister. He soon rose to the front ranks of his party; and when Lord North resigned came into office with the Marquis of Rockingham. On the death of that nobleman, when Lord Shelburne was made Prime Minister, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan resigned, and, to the disgust of the country\* and the grief of his admirers, Fox joined Lord North, first in opposition and then in office—Lord North, whom he had long been in the habit of abusing as the worst minister England ever had, of whom he had declared his opinion to be such "that he should deem it unsafe to be in the same room with him," and whose ground of antagonism to Lord Shelburne's administration was that very inglorious peace with America which his own mismanagement had made inevitable. It was an unprincipled proceeding, and was soon amply punished. To it Fox owed the long exclusion from power of himself and his party; to it the country owed the long string of evils which his inveterate hostility to Pitt brought in its train. The Coalition ministry inflicted a fearful wound on the character of all concerned in it; the King hated it and the nation despised it; it was soon dismissed with ignominy; and Fox paid for his blunder by twenty-two years' banishment to the cold shade of the Opposition benches. His short ministerial career at the close of his life presents little on which we can look back with satisfaction; his title to our gratitude and admiration must rest upon the bold front which, from 1793 to 1805, he opposed to the unconstitutional encroachments and violent proceedings of his great rival.

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\* The opinion of the country respecting the conduct of Fox was shewn as soon as Pitt's Ministry was formed. In the then House of Commons Fox had a majority of 39 against his rival; in the new house, after a general election, Pitt had a majority of 168.

Pitt, like Fox, was pure from all charge of selfish aims or personal corruption: both were high-minded and honourable men: and Pitt's private character was far the most decorous of the two. But he was guilty of a desertion of party nearly as flagrant as that of Fox, and of a desertion of principles far worse, for it was from the advocacy of freedom to the practice of arbitrary power. He was bred an ardent Whig; he was, by conviction, a Parliamentary Reformer and a friend to religious liberty. Yet his ministry, which lasted, with scarcely an intermission, from 1784 to his death in 1806, was formed by a coalition nearly as monstrous as that of Fox with Lord North.\* His colleagues were principally Tories, and they gradually drew him over to their sentiments. He allowed his scheme of Reform to be defeated: he shortly afterwards opposed the Relief of the Dissenters: he dropped one after another, nearly all his old opinions, till (as a virtuous but not evenly described it) "the name of the son of Lord Chatham—the idol of the people, the denouncer of the American war, became the rallying point of Toryism, the type and symbol of whatever was most liberal in principle and intolerant in practice." His persecutions of Reformers, and his assaults on the liberty of the press, are the great stains upon his character, though scarcely, perhaps, deserving the unmeasured epithets that have been lavished upon them. It must not be forgotten that the French Revolution had introduced an entirely new element into our political life. Reformers had become Democrats, and Democracy had assumed its worst and most repulsive form. To Mr. Pitt, as to others of his day, we must grant whatever benefit they may derive from assuming their dread of republican excesses to have been genuine and not wholly irrational. There must have been something seriously formidable and perilous in the aspect of affairs which made such sincere liberals as Burke, the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Wyndham, secede from opposition and swell the ranks of ministerial strength. There must have been something condemnable and ill-timed in the plans and principles of the popular agitators which made such men willing to strike at them through the side of a constitution which they venerated so truly, and for which they had fought so well. Indeed, it is impossible to read the history of those days from 1790 onwards without confessing how indefensible and dangerous were the language and designs of many of those whom Pitt prosecuted and Erskine defended, and without wondering at and deploring the injudicious zeal of those parliamentary leaders who, in a period of such vehement

\* Lord Thurlow and Lord Loughborough were probably men as devoid of principle as any in the preceding generation.

excitement at home and such social disorganization abroad, could yet insist upon pressing forward such irritating and disturbing topics as Parliamentary Reform. The mode, however, by which Pitt and his colleagues endeavoured to secure their victims—paid spies, the doctrine of constructive treason, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the forcible suppression of open associations, can neither be defended nor excused; and we owe it to the trial by jury that many of our dearest liberties were not at this period wholly sacrificed by a minister resolved at once to be absolute and to be safe.\* Two passages in his life look very dark—his constant denunciation (in speeches) of the slave-trade contrasted with his constant inaction (in deeds) with regard to it; and his desertion of Warren Hastings,† of which it seems impossible to give any creditable explanation. On the whole, we may pronounce him generally pure and patriotic in his aims, but violent and unscrupulous in his means; in his domestic policy about the most arbitrary, in his financial policy about the most reckless, and in his foreign policy about the most unfortunate, minister that ever swayed the destinies of Britain.

On the dreary period of statesmanship which elapsed between the death of Pitt and the retirement of Lord Sidmouth in 1822, no friend of his country can dwell with any pleasure. It was the worst times of Pitt in miniature, and vulgarized. Such men as Addington, Perceval, Castlereagh, Liverpool, and Eldon, could reflect no lustre on our councils; even Canning and Lord Wellesley could scarcely redeem or gild the miserable mediocrity of their colleagues. The opposition was rich in great names,—Grey, Grenville, Holland, Horner, Tierney, Romilly, and Whitbread; but they were feeble and dispirited, and injured themselves greatly in public esteem by the manner in which, as it were, they took Napoleon under their protection, and, from party feeling, decried the splendid achievements and the rare merits of their greatest general. The Duke of Wellington was the only really “great man” of those years. Then they were years, too, of dreadful malversation and corruption—as periods of war and extraordinary expenditure generally are. The chiefs, indeed, were pure, but their subordinates were sadly otherwise. They did not job much themselves, but they allowed their friends and supporters to do so. Vast fortunes were made by contractors. Large sums in several public departments were

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\* The Parliament, however, and to a considerable extent the feeling of the country, supported him in these attacks. Against his “Treasonable Practices Bill” the Opposition could only muster five in the Lords and forty-three in the Commons. The trials and acquittals of Hardy, Thirlwall, and Horne Tooke, however, did much to turn popular feeling against ministers.

† See Macaulay’s *Essays*, vol. iii. p. 439.

unaccounted for. Lord Melville was dismissed and impeached for speculation; and though few believed that he himself profited by the scandalous dishonesty which prevailed in his office, it appeared certain that he must have connived at much illicit use of the public money. Lord Castlereagh, even, was detected in "doing a job," though not a very shameless one. Political friends and ministerial connexions engrossed all the loaves and fishes. The commander-in-chief was discovered to have been nearly as guilty as Lord Melville, and even more disreputably so. His mistress, who had great influence over him, had accepted bribes (though without his knowledge) to procure military appointments and commissions for her *protégés*. These exposures brought Government into just contempt; bad harvests, deranged trade, and general distress, brought it into less just unpopularity. Discontent and turbulence arose; and Lord Castlereagh repeated the arbitrary sins of Mr. Pitt on a smaller scale. The "Six Acts" became notorious, and the *Habeas Corpus* act was again brought into question. Altogether it was an era of small men and of poor achievements—of shameful profligacy at court,\* and severe suffering among the people.

With the year 1822 the Reform era may be said to have commenced. When Peel succeeded Lord Sidmouth at the Home Office, and Canning followed Lord Londonderry as minister for Foreign Affairs, and Robinson soon afterwards superseded the feeble Vansittart as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Huskisson became President of the Board of Trade, the patriots of England and the friends of humanity breathed more freely than they had done for many a long year. Few men at the time saw the whole reach and bearing of the change, for Lord Liverpool was still prime minister, and Lord Eldon still held the Great Seal. But it soon became obvious that the change of spirit was greater even than the change of men. A new tone pervaded every department; a new set of principles began to be felt even before they were avowed; a nobler and brighter genius presided over national councils. From that day we have gone on improving. From that day statesmanship has been purer, freer, more disinterested, more lofty. From that day we have, on the whole, been able to feel proud, both of our policy and of our

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\* It is painful to remember, that in 1820 the ministers, Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Eldon, among the rest, suffered themselves to be made the instruments of the personal hatred of a wicked monarch towards an injured wife, and, to preserve their places, consented to bring in the celebrated Bill of Pains and Penalties. Lord Eldon had been formerly a friend and defender of this unhappy princess. Few sadder backslidings from the path of public honour have been known within the century.

politicians. From that day attention began to be paid to the wishes, and justice to be done to the claims of the people; the practice of Government to approximate more nearly to its theory, and party struggles to be carried on more for principle and less for power. We have seen many changes of political connexion, many singular conjunctions and disjunctions among public men; but they have been preceded and induced by changes of opinion or changes of circumstances. We have seen some violence and some folly, but no corruption. We have seen many injudicious appointments, but no scandalous or dishonest ones. We have had much party virulence and much individual animosity, but only in one or two cases anything outrageous or indecent in party warfare.

Peel and Canning, singularly different in character, temper, and talent, had yet several points of marked resemblance. The one was a brilliant, sparkling, and soaring genius; the other was an admirable man of business, diligent, moderate, and decorous. The one was all fire, the other all sobriety. But both were men of refinement, of cultivation, of literary and æsthetic taste; both were acutely sensitive; both were nobly ambitious; and both were honestly determined to employ their power and position for no personal advantage, but for the good and the glory of their country. They had another feature of similarity in their career and fate. Both, liberal at heart and growing more liberal with years, knowledge, and experience, had the grievous misfortune of entering life in the Tory camp, among illiberal associates, and in most illiberal times. Both, in consequence, were mixed up with much that was foreign to their nature and dispositions; both incurred much obloquy in consequence of having belonged to a bad set, and much animosity when they shook themselves free from that set. Both ended life amid the ferocious hostility of the party which used to idolize and obey them, and amid the love, regret, and gratitude of the people who, in earlier years, were wont to execrate their names. The advent of Canning was the turning point in the *foreign* policy of England. Lord Castlereagh had suffered her to be dragged at the car of the Holy Alliance, and to be regarded as the colleague and associate of despots. Canning made her feared and respected as the avowed friend of constitutional liberty throughout the world. He found her the ally and tool of autocrats—he left her the assister and protector of suffering and trampled nations. It is true she has not always marched steadily, and seldom very boldly, in this new career; she has permitted some atrocities which she might, and perhaps ought to have interposed to prevent; she has looked on coldly where she should have sympathized warmly; she has confined her approval too exclusively to

patriots whose views were limited and moderate, and whose notions of free institutions tallied with her own ;—but still she has remonstrated against tyranny ; she has encouraged the extension of popular rights ; she has acknowledged whatever governments the people have selected and established. Where she has interfered, it has been on the popular side ; where she has spoken out, it has been in favour of liberal institutions.

In the same manner the accession of Peel was the opening of a new leaf in our *domestic* policy. His course was signalized, though slowly and scantily at first, by administrative improvements. Great reductions in salaries and expenditure took place under his rule. The criminal law was systematically amended. The police of the country was remodelled. Abuses were examined into ; grievances were listened to ; jobs became difficult, modified, and rare. The Duke of Wellington's administration was a reforming one, though the lustre of its successor has eclipsed its merit in this line. After the Reform Bill, the spirit of improvement which had prevailed before assumed a vast accession of vigour and activity. Since that date, whichever party has been in office, the amendment of our institutions has gone on with little interruption. Popular rights have been extended ; vast economies have been introduced ; the health, the comfort, the education of the masses have been sedulously attended to ; the whole of our financial system has been remodelled ; taxes have been repealed ; burdens have been taken from the poor and laid upon the rich ; civil law has been made cheap ; criminal law has been made merciful ; courts of law have been purified ; the wrongs of the people have been redressed ; the earnings of the people have been raised ; the food of the people has been made cheap and abundant ;—and in most of these reforms every politician of eminence has participated. Some have wished to do things in one way, some in another ; some have resisted the ameliorations which others proposed, doubting of their wisdom or distrustful of their efficacy ; but the study of all parties, with scarcely an exception, has been, we believe, how best they could ensure the prosperity of the community, the happiness of the poor, and the honour of the nation.

We have witnessed in our days two tremendous party struggles—the struggle for Parliamentary Reform and the struggle for Free Trade. In both cases great principles were involved. In both cases mighty interests were at stake. The Tories felt that the Reform Bill would be the surrender of their power. They *believed* that the repeal of the Corn Laws would be fatal to their incomes. They conceived that the inroads of democracy in the one case, and the influx of foreign corn in the other, would be dangerous to the stability of the government and to the welfare

of the agricultural classes. It was natural and inevitable that during the heat and passion of the strife we should charge them with pure selfishness in both cases. But now few thoughtful men will ratify this accusation—few, at least, who know how difficult it is to abstract personal feeling from political inquiries, and how difficult it is to believe that the power and wealth which we possess, it is not for the interest of our country that we should possess. Now that both victories have been won—that we can calculate to a certain extent the fruits of the one, and have had our feelings in some degree calmed down after the excitement of the other, we are not disposed to deny the sincerity and honesty of our antagonists in either strife, however much we may wonder at their dulness of comprehension, or condemn the fierceness of the passion which they shewed. The Reform Bill, it is impossible to deny, was a transfer of power and political influence from the aristocracy to the middle classes. Who now will not acknowledge that this was a revolution at the magnitude of which genuine patriots might well stand aghast, which cautious men might well deem wild and perilous, which even men who loved progress, if they loved safety likewise, might well deprecate and dread? Those who most loved the people might not unreasonably doubt the wisdom of entrusting this new weapon to the people's hands. No one will now deny that it was a great experiment. No one will deny that in some respects its opponents judged it more truly and saw further into its consequences than its promoters. For ourselves, we confess that, approving it as we did and do; believing it to have been a just, a wise, and a necessary measure; tracing in the main to its secondary influences the rapid progress of reforms in other lines; we yet see in it several dangers, drawbacks, and extensive seeds of future and questionable change which we did not see when it was passed; we acknowledge much weight and wisdom in many of the hostile arguments which at the time we scouted as the mere dictates of selfishness and folly; and we look back with something like remorse and shame at the violence of our language, the acrimony of our feelings, the imperfection of our philosophy, and the shortness of our vision. We were blind to much that our adversaries saw; we were obstinately deaf to many representations that we ought to have listened to with deference and profit; and if the thing had to be done again, we should act with greater modesty and temperance, with far less confidence, and far more misgivings. Therefore we do not see in the behaviour or opinions of the anti-reformers of 1832 anything for which British statesmanship need to blush; we do not attribute their opposition either to corruption, to egotism, or to love of arbitrary power; and, in the way in which they yielded

when opposition became hopeless and dangerous to the public peace, we see much ground both for approval and for congratulation.

The question of Free Trade was a much clearer one. Here it was not real power so much as supposed wealth that was at stake. It was not political influence which had descended to them from their ancestors, but artificial prices which their own legislation had secured, of which it was proposed to deprive the country gentlemen of England. Hence it was much more difficult to persuade either themselves or others, that in struggling against the repeal of the Corn Laws they were contending for anything more noble than their own pecuniary interests. It was a question, too, much more of simple science. Its solution lay much nearer the surface. It required profound philosophy to judge of the remote and collateral bearings of Schedules A and B. It needed only sound elementary views of political economy to estimate the effects of unrestricted importation. The lessons of experience could be appealed to in the one case : there was no experience to guide us in the other. Moreover, it seemed difficult to believe that anything save obstinate and wilful blindness could resist the lucid arguments, often amounting to absolute *demonstration*, which year after year issued from the press, from the cross benches, from the treasury and opposition benches, from Wilson, from Villiers, from Cobden, from Peel. Yet nothing can be more certain than that most of the opponents of Free Trade were honest to begin with, and that many remained to the last sincerely convinced that Free Trade would be the ruin of the country, destructive to landlords, fatal to farmers, pauperizing to labourers. To be convinced of this we have only to remember how slowly conviction dawned even upon the minds of the liberals ; how few years have elapsed since the idea of the total abolition of the Corn Laws was scouted as monstrous by the leading Whigs ; how many of them dreaded it to the last ; in what year it was that Lord Melbourne pronounced it, "before God, the wildest and maddest scheme he had ever heard of ;" and when Lord John Russell refused the petition of its advocates to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons ; how in 1841 he wished for an import duty of eight shillings ; and how he and Sir Robert Peel were only finally and completely converted in the same year and by the same fearful visitation. The truth is, that the principles of political economy have made their way into parliamentary life only at a very recent date. Till ten years ago, an acquaintance with them was considered no necessary part of a statesman's qualifications. Nine-tenths of the House of Commons were ignorant even of the alphabet of that science ; its own teachers were not wholly

agreed about its doctrines ; and the country at large knew scarcely more of them than its chiefs. We have no right, therefore, even in imagination, to charge the advocates of commercial restrictions with any heavier accusation than that of being rather duller to learn, and rather slower to admit new views than their opponents. They were not dishonest, but *arriérés*.

Again. We have witnessed in the last five and twenty years changes in party combinations scarcely equalled for magnitude and strangeness by any other period—severings of friends and junctions of foes, such as seem at first sight utterly bewildering and unaccountable. "Consistency," in its old sense—i.e., steady adherence to the same alliances and the same political connexions—has been set at nought by nearly every man of any great eminence or merit. Lord Grey, indeed, ended his career before the confusion began, and Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel never sat in the same Cabinet. But those are nearly the only "constants" of our recent party history. Sir James Graham, almost a Radical, sat for some time in the same Cabinet with Sir Robert Peel, the colleague of Lord Sidmouth, Lord Liverpool, and the Duke of Wellington. Lord Derby was first the vigorous assailant of Peel, then his colleague, then again his foe. He sat first with Lord Grey, then with Lord Grey's great rival. Lord Palmerston, once the colleague of Peel and Canning, is now the colleague of Russell and of Molesworth. The Foreign Secretary of Lord Grey and the Foreign Secretary of Lord Grey's antagonist sit in the same Cabinet. Sir James Graham and Lord Derby were once fast friends in office, then fast friends in opposition, then leaders of opposing parties. They sat together under Lord Grey ; they sat together under Peel ; one now sits with the Coalition, while the other leads the Tories. We might go through a long list of similar incongruities. Scarcely any man has not changed sides, changed opinions, changed party associates. Yet scarcely any man has lost character by so doing, because scarcely any one can be seriously suspected of having done so from corrupt or indefensible considerations. The only desertion of party that is regarded as an "apostacy," was that of Mr. Scarlett, Canning's Whig Attorney-General, who could not make up his mind to leave office when the Tories came in. The reason of the general amnesty that has been passed for all acts of party inconstancy, is that all, or nearly all, are believed to have been honest—or rather, perhaps, that we have ceased to consider "consistency" as *priné facie* a merit. So many new, important, and difficult subjects have in these years come under discussion—on which it is felt to be impossible that all colleagues should agree or all antago-

nists differ—that unchanging adherence to one set of men would have been suspicious rather than creditable. It is felt that men who agree about retrenchment may naturally differ about religion; that men who agree about Parliamentary Reform may differ about foreign policy; that men who agree about the corn-laws may differ about the Church;—and that, in such cases, it is quite right and honest that they should coalesce when one set of questions are under discussion, and separate when another set come upon the *tapis*. Further, during the last quarter of a century the national mind has been in a state of progress; questions are better understood; sound principles are more diffused; we have been *educating* in political science; truths which formerly were perceived only by the few are now reached by the many; opinions which formerly were scouted are now almost universally adopted. It was impossible that statesmen should not participate in this advance; it was impossible that they should all participate in it in equal degrees; it was impossible, therefore, that they should always adhere either to their old opinions or to their old colleagues. Those who think what they always thought are become laughing-stocks; those who stand where they always stood are self-condemned: they convict themselves of having stood still. No men in our time have been so steady and consistent as Lord Eldon and Colonel Sibthorp; and the one is looked upon as the incarnation of obstinate blindness, and the other of ludicrous eccentricity. On the other hand, no man changed more completely or on more important questions than Sir Robert Peel; yet he is now revered, and justly, as one of our honestest and wisest statesmen,—because it is felt that he never changed except reluctantly, from conviction, and to his own injury. The bigots, whose shield and glory he was so long, were furious with him for finally conceding emancipation to the Catholics: we know now how ample, cogent, and disinterested were his motives for that great apostacy. The country gentlemen, whose champion and trust he was for years, could not forgive him for surrendering a cause which he felt could no longer be honestly or conscientiously maintained: but the country has given him plenary absolution even for this unparalleled tergiversation. The nation reveres him as its greatest statesman, and reveres him in spite of, or rather in consequence of, his apostacies,—acknowledging them to have been the apostacies, not of the renegade, but of the convert.

From low pecuniary sins our age is, we may say, entirely free. We have spoken of the flagrant jobs which were perpetrated in former days. We have given statements of the emoluments of great men in the days of Marlborough and Walpole. The pen-

sion list, even in the year 1829, contains much to astonish weak minds. Its sum total was above £750,000:\* it is now limited to one-tenth of that amount. We find in the list of "places, pensions, sinecures, and grants," published in 1830, *six* Bathursts, with aggregate receipts of £10,715; *four* Beresfords, with £6700; *five* Dundases, with £9700; the Duke of Grafton holding £10,280 in three sinecures or pensions; and several similar *faceties*. Nothing of the kind could be found now. It is, alas! scarcely possible to do a job, or to find a sinecure. The salaries of public offices have been largely and, we think, unwisely reduced. The First Lord of the Treasury has been reduced from £7430 to £5000; the Secretaries of State from £6000 to £5000; the Viceroy of Ireland from £30,000 to £20,000. No Cabinet minister receives above £5000 a-year; whereas (as Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell informed the "Official Salaries Committee") it was formerly an understood and established practice for these ministers to combine some comfortable sinecure with their appointment, by which means their emoluments were often doubled. Thus the Prime Minister was generally also Warden of the Cinque Ports; and from this and other sources his official income was often very large. Lord North, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool all held this sinecure in conjunction with the Premiership. Lord North's official salary was thus £10,400, Mr. Pitt's £11,400; Mr. Addington had £7400; Lord Grenville, Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Canning each £9000; and Mr. Perceval £8700. In these days no minister would dream of appointing himself to any sinecure office with a view of augmenting his salary, even were such sinecures still in existence. In former times, too, these sinecures and an unlimited pension-list afforded, as we have seen, to ministers an opportunity of providing for many members of their family; and so universally was it understood that the opportunity would be so employed, that it was reckoned as part of the ordinary emoluments of office. In 1810, the number of sinecures was 242, and their emoluments reached to £279,486 a-year; by 1834 they were reduced to £97,800;—they do not now exceed £17,000, and are in yearly process of extinction. In the reign of George III., the pension-list of the three kingdoms exceeded £200,000 a-year; even at a later period than 1810 it was £145,000; it is now limited to £75,000; and no more than £1200 can be granted in any one year.†

The vice of virulence and acrimony is far from being as com-

\* *Extraordinary Black-Book*, p. 401. This sum, however, includes many items scarcely to be considered as pensions in our sense of the word.

† The above facts are gleaned from the Report and Evidence of the Official Salaries Committee which sat in 1849-50.



scurrilous invective unmatched since the palmy days of Wilkes and Junius. It is not with the bitter acrimony of political opponents that we speak thus of Lord Derby's government, but with the grief of spectators to whom the honour of Englishmen is dear, and who feel their country degraded and endangered when disreputable men attain to high station, or when eminent men attain it by disreputable means. It is difficult to say whether we ought most to grieve and blush that a man like Lord Derby should have "stooped to conquer" office in the way he did, or that a man like Disraeli should have been able to creep into office in any way whatever. The noblest aristocracy in the world has suffered grievous derogation by the unprincipled conduct of one of the most eminent among its members; and the "first assembly of gentlemen" in the world underwent a sad eclipse when it submitted, even for a time, to the leadership of a mere gladiator whom it never pretended either to respect or trust.

To the author of the brilliant pamphlets on the morality of public men we owe a full perception of the flagrant openness, the daring enormity, of Lord Derby's apostacy. He left Sir Robert Peel's administration on the question of "Protection to Agriculture;" he joined in the formation of the new Protectionist party, and became its leader in the Lords and in the country; on not less than *fifteen* different occasions, between 1846 and 1852, did he avow his conviction, that the policy of Free Trade was ruining the country, and that if he came into power he would reverse that policy; he was supported by his party on that understanding, and he was floated into office on that pledge. Nothing could be clearer or stronger than his language in favour of Protection during the six years that he was in opposition. Nothing could be more complete and shameless than the way in which he threw Protection overboard as soon as he reached office, and the general election showed him that he could retain office on no other terms. He inveighed against Sir Robert Peel as having betrayed his party and deserted his principles: he himself deserted and betrayed his party *without changing his opinions*. While in opposition he enlarged upon the adversity and suffering brought upon the people by the Repeal of the Corn Laws from 1849 to 1852. In his earliest speeches as Prime Minister, he adduced the unexampled prosperity and comfort of those years as a reason against reversing that repeal. As soon as Parliament met after the Election, he not only acquiesced in but himself drew up—or at least altered to suit his own views—a resolution acknowledging the great improvement in the condition of the people which he had so long and obstinately denied, and pledging the House not to meddle with the policy which had produced

that improvement. The conduct of his Lieutenant in the Commons was, if possible, still more shameless. Mr. Disraeli was *made* by Protection. He had won his spurs in the cause. He owed his position in the House solely to the virulence, pertinacity, and merciless vigour of his attacks upon the first Minister for having abandoned Protection. He was great only by virtue of the scalps and spoils of the enemy whom he had slain. Yet, no sooner was he gazetted as Chancellor of the Exchequer, than he turned round to extol the vast increase of consumption consequent upon Free Trade, and shortly afterwards, like his chief, acquiesced without a struggle in the final abandonment of the policy which he had been elected to establish and promote. Both Lord Derby and Disraeli did that in 1852, which the one had deserted and the other had slandered Sir Robert Peel for doing in 1846 ;—the only difference being that *they* did to obtain power what *he* did at the price of its relinquishment.

But this, bad as it was, was scarcely the worst feature of that black apostacy. They entered office without either principles or a policy. They declared that the country should decide what course they should pursue, and what doctrines they should adopt. They asked votes from one part of the community because they were going to maintain Free Trade, and from another because they were going to reverse it. They canvassed the towns upon one set of opinions, and the country on another. (Mr. Disraeli had taught them this manœuvre very early in his career.) They suffered one of their colleagues to give one account of their plans and principles, and another to give a precisely opposite account. At one time they said to the country : “ If you will install us in office we will do so and so.” At another time they said : “ If you will install us we will do whatever you wish. If we may not carry out our own views, we will carry out yours ; if we may not govern on the principles which we think sound, we will govern on those which we have all along held to be erroneous and fatal. If we may not guide you, the nation, to prosperity and grandeur, at least allow us to pilot you to ruin.” Looking back upon their conduct at the distance of two years, when the mischief has been repaired, and the strife is over, and the discomfiture complete—reflecting upon it in all the coolness of victory and safety, we are seriously of opinion that, in this country at least, political ambition never stooped to lower language, and public profligacy never raised a more unblushing front.

It was impossible that an administration based upon so shameless a tergiversation could be supported otherwise than by as shameless a corruption. Fraud in the fundamental idea involved fraud in the subsequent details. It was, therefore, with no surprise that the country beheld the most scandalous general election

that has taken place in our day. It scarcely startled us to find that the Secretary at War, who appears to have been the great electioneering agent of the party, was compelled to resign his post in consequence of his entanglement in the systematic bribery at Derby. And it was not till a committee of the House of Commons, after a patient investigation into the mal-practices of the Secretary to the Admiralty, made us acquainted how precisely, in one respect at least, the practice of his party assimilated to their principles, and how daringly the power and patronage of the Government had been directed to secure its own safety at the cost of the nation's danger, that we fairly awoke to a sense of how serious a matter it may be to have renegades at the head of affairs, and how desperate renegades generally are. It is important to draw the true moral from the details of this singular and shameful case. It is not a matter only, or chiefly, personal to Mr. Stafford. As the author of the two pamphlets at the head of this paper observes:—"There was much in his conduct which arose out of the circumstances in which he was placed, and the avowed objects of the party with which he was connected. He had to play a subordinate part in a game which, from beginning to end, was a gigantic fraud." His sin was great; but that of the men who appointed him and prompted him was greater far. We are not disposed to lay much stress upon Mr. Stafford's apparent prevarications, obvious lapses of memory, or daring mis-statements of fact. It is possible that he may have thought himself justified in asserting his ignorance of facts which had been only *unofficially* brought before him, and in declaring the non-existence of documents which had been withdrawn, and of intentions which had been abandoned. We may even acquit him of deliberate misrepresentation in the language he used, or is said to have used, regarding the pressure laid upon him as to the disposal of his patronage; and we can readily guess at the drift of the conversation of which Mr. Stafford, Sir Baldwin Walker, and Mr. Grant gave such divergent reports, without casting a slur upon the intentional veracity of any of them. Mr. Stafford's character, we think, comes out from the whole evidence quite clear—that is, we mean of course, quite plain and obvious. He is an impulsive, reckless, thoughtless Irishman, with a random looseness of brain even greater than usual with his countrymen,—with no very distinct notion of what may and what may not be decently denied,—with no higher conception of public duty than is contained in a thorough-going adhesion to party,—a jobber by instinct and by birth, as it is natural a man should be who was born under the star of Dublin Castle, as Dublin Castle was fifty years ago, and cradled in all the old iniquities of Toryism,—and who had since been

sheltered in some miraculous manner from all knowledge of the improvement in political morality and the elevation of the standard of public duty which have taken place since his childhood. There is a *naïveté*, a simplicity, a directness, an unconsciousness of wrong about his abominations, that is really beautiful and childlike. The very audacity of his corruptions almost disarms wrath. He had heard, we must suppose, of public opinion and the vigilance of the public press,—yet he, the Secretary of the Admiralty, canvasses openly in the dockyards with the Tory candidate. He knew he would have to undergo the ordeal of parliamentary interpellations from watchful and experienced opponents,—yet he cancelled a minute of the Board on the avowed ground that it prevented him from jobbing away the appointments of the public service. He is not personally a niggardly or shabby man, yet he gives a dinner to the Tory canvassers, invites the officers of the dockyard (his own subordinates) to meet them, and charges the cost of the dinner to “civil contingencies!” He is a man of laxity *par excellence*. He is lax in his recollections of what he has said, and seen, and done; he is lax in his reception of any rumours which may reach him; he is lax in his inquiries as to the authority on which the minute he cancelled has been issued; he believes what he is told; he yields to what is urged upon him; he assumes what he thinks may be probable, and then asserts it as if he knew it. “Thus,” (is the mild summing up of the Report of the Committee,) “in ignorance of much that he should have known, seeking counsel from none, and rejecting such counsel as had been tendered, he acted in disregard of precedents, and pursued a course which rendered the circulars of the Admiralty, and the conditions imposed upon the superintendents, equally valueless and nugatory.”

So much for the personal question. The public one is far wider and more important. It is the contrast which the late Government presented, both to its predecessor and successor, in all that related to the service of the State, and to the tone and principles of political morality. In 1847 the then ministry resolved to divest themselves and their successors of all control over the vast patronage of the dockyards, in order that there might be no temptation to allow party considerations to interfere with public interests. Promotion was henceforth to be made wholly independent of political motives or opinions, to be bestowed solely on the most useful and efficient of the men employed, whether Liberal or Tory; and for this purpose the selection of fit objects for promotion was placed unreservedly in the hands of the superintendents, who are always officers of rank and merit in the navy. All recommendations were to be made to them and by them, and by their advice the Board of Admiralty pledged itself to be

guided. In order to ensure the result desired, Sir Francis Baring took from these gentlemen, when he appointed them, their engagements, as men of honour, that no political considerations should ever influence them in their recommendations. The Government had thus denuded itself of a large amount of power and patronage, in the high-minded and patriotic design of securing at once greater purity in parliamentary elections, and greater efficiency in the public service. The system, by universal admission, was found to work admirably—admirably that is for the country, but ill for Mr. Stafford's friends. Accordingly, when Lord Derby's ministry came into power, all was reversed. "The first thing," according to Mr. Stafford's explanation, "which was forced upon him by all his political friends, was the amount of his patronage." The first thought of "the party" was how the public service could be rendered available for strengthening their hold of office. The self-denying ordinance was therefore discarded, promotions were made among political partisans, the Surveyor of the Navy ceased to be consulted, the old system of partiality, jobbing, and corruption, which had been wholly swept away, was *deliberately* re-introduced; "the dog returned to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

Now it is one thing, and not a light thing, to persist in wrong; it is another, and a much heavier offence, to recur to it when it has been once discarded. It is a sin, and often perhaps a venial one, lazily to acquiesce in a corrupt and demoralizing system, which has endured for generations; it is a sin of a very different and far deeper dye, to relapse into iniquity—laboriously to rebuild the razed and shattered edifice of crime—wilfully and carefully to recall all the banished impurities and all the discredited dishonours of corrupt times. The first argues merely a torpid and inactive virtue; the second implies a positive preference for dirty expedients and tortuous paths.

But it is not only in regard to consistency of principles and administrative purity that Lord Derby's Government has derogated from the amended standard of political morality which we have described as characteristic of our times. We owe to Lord Derby's lieutenant the re-introduction into party warfare of an unscrupulous malignity which its higher class of combatants, at least, had long discarded, and the habitual use of a description of language which Parliamentary usage had long banished as ungentlemanly. Mr. Disraeli aspires to be the Junius of St. Stephens', to speak as that great assassin spoke. There is the same indiscriminate and comprehensive hostility,—the same readiness to make or to suggest the most outrageous accusations—the same sinister care in polishing and sharpening his envenomed darts—the same necessity for a victim to mangle—the same

deliberate and cruel vigilance to discover what point will be tenderest, and what weapon will be sharpest. There is also the same absence of any strong convictions or fixed opinions; the same merging of principles in personalities; the same reduction of the great game of politics to a mere fencing match, where the object is not to pass a law, but to wound an adversary. Mr. Disraeli is not a statesman; he is not even a politician; he is simply a gladiator. No invective is too savage for his cold and artificial indignation; no sarcasm too bitter for his petty spite; no allusions too indecorous for his taste; no character pure enough to be sacred from his charges and insinuations. From the day when he endeavoured to obtain access to the same Parliament, first as a Radical, and then as a Tory; from the day when, under the signature of "Runnymede," he addressed a series of letters to the public men of England, of which it is difficult to say whether the adulation or the abuse is the most repellent; from the day when he repaid the scurrility of O'Connell with Billingsgate like his own, as vulgar, but far less effective; from the day when he fastened upon Peel, as the glutton fastens on the noble stag, and baited and worried him with the gusto of the torturers of old—to the day when he received the reward of his achievements in the leadership of his party, and a residence in Downing Street, and indulged first in the insolence of the triumphant official, and then in the impatient fury of the defeated and discarded minister,—Mr. Disraeli has been consistent and unique; he has never once deviated into right; he has never once, so far as we remember, been surprised into an unseemly fit of generosity or candour; he has never for a moment sacrificed personal gratification or a party triumph to a political object or a moral principle; during a public life of nearly twenty years, he has never belied his antecedents, or stained his reputation by one noble sentiment, or one disinterested deed. That such a man should have been the chosen chief of a great, and once a not ignoble party; that he should have been not only tolerated but cheered on in his gladiatorial displays, by so large a section of the gentry and nobility of England; that he should have been able to make himself Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, over the heads of all his rivals, by the simple influence of a bitterer temper and a sharper tongue—these things constitute, we were about to say, the most disgraceful fact in the modern history of our country; but unhappily we can remember one in some respects analogous, but still more discreditable:—the generation which witnessed the worship paid to Mr. Hudson need scarcely blush at the elevation decreed to Mr. Disraeli. The statue designed for the one is a fit pendant to the pedestal erected for the other.

This is language which we seldom use, and it is painful to have to use it when speaking of contemporaries; but no one who reads the "Amenities of Political Literature," collected by Mr. Disraeli's biographer, will charge us with employing one epithet of unwarranted severity. We must, in justice to ourselves, give a specimen or two of the mode in which the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, at different periods of his career, thought it decent to speak of his opponent. To Mr. O'Connell's son he writes,— "I wished to express the utter scorn in which I hold your father's character, and the disgust with which his conduct inspires me. I shall take every opportunity of holding up his name to public contempt; and I fervently pray that son, or some one of his blood, may attempt to avenge the unextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence."—The *Globe* had criticised him, and it is thus the future Leader of the House of Commons shows his fitness for the post.—"The editor of the *Globe* must have a more contracted mind, and a paltrier spirit, than even I imagined, if he can suppose for a moment, that an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like himself, can gratify the passion for notoriety of one whose works, at least, have been translated into the languages of civilized Europe, and circulated by thousands in the New World. It is not then my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the *Globe* by the nose, and inflict sundry kicks on the baser part of his base body—to make him eat dirt, and his own words, fouler than any filth; but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing stuffed with straw, is this *soi-disant* director of public opinion, and official organ of Whig politics."—Lord John Russell is "born with a strong ambition, but a feeble intellect, . . . a propensity to degrade everything to your own mean level, and to measure everything by your malignant standard; . . . he is a miniature Mokanna, exhaling upon the constitution of your country all the long hoarded venom, and those distempers that have for years accumulated in your petty heart, and tainted the current of your mortified existence."—Lord William Bentinck is told that his address to the electors is "admirably characteristic of a perplexed intellect and a profligate ambition; . . . an indication of your weak and perplexed mind, and your base and grovelling spirit."—Lord Palmerston is "the great apostle of aspiring understrappers, . . . blessed with a dexterity which seems a happy compound of the smartness of an attorney's clerk and the intrigues of a Greek of the lower empire." He is "your crimping Lordship," and is told that "your Lordship's career is as insignificant as your intellect."—We need not disfigure our pages with any more extracts. More recent expressions are fresh

in the memory of all. We can all remember how he described Sir Robert Peel's career "as a course of petty larceny on a grand scale," and charged that eminent statesman with "a *suppressio veri* on a scale unprecedented in debate." We all know that he indulges in similar personalities to the present hour; and those who hear what we only read, describe his manner as even more insolent and indecorous than his words. Happily his star is on the wane, and his example may, therefore, be of less importance. He is beginning to weary the attention, as much as he has long offended the taste, of the House.

Happily the ministry which thus revived all our worst traditions, and trampled on our amended habits, was of short duration, and has been succeeded by one in all respects its opposite. The destinies of the country are again committed to the hands of men of whose character it can be proud. The change is far greater than usually belongs to the retirement of one set of politicians and the advent of another. Its significance and its consequences stretch far beyond a mere transfer of the Seals of office from "Her Majesty's Ministers" to "Her Majesty's Opposition." It is not simply that better political opinions have come into power, that reforming doctrines are again in a majority, that liberal views have a greater chance of being carried out; it is that the councils of the nation are once more guided by statesmen who have earnest convictions, and noble aims, to whom power is not a possession to be grasped, but a trust to be fulfilled, and who are as incapable of forming mean projects as of pursuing them through miry ways. And those who believe with Mackintosh, that "there can be no scheme or measure as beneficial to the State as the mere existence of men who would not do a base act for any public advantage,"—who hold with us, that a nation can possess no richer patrimony, and no purer wealth, than the stainless honour of its public men,—will not deem the metamorphosis a small one. And though some prophets may imagine that our greatest days are over, that our British spirit has grown tame and feeble, that material interests are "too much with us," that a low, calculating, and commercial temper has become perilously prevalent, that wealth and luxury are sapping our energies, and lowering the tone of national sentiment, and that all these things are indications of our proximate "Decline and Fall;" yet, so long as the standard of political morality is growing more elevated, and the statesmen who conform to it more numerous, with each successive generation, we can point to a feature in our condition which never yet, since history began, belonged to a decaying empire.

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